THE LITERARY DIGEST

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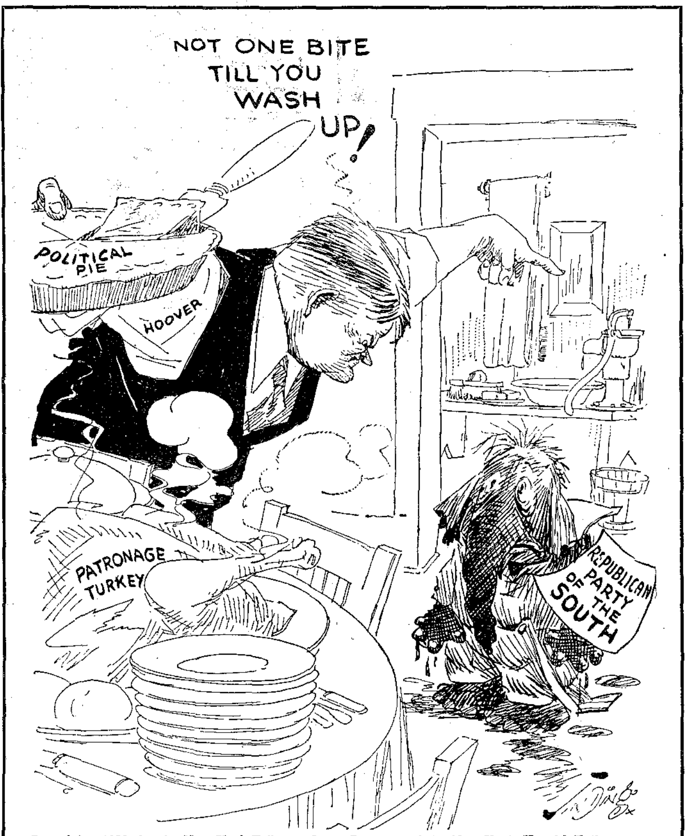
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE HOOVER HOUSE-CLEANING FOR THE SOUTHERN G. O. P.

THE RECONSTRUCTION ERA in Southern politics, dating from the Civil War, seems to some observers to be approaching its end as President Hoover gives his order to Southern Republican machines to clean house. "Reconstruction" was the policy of the Republican party until last month as far as the South was concerned, says the Boston *Globe* (Dem.); "Mr. Hoover has now thrown the policy on the scrap heap." If Mr. Hoover succeeds, says the New Haven *Register* (Ind.), he "will end the last excuse for division between sections of the country that is based on the controversies that brought about the Civil War." Nor is this move something entirely new. For many years, said Mr. Hoover in his statement on Southern patronage, it has been the aspiration of Republican Presidents "to build up sound Republican organization in the Southern States of such character as would commend itself to the citizens of those States." If the Hoover plans based on this aspiration do not go astray, the one-time Solid South, the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) is convinced, henceforth "will be debatable political territory, with the prestige and the attention that a doubtful section of the country commands; the change also forecasts the breakdown of the last vestige of an unhappy sectionalism which has existed as a result of the Civil War." This new Hoover policy is found frank, courageous, and wise by representative journals both North and South, both Republican and Democratic, tho there are editorial wonders about its effectiveness, whether it goes far enough, what will happen to the Negro in certain Southern States, whether Northern Negroes will resent it, and even questions about Mr. Hoover's condemnation of a system which his supporters utilized to help nominate him. In general, as the Asheville *Citizen* (Dem.) notes, "the Southern press has applauded Mr. Hoover's announcement, but there is a disposition to await results."

The statement given to the press by President Hoover on March 26 began with reference to the aspirations of Republican Presidents to build up sound party organizations in the South under the conviction that "the basis of sound government must rest upon strong two-party representation and organization" and "that the welfare of the nation at large requires the breaking down of sectionalism in politics." This was followed by the definite statement:


NOT ONE BITE TILL YOU WASH UP!
POLITICAL PIE
HOOVER
PATRONAGE TURKEY
REPUBLICAN PARTY OF THE SOUTH

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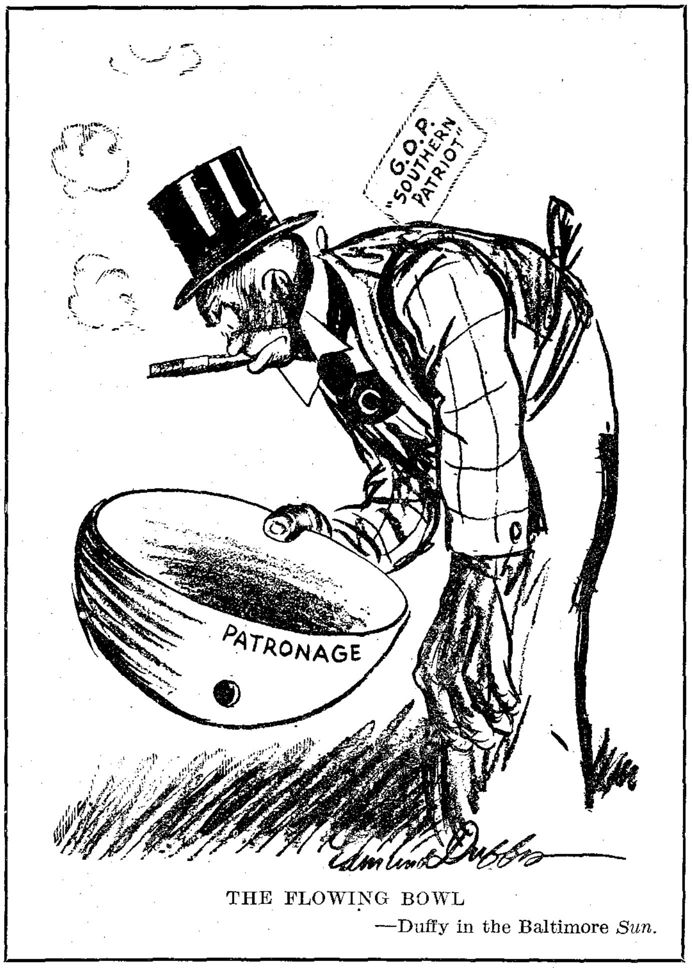
A LONG-NEEDED ADMONITION

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

> "I highly approve and welcome the movement of the leaders of Texas, Alabama, Florida, and other States, to broaden the basis of party organization by the establishment of advisory committees of the highest type of citizenship to deal with administrative questions, and who will also cooperate with independent Democrats.
>
> "Recent exposures of abuse in recommendations for Federal office, particularly in some parts of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, under which some of the Federal departments, mainly the Post-Office, were misled in appointments, obviously render it impossible for the old organizations in these States to command the confidence of the Administration, altho many members of these organizations are not subject to criticism.
>
> "But such conditions are intolerable to public service, are repugnant to the ideals and purposes of the Republican party, are unjust to the people of the South, and must be ended. The duty of reorganization so as to correct these conditions rests with the people of these States, and all efforts to that end will receive the hearty cooperation of the Administration. If these three States are unable to initiate such organization through the leadership of men who will command confidence and protect the public service, the different Federal departments will be compelled to adopt other methods to secure advice as to the selection of Federal employees."

Post-office appointments form so large a part of Federal patronage that interest attaches to a statement sent out by Postmaster General Brown soon after the Hoover announcement:

> "Until the Republicans of South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi place the control of their party organizations in the hands of men and women who enjoy the respect and confidence of their fellow citizens, and who are genuinely desirous of promoting honesty and efficiency in public service, the Post-office Department will, on its own initiative, seek the advice of citizens of the States



THE FLOWING BOWL

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun.*

named who can be relied upon to advise the Department in the public interest.

"In the North, as well as in the South, business experience and executive ability, rather than political considerations, will control the recommendations of the Department."

With this Hoover house-cleaning policy "the vast majority of the people, North as well as South, will be in hearty accord," declares the Louisville *Herald-Post* (Ind.). It may be politics, admits the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), but "it is mighty good politics." It will raise Mr. Hoover in popular estimation, thinks the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Dem.). "It is a welcome move toward the amelioration of a disgraceful condition, and Mr. Hoover is to be commended for making it," says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), which, however, feels the President erred in seeming to give a clean bill of health to the Republican organizations outside of three designated States. "All good citizens of the South, whether Democrats or Republicans, share the hope that Mr. Hoover's plan will rid this section of the abuses that grow out of the distribution of Federal patronage under a Republican Administration," reports the Birmingham *News* (Dem.), but it adds that no such vicious system "can instantly and easily be corrected." Similarly the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) hails the Hoover proclamation with delight, but can not help remembering that "similar rainbows have spanned our part of the political heavens in the past and vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream." A whole-hearted welcome to the Hoover plan is voiced by the Democratic Lynchburg *News* in Virginia, Memphis *Commercial Appeal* in Tennessee, Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* in Arkansas, and Miami *Herald* in Florida. The political angle engages the attention of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind.), which says:

"Many observers have assumed that as soon as the emotional crisis, precipitated by religious warfare, had subsided, all the Southern States would promptly flop back into the Democratic column. But this assumption does not take into account the thousands of Southerners who have for years been wishing that they dared vote the Republican ticket. To these the Holy War came as a blessed relief. Under guise of supporting the Holy War one could vote the Republican ticket without being regarded as disreputable. Such men will continue to vote that ticket if it is made possible for them to do so.

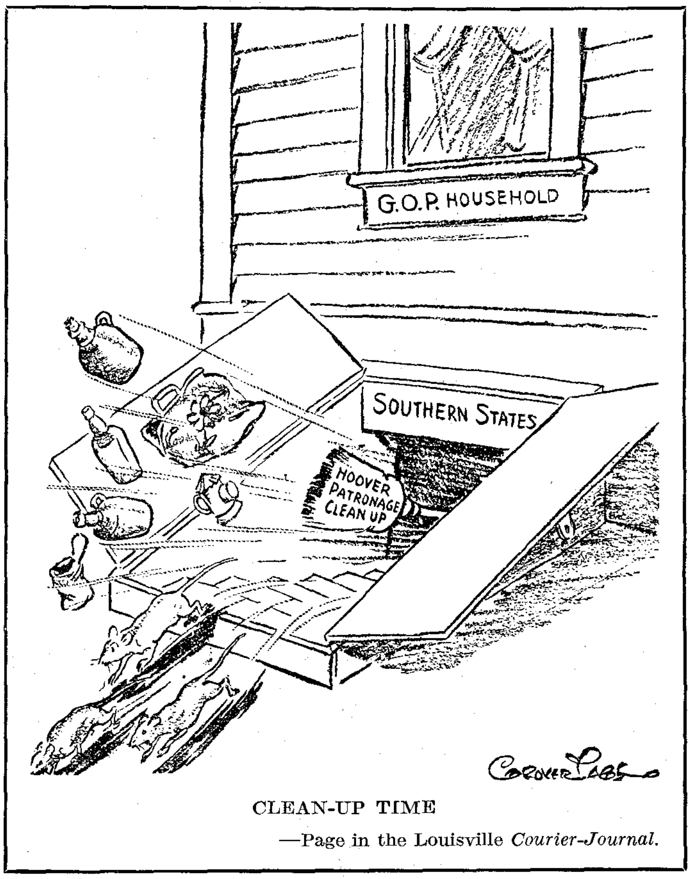
"Mr. Hoover, unlike the observers, takes account of this element. He is aware that, while the millions of Southerners represented by Bishop Cannon could vote for him as against a Catholic without losing caste, they can not without losing caste put themselves under the leadership of such negro politicians as Ben Davis, Perry Howard, and Gooseneck Bill McDonald. Therefore, if Mr. Hoover continues to maintain Davis, Howard, and McDonald as high officers in his party, these Southerners at the next election will—regretfully, perhaps, but resolutely—part company with him.

"Therefore, when he flung the Negroes out, the President unquestionably did take a long step toward assuring the permanency of the Republican South. It is rough on the Negroes, but it is first-rate politics."

While certain that no student of Southern conditions will admit for a moment that Mr. Hoover can permanently break the Solid South, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* admits that "because of his leadership, many restless voters may yet find a political home in which they can take pride." And an editorial in the Jacksonville *Journal* concludes with the words: "It looks as if the South may within the next few years embrace the two-party theory."

"The mere fact that a Republican President should have taken notice of the evil of job-peddling in the South is something to be grateful for," admits the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, but it can not find anything "stirring and epochal" about a mere separation of "sheep from goats among Republican leaders." The President is mistaken, declares the Jackson (Miss.) *News*, if he believes that by substituting white leaders in whom the people of Mississippi have no confidence whatever he can form a white Republican party strong enough to compete with entrenched Democracy. Governor Bilbo of Mississippi is quoted as saying, "As between the black-and-tan organization that has been in power, and the leaders whom Mr. Hoover will probably select, I prefer the Negroes." *The News* thinks this voices much Southern sentiment.

Returning to the press of the North and West, we find a general attitude of approval characterizing press comment of both



CLEAN-UP TIME

—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Are "fan," "cake-eater," and "lucky break" of American or English origin? (p. 68).
2. Who is "Æ"? (p. 25).
3. Who is called the "George Washington" of Turkey? (p. 17).
4. What city, notorious for its criminal gangs, is preparing to spend $5,000,000 in building boys' clubs? (p. 30).
5. Does Buddhism appeal to American college students? (p. 31).
6. What percentage of the nation's wealth is controlled by women? (p. 13).
7. What American city enjoys a "ringside seat" for civil wars in a foreign country? (p. 42).
8. Can you name an English poet who engraved and printed his own poems? (p. 27).
9. Who is President of the Nationalist Government of China? (p. 15).
10. How many boys in the borough of Manhattan, New York City, now ten years old, are expected to be registered in the police blotters within the next five years? (p. 29).
11. In what three Southern States are the Republican party organizations specifically singled out for condemnation by President Hoover because of patronage abuses? (p. 5).
12. Why are words like money? (p. 27).
13. Why do Japanese wrestlers scatter salt over the arena between bouts? (p. 71).
14. What great patron of modern art bequeathed his collection to Dublin? (p. 26).
15. In what body of water was the *I'm Alone* sunk by the United States Coast Guard? (p. 16).
16. What Washington statesman once sold the Government a famous sea-going vessel for one dollar? (p. 36).
17. What is the best period in life for assimilating knowledge? (p. 26).
18. What French statesman reads his newspapers in bed between six and seven A. M.? (p. 18).
19. What Hindu Christian holds a chair in a noted American college? (p. 31).
20. What are *sapi-sapi*, where are they used as money, and what is their value? (p. 53).
21. How can an airplane survey tell where minerals are underground? (p. 20).
22. What is the Freudian hypothesis concerning our moral life? (p. 21).
23. What war correspondent telegraphed an accurate description of Pancho Villa's capture of Torreon to a New York paper two days before the event? (p. 48).
24. Where is it possible to row a boat over a submerged forest? (p. 22).
25. On what subject will a Bedouin never tell a lie? (p. 56).

parties. "No finer statement has come from Mr. Hoover since his inauguration than his plain warning that the abuse of patronage in some Southern States must end," we read in the New York *World* (Dem.). The Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) calls it "a constructive move for clean politics." Mr. Hearst's New York *American* thinks President Hoover has rendered a service to the whole country.

If the Republican party manages to keep clean "after once being subjected to a thorough scrubbing, it stands to become a real factor in the political life of the Southland," we read in the Republican Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*. Here the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) sees "a step toward making it respectable for a Southerner to be a Republican," and David Lawrence in one of his Washington dispatches points out that the President's announcement "affords a place for the Hoover Democrats to go if their brethren don't take them back."

It will be a good thing for both Republicans and Democrats, argue the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) and Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.), to have a real two-party South, and the California daily even thinks that this may help to create a natural party division of the country into conservative and liberal camps. But *The New Republic* has no illusions about such hopes—"economic developments in the South are moving it toward the Republican party, but these developments will be much too slow for Mr. Hoover's impatience." The Providence *News* (Dem.) is skeptical about any real clean-up—"it may be that after a period of great breast-thumping and eye elevation, the Perry Howards will find their way back to grace." Even among papers which approve the purpose of the Hoover move, there is acute perception of certain practical difficulties, especially in connection with the Negro voter. As the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) puts it:

> "A Southern Republican party under Negro leadership or in which Negroes and whites are to mingle on terms of equality can not be made to attract the white element Mr. Hoover is after. A 'lily-white' party can not be made strong unless it takes the same attitude toward Negroes the Democratic party does. If the Republican party turns its face against the Negroes in the South, it will lose Negro votes. There will be repercussions in Northern and border States where Negro votes are important and where, in some cases, they represent the balance of power."

The most vigorous presentation of the dilemma thus outlined comes in a Chicago *Tribune* editorial, which says that the two-party idea is a good one, but to accomplish it "the Democratic party in the South must be reformed as well as the Republican":

> "What Mr. Hoover proposes to do is to abolish the Republican organization as a protection for the Negroes, and deliver it to a faction of the Democratic party. The Republican party will sacrifice its Negroes. Wades, Sumners, and Stevenses are needed to prevent it.
>
> "Under existing conditions in the South the Republican party has been the only asylum for the Negro. In violation of the Constitution, he is disfranchised, and the protection of the ballot-box is denied to him. He gets slave justice in the Southern courts, and he may be murdered with impunity. Arrayed against him are the Southern whites with their Ku Klux Klan, whites with a thirst for mint juleps for themselves and Prohibition for the Negro. The enemies of the Negro compose the Democratic party in the South.
>
> "The upbuilding of a strong two-party system in the South should not come until the South enfranchises the Negro or takes the constitutional penalty of reduction of representation in Congress for failure to do so."

"No one but a blind partizan, steeped and saturated in malice and hate," could have written the sentences just quoted, bitterly replies the Nashville *Tennessean* from the South, and it makes a wholesale denial of *The Tribune's* assertions:

> "The Democratic party has administered, almost without interruption, the public affairs in the States of the South. It has provided for the education and whatever opportunities for development the Negro has had. It has contributed of our wealth to promote the welfare of the Negro. Democratic leaders and the Democratic party have routed the Ku Klux Klan in the South. They have pleaded for justice for the Negro. The relations between the two races are to-day better than they have been since reconstruction days. The Democratic party is not now and has never been the enemy of the Negroes. It is a slander and a libel to say that the Negro receives 'slave justice' in the courts of the South."

As a representative Negro journal, the Chicago *Defender*, puts it: "The Republican party is no longer the party of The People, but the party of the white people."

THE AURORA KILLING

KILLING A WOMAN IN HER OWN HOME during a Prohibition-enforcement raid at Aurora, Illinois, is front-page news to the press throughout the country, and editorial head-lines range from "A Deplorable Affair" to "Another Dry Raid Murder," "The Way of Blood," "Dry Savagery," "The Massacre in Aurora," and "A Threat to All America." Every element in the Aurora tragedy seems to lend itself to sensational treatment: New dry officials elected to office over a confessedly wet city; first liquor-buying information given by an under-cover man; second entrance of the De King home made by a reenforced squad of deputy sheriffs; Joseph De King, the husband, clubbed into insensibility by Deputy Roy Smith's pistol butt; Mrs. De King fatally shot by Smith, and Smith in turn shot in the leg by the twelve-year-old son, Gerald De King; alleged failure of the raiders to show a search-warrant; alleged threat by Joseph De King to "shoot the first man who comes in"; claim of self-defense by Deputy Smith.

In sensational press dispatches concerning the fatal raid pistols become "sawed-off shotguns," the raiders appear with machine-guns or bombs, and the statement of Gerald that his mother was shot while at the phone calling for a lawyer stands out against reports that Deputy Smith said Mrs. De King had a pistol pointed at him, but that killing her was accidental. A coroner's jury, held in the neighboring town of Geneva to escape local excitement, recommends that Deputy Smith be held for the Kane County grand jury for manslaughter, denounces the killing of Mrs. De King as "unnecessary," and recommends that informant Fairchild, the dry buyer, be held for perjury.

P. & A. photograph

MOTHER'S LIFE PAID

For the liquor-search raid by a law-enforcement squad in Aurora, Illinois. The photograph shows the De King family group: Father Joseph, who was beaten down, and son Gerald, whose shot wounded the deputy sheriff who killed his mother.

Editorial comment on policies and practises in the whole problem of Prohibition-law enforcement is naturally pointed up by the Aurora fatality, which occurred while other current news included items such as: Trial of an official informant for shooting a still owner near Allentown, Pennsylvania; controversy over the sinking of the Canadian rum-running schooner, *I'm Alone;* indictment of Congressman Michaelson of Illinois for trying to bring liquor into the country; halting and searching Stuyvesant Fish's yacht in New York harbor; the story of "privileged" liquor entry denied by Congressman Morgan of Ohio; the wet victory in the Wisconsin referendum, and the repeal of the so-called "life-for-a-pint" law in Michigan, which will commute several life-sentences and under graduated penalties reduce the limit for fourth offense liquor felonies to a term of seven and one-half to fourteen years

Condemnation of recklessness and killings in Prohibition-law enforcement prevails in both dry and wet papers, the former insisting on thorough investigation of the facts and fixing responsibilities in the Aurora case, while the latter make it a *cause célèbre* for attack all along the Prohibition line. Among dry commentators, the Chicago *Evening Post* insists that "there must be intelligence and integrity behind the enforcement of law or it becomes both travesty and tragedy; if the real law-breakers were the supposed law-enforcers in the deplorable De King raid, they should pay the penalty." Says *The Post* further:

> "We have no sympathy with those who regard these laws as less binding than others. But if certain versions of the Aurora affair are in accord with the facts, it is time that a halt were called to the methods which they reflect.
>
> "Testimony to the effect that the De Kings produced their stock of wine, and that one of the deputies sat and drank with them, does not indicate the existence of a situation in which there could be excuse for violence.
>
> "Whatever the truth may be as to the allegation that De King was armed, the fact is that the only violence was employed by the deputies up to the moment when a frightened child seized a gun and used it effectively. And even if we accept the version given by the deputy who killed Mrs. De King, we are left wondering why a blow, such as he used upon her husband, would not have been sufficient in the case of the woman.
>
> "Enforcement is writing an ugly record for itself, and the cause in which it is employed will suffer from the reaction."

Among many papers that take the occasion to flay Prohibition "fanaticism," the Chicago *Sunday Tribune* concludes its editorial on "The Massacre in Aurora" thus:

> "The silence of professional Prohibitionists is sinister. The W. C. T. U. has passed no resolutions. The Anti-Saloon League has ordered no investigation, tho the murder of Mrs. De King is being read about and talked about in every corner of the nation. The conclusion is forced that Prohibitionists regard Mrs. De King's death as a necessary, or, at any rate, excusable incident in the enforcement of their law.
>
> "No other law requires or receives enforcement of this sort. The conduct of the raiding squad would have been reprehensible in the highest degree if it had been displayed in pursuit of a fleeing murderer. Prohibition justifies in the minds of fanatical Prohibitionists a type of enforcement that would arouse their indignation if it were employed in defense of any other law. They do not even repudiate the murder of Mrs. De King, tho it remains to be proved that Mr. De King or Mrs. De King had ever sold so much as a dime's worth of prohibited liquor.
>
> "The brutality of the raiders is credible only if it is viewed as an excess born of religious fanaticism. It was inspired by men and women so sure of their revelation that they would commit any crime in its name. Mrs. De King together with the hundreds of others murdered in recent years in this country by Prohibition raiders are our St. Bartholomew victims."

Under the "rapidly rising ferocity of Volsteadism, no man's home is sacred," the New York *Telegram*, one of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, warns us editorially, declaring that:

> "If the Aurora tragedy is sanctioned by the reformers who now make our laws and legalize any method for their enforcement, any resident of New York who has an enemy can be summarily dealt with after this fashion.
>
> "Your enemy may go before an officer, swear that he thinks and believes that 'so and so' is harboring liquor in his home; and without further ado a gang of dry raiders may be dispatched to your house, armed with tear bombs, shotguns and the glow of righteousness, secure in the belief that there will be many to cry huzzah if they do not stop short of murdering you and your family should you resist their entry.
>
> "How long will America tolerate the usurping of the privacy of her homes by the madmen of moral reform?"

The killing of a woman in her own house by a raider, claiming that he acted in self-defense, does not help to clear the atmosphere regarding the Prohibition situation, observes the "Uncle Dudley" editor of the Boston *Globe*, who concludes that "many people who formerly were not disturbed by the question of search are now indignant." He adds that "the most recent compilation of killings in connection with enforcement shows a list of seventy dead dry agents, and of 252 other persons who have been killed by those engaged on the side of law."

Is the game worth the candle? questions the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* in group fashion such as many editors favor in comment:

> "A mother shot down in her own home for possessing a gallon of home-made wine! International complications over the sinking of a British rum-runner without a clear right to destroy her under international law! A Jones law prescribing penalties so severe that eminent lawyers band together to defeat its purpose! The Bill of Rights on the scrap heap! Federal appropriations of $50,000,000 a year, already, for enforcement, and defiance of the law everywhere! A Congressman smuggling in liquor! Official hypocrisy and corruption rampant and all the prisons crowded! Is the game worth the candle, after all? That is what thoughtful drys everywhere are asking themselves. If it is, it is worth a lot, for Prohibition is demanding a heavy price in money, morals, life, liberty, and good-will.
>
> "Well, we must be patient. Possibly President Hoover may accomplish something toward swinging public sentiment to the side of respect for the law, but the hope is far more in his moral suasion than in any force he may apply. Do you suppose there is more or less respect for Prohibition in Aurora because that mother was shot dead in her home for possessing a gallon of home-made wine?"

Every believer in Prohibition should pray that such things shall not soon be repeated, says the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, for—

> "If the promotion of a great moral cause can be brought about by no other means than slaughter and bloodshed and the overriding of elementary rights and decencies, the public will reason, it does not deserve being promoted. And if Americans, who are violators of the Volstead Law, can bring themselves to take such desperate chances, or are willing to place themselves in positions forcing officers to use such extreme measures, the situation is dark indeed.
>
> "What Mr. Hoover called a noble experiment was never in greater danger of frustration than it is just now, when the very eagerness of the Administration to forward it is leading to abuses and woes that may yet excite a countermovement infinitely more potent because it would embody the demands of an outraged people. As a stanch supporter of the Eighteenth Amendment for the purpose of giving it the fairest possible trial, this paper deplores the excesses with which Prohibition is being burdened by overzealous, unintelligent, and barbarous enforcement."

OIL CONSERVATION HITS A SNAG

LIKE THE FARMERS, the oil producers of the United States are faced by the problem of how to dispose of their surplus. Late last month the directors of the American Petroleum Institute, including representatives of the British Royal Dutch-Shell oil interests, met in New York City and agreed to a drastic curtailment and conservation program calculated to restrict production throughout the Western Hemisphere to the 1928 yield—902,000,000 barrels in the United States. This plan, says *The Wall Street Journal*, was adopted under a general committee headed by Ralph Clinton Holmes, President of the Texas Company. Besides curtailing output, the world's leading oil men agreed among themselves to undertake a world-wide study of overproduction, the elimination of waste, and the improvement in refinery processes so that a smaller amount of crude oil would yield a larger quantity of gasoline. For the first time in the history of the oil business, notes Ferdinand Lundberg in the New York *Herald Tribune*, a definite program was agreed to by representatives of approximately 90 per cent. of the entire petroleum producing and refining industry in North and South America. Previous efforts, confined chiefly to the United States, had been only partially successful. The attempt to curb production, declared Mr. Holmes, should result in benefits to the industry, the nation, and the public; it was in line with the announced aims of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, of which Secretary of Commerce Hoover was a member before he became President. Their every act and resolution had received wide publicity, and all that remained was for the representatives of the Petroleum Institute to present their plan to Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Chairman of the Oil Conservation Board, and obtain that body's cooperation.

BENEFITS ALL AROUND

"Restriction of crude-oil production to the requirements of the trade," thinks Mr. Ralph Clinton Holmes, President of the Texas Company and Chairman of the Petroleum Institute's Committee on World Production, "should result in benefits to the oil industry, the nation, and the public."

This was confidently expected. In fact, in a magazine article published in February, Mr. Holmes spoke hopefully of the better attitude of the Government and the public toward industry and especially the oil business, and added that:

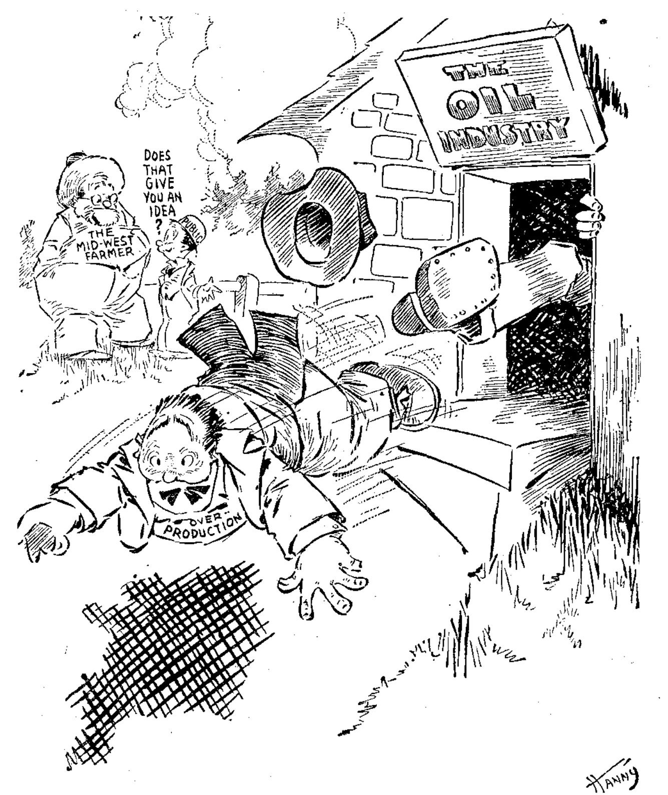
> "The marked change in the attitude of the Federal Trade Commission toward industry, the interest and support by the Department of Commerce, and the sympathetic support, or aid, and understanding of the National Conservation Board, are all responsible, in a large degree, for the growing tendency and freedom of units in the petroleum industry to co-operate with each other in the interest of the industry as a whole."

For this reason, he went on, leaders of the oil industry "are beginning to see the realization of their visions." Hence:

> "Sincere efforts are being made by practically all oil-producing interests to formulate some constructive plan for the restriction of crude-oil production to the requirement of the trade. In other words, the industry recognizes its ills, which are very largely in the economic problems arising from overproduction, and is making substantial progress in remedying the unsatisfactory conditions, and it is being done in a manner which gives confidence that we can hope to have the support of the National and State governments."

Right here, however, the oil executives struck a snag, for Attorney-General Mitchell, in reply to an inquiry from Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Conservation Board chairman, said:

> "It is clear that Congress has not given to the Board any power to grant to any persons immunity from the operation of acts of



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THIS WAY OUT

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

Congress prohibiting agreements in restraint of interstate commerce, and that the Board has no authority to approve any action which is contrary to an Act of Congress or to the anti-trust laws of any State; and that no action taken by the Board would have the effect of relieving parties to such an agreement from the operation of the anti-trust laws of the United States and of the States. . . .

"Furthermore, it is not the practise of the Attorney General to give opinions as to whether proposed action by private persons would violate the laws of the United States."

This "came as a distinct shock" to the legal representative of the Petroleum Institute, for it is said that no opposition to the general program had been expected from the Government. In fact, says the Washington *Star:*

"The ambidextrous ability of Uncle Sam to use both hands at once is no better exemplified than in the spectacle which shows him urging the oil leaders to curb production as a conservation measure, and immediately investigating to find out whether, in agreeing to his proposal, these oil leaders are violating any provisions of the Sherman anti-trust or the Clayton law.

"In reaching its decision in New York to hold oil production in the current year to the 1928 output, the Petroleum Institute was taking a cooperative step in conformity with the recommendations of the Federal Oil Conservation Board.

"While fears might be exprest as to the effect on the price of gasoline of thus holding down production, more fears should be exprest as to the financial burden assumed by the oil industry in taking care of its vast accumulation of above-ground reserves. This cost is, of course, passed on down the line, and is paid for by the consumer."

In the opinion of the New York *World:*

"The refusal of the Hoover Administration to cooperate with the leading oil producers in a plan to hold the output of domestic petroleum at the 1928 level may rest on valid legal grounds, but it is none the less a setback to the industry's program of conservation. Only State action is left available as a remedy, and the attitude of the oil-producing States toward conservation is not altogether friendly. Local communities may believe in conservation as an abstract theory, but when its practical application means for them a loss of business, they show little enthusiasm.

"The Administration not only believes that the proposal of the Petroleum Institute is in conflict with the Sherman Anti-trust Act, but it is also reported as opposed to any amendment of the law which would permit interstate curtailment of output by joint action of the oil companies under Federal supervision, on the ground that the Government would thereby become involved in price-fixing.

"There are special reasons just now why Mr. Hoover should wish to avoid any suspicion of favoring government price-fixing. Any leaning in that direction in the case of the oil industry would certainly be seized upon as an argument for applying a similar method to farm-relief."

There is little likelihood, Washington correspondents agree, that the States will aid in limiting the production of oil, since it would cut down a most lucrative form of taxation. Clarence L. Linz, Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, believes the outcome of the Institute's rebuff at Washington will be a strong movement to revise the Sherman anti-trust law. Meanwhile, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, some of the large oil-producing companies are said to be prepared to go ahead with their own independent plans for reducing output, provided they can do this without running afoul of the law. As a New York oil executive exprest it:

"There is nothing to prevent the regional committees of the Petroleum Institute in the various States from making 'gentlemen's agreements' whereby crude-oil production can be held down and the desired end achieved."

This, however, believes the Washington *Post*, "would be a dangerous step." Such action, several papers agree, would lead to higher prices for gasoline. In England, recalls the Brooklyn *Eagle*, an agreement was entered into recently between Royal Dutch-Shell and Soviet oil interests, "which resulted in a marked advance in the price of gasoline to the British consumer." "To expect a decline in American gasoline prices when the world's petroleum supply has fallen into the hands of a few trusts, requires a great degree of gullibility," remarks a paper published in the Oklahoma oil country—the Tulsa *Tribune*. As the Washington *Post* sees the situation:

"The inevitable consequence of limitation of production is the fixation of prices, and usually this is immediately followed by increased prices. The public will not stand for such combinations. It is necessary to prevent utter waste of petroleum in this country through unbridled production, but it is equally necessary to prevent oil interests from going to the other extreme and forming a world monopoly that would boost prices."

RISE AND FALL OF OUTPUT OF OIL-PRODUCING STATES

Name of State	*Began to Produce*	*Peak Annual Production*	*Made Peak*	*Declined to Approximately 25%*	*Declined to Approximately 50%*	*1927 Production*	*Years to Drop 50%*
Pa. and New York..	1859	33,009,236	1871	1893—20,314,513	1898—15,948,464	11,768,000	7
Ohio............	1876	23,941,169	1896	1905—16,346,660	1907—12,207,448	7,593,000	11
West Virginia......	1876	16,195,675	1900	1905—11,578,110	1918— 7,866,628	6,023,000	18
California.........	1876	262,876,000	1923	Not yet	....	231,196,000	..
Ky. and Tenn.....	1883	8,983,000	1922	1926— 6,324,000	Not yet	6,779,000	..
Colorado.........	1887	*2,831,000	1927	....	....	2,831,000	..
Indiana..........	1889	11,339,124	1904	1906— 7,673,477	1907— 5,128,037——	852,000	3
Illinois..........	1889	33,686,238	1908	1913—23,893,899	1917—15,776,860	6,994,000	9
Kansas..........	1889	45,451,017	1918	1922—31,766,000	Not yet	41,069,000	..
Texas...........	1889	*217,389,000	1927	....	....	217,389,000	..
Missouri..........	1889	†17,705	1916	....	....	....	..
Oklahoma........	1891	*277,775,000	1927	Not yet	....	277,775,000	..
Wyoming.........	1894	44,785,000	1923	1925—29,173,000	1927—21,309,000	21,307,000	4
Louisiana.........	1902	35,649,000	1920	1921—26,523,000	Not yet	22,818,000	..
Montana.........	1916	‡7,645,000	1926	1927— 5,058,000	Not yet	5,058,000	..
Arkansas.........	1921	74,749,000	1925	1926—58,332,000	1927—40,005,000	40,005,000	2
New Mexico......	1924	*1,666,000	1926	1927— 1,226,000	Not yet	1,226,000	..
Michigan.........	1926	*439,000	1927	....	....	439,000	..

*May not be peak, as only made recently.
†Not now considered an oil-producing State.
‡Possibility may not be peak for all time.

(From the New York *World*)

WHAT THE MEXICANS ARE FIGHTING OVER

THE BREEDING PLACE of the present revolution in Mexico is found in a surplus of rival avaricious generals, according to numerous well-known American correspondents and writers, who try to explain what is back of the civil war across our southern border. We are warned that official statements issued through the press for public consumption serve chiefly to cover up the contest between military "ins" and "outs," and confuse alleged issues while the fight is on. Maj. "Tex" O'Reilly, American soldier of fortune in China, Central America, and three Mexican revolutions, declares "no one knows what all the shootin's for," and that is why the rebels "have failed to win American sympathy." O'Reilly is reputed to be the only gringo ever trusted by General Villa as his aide-de-camp, who, incidentally, once saved General Obregon from a Villa firing squad. The present revolution, according to the Major, "is badly organized, unhappily press-agented, and lacks the spark of magnetic leadership of the romantic cause that is needed to set a nation afire. It is a battle between two arms of the military —nothing more. There is no popular uprising such as that which carried Madero with an army of cowboys and farm-hands into Mexico City and brought about the downfall of Diaz." Without an actual reform program or great leadership the revolt is destined to collapse, O'Reilly tells Milton Mackaye of the New York *Evening Post.*

This is simply "recurring" rebellion "classically" Mexican, "a sordid military coup. Pretorian in concept and method, with greed as its sole motivation and loot as its one objective," asserts Ernest Gruening in *The New Republic,* "the whole Mexican military system, predicated on power and perquisites, inevitably leads to such abhorrent exhibitions." Under the system of thirty-six military headquarters the generals in command, loyal or not, expect to profit financially, we are told:

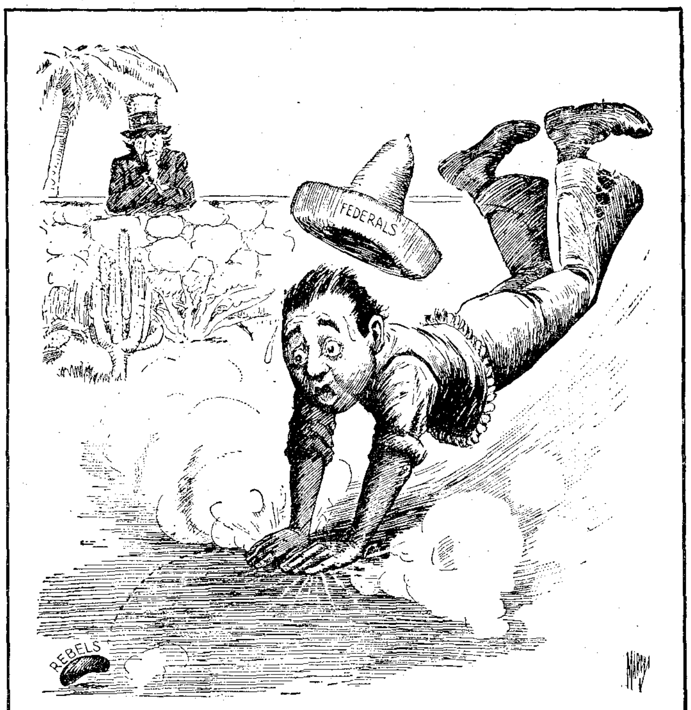
"The fact is, of course, that the Government of both Obregon and Calles—tho less in the latter instance—by conniving at or tolerating the purloining practises of the generals, merely stored up trouble for itself, which inevitably culminated in rebellion. It may safely be said that, without exception, no *jefe de operacione* has within the last eight years lived on his salary. The best of them have their *negocitos.* These are side-lines, perhaps not illegitimate, when they represent an investment of the general's capital, tho obviously that capital was accumulated in the course of the revolution, for nearly every general began with hardly a *camisa* to his back. But the majority not only engage in illegal traffic, gambling-concession monopolies, houses of ill-fame, etc., but use their power for extortion and graft. Social dislocation of any kind—agrarian reform, a rebellion by Catholics—affords peculiarly favorable opportunities. Thus the evils of the Diaz system remain, without the compensating peace which Diaz secured thereby. He gave the generals what they wanted, and they were satisfied. Obregon did the same, Calles to a lesser degree—and the generals were not satisfied! The country has paid in peace-times and in time of civil war as well."

The revolters include the most corrupt and greedy of the generals, according to Mr. Gruening, who insists that the military evil must be overcome if the nation is to survive. We read:

"Given the character of the Mexican general, such a revolt was forecastable the moment Obregon was assassinated by a religious fanatic. At the time, the army ring, taken unawares by Calles's dramatic renunciation of the Presidency, lacked a candidate of its own. But catching them off their guard—literally so, when he assembled them in one room at a banquet last September and asked which one of their number they had determined upon as the nation's next leader—he was able to get them momentarily to agree to support a legally constituted candidate even if he were a civilian. (In his heart virtually every general was his own Presidential candidate!) Thus Calles could project before the nation the high aim of civilian rule, and his vision of the ending of *caudillismo* (rule by the 'man on horseback') and the inauguration of 'a government of laws, not of men.' In the confusion and exaltation of the moment, Emilio Portes Gil, civilian, former Governor of Tamaulipas, and then Secretary of *Gobernacion,* was chosen by Congress for the interim Presidency of fourteen months. The six-year term, beginning in February, 1930, thereupon became the objective of the *politicos,* military and civilian, as soon as they had recovered from their surprize."

The general attitude of the American press, with few exceptions, approving our Government's favorable policy toward the Portes Gil administration, remains as shown in previous articles in these pages (March 16 and 23). *Barron's,* the Boston financial weekly, however, joins *The Wall Street Journal* in sharp criticism of our State Department for backing so-called "orderly" government "founded upon confiscation and terrorism, with murder as its instrument." Indeed:

"When our policy extended to supplying the Mexican Army with rifles and ammunition, together with bombing planes for the slaughter of these so-called rebels, we took the shortest way of incurring the undying hatred of a near neighbor. The present revolt is something more than a mere bandit outbreak. Candidates for the Presidency, which had been formed by Obregon and Calles for the benefit of their own gang, were murdered in cold blood. They were of course called 'bandits,' exactly as the murderers of American citizens are called 'bandits.' Mexico's Soviet Government has nothing to learn in banditry from anybody."



THE MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN
—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

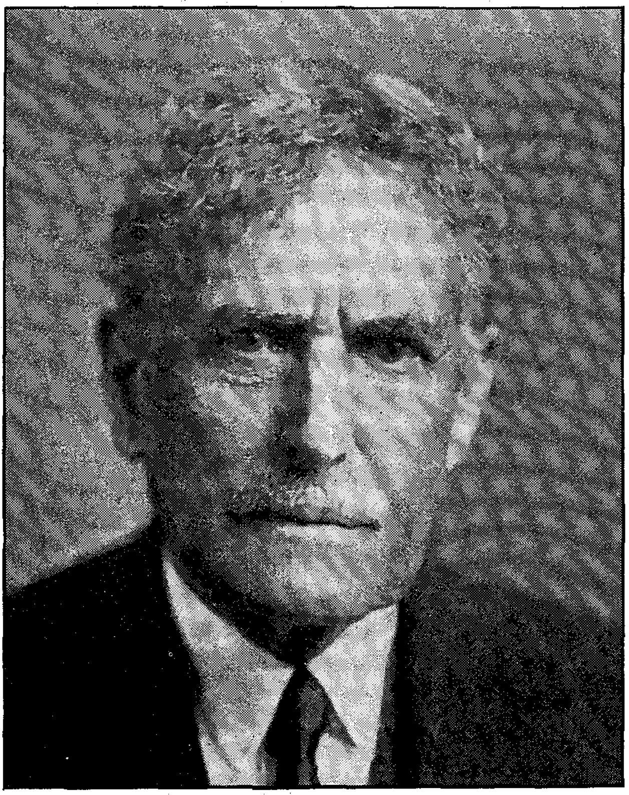
Mexican leaders on both sides charge each other with corruption and evil motives in statements given to the North American Newspaper Alliance. President Portes Gil says lust for gain inspires the rebel chiefs; Gilberto Valenzula, anti-administration candidate for President in the November election, says the movement is mainly directed against the Calles dictatorship of "crime, vice, and corruption" back of Portes Gil.

The feudal military elements are in rebellion and are making a last attack on the more disciplined organization of the army which Calles made somewhat subordinate to the State, according to Carleton Beals. Calles set out to educate the rank-and-file soldier, he says in *The Nation:*

"In 1927 fifteen thousand were taught to read and write. He shifted generals from one command to another to prevent unholy alliances. He cut out padded pay-rolls and graft. Thus the present struggle is also a struggle between two army systems. With the elimination of the more unruly *caudillos,* the way is open, if the Government is sufficiently energetic, to intensify the discipline already started, and destroy the worst cancer of Mexico's existence."

"A GREAT MAN, A GREAT AMBASSADOR"

"THE BEST-LIKED AMBASSADOR to France since Benjamin Franklin," is the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* characterization of Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland and Paris, who died in the Embassy at the French capital on March 31. He is the last of an outstanding World War trio—Marshal Foch, General Sarrail, and Ambassador Herrick—to pass on within the last few weeks, and his death, which was hastened by his long march, with head bared, in the Foch funeral procession, reminds the Providence *Journal* that the war days are fast passing into history. For it was during the early weeks of the war, when the Government of France was being transferred from Paris to Bordeaux, that Ambassador Herrick became an outstanding figure by remaining in Paris after virtually all other diplomatic representatives, fearing Paris would be captured by the German Army, had followed the move to Bordeaux. In fact, says *The Inquirer*, "it is doubtful if the American people have generally appreciated the greatness of his character and of his service."



Wide World photograph

"HE REPRESENTED THE NEWER SCHOOL"

Of diplomacy, "in which the silken manner is nothing, and the spirit is all that counts," says the Brooklyn *Eagle* of Myron T. Herrick, our Ambassador to France, who died on March 31 in Paris.

When, for example, a certain tall, loosely knit air-mail pilot by the name of Lindbergh risked his life in a flight from New York to Paris, and won out with his single-engined plane, Ambassador Herrick sponsored and protected him as a father would a son. In Colonel Lindbergh's opinion, "no individual ever commanded greater love and respect from the people of two countries." "A great man, a great citizen, and a great Ambassador," was the comment made by General Pershing.

Myron T. Herrick, American editors agree, was something more than America's official Ambassador to France; he was an outstanding diplomat who was regarded as a friend by all the French people. And yet, recalls the Newark *News*, "he had no training in the routine of diplomatic experience; his diplomatic skill was developed in the schools of business and politics." First appointed by President Taft in 1912, he served successively under Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. "If an American Ambassador is one who is sent abroad to make friends for his country, Mr. Herrick amply filled the place," observes the Baltimore *Sun*. To quote a paper published in the Ambassador's home city, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> "Myron T. Herrick had spent two pleasant but uneventful years at Paris when the great European War blazed forth in 1914. It was then that the great opportunity came. When the French Government fled to Bordeaux and the rest of the diplomatic corps followed, Mr. Herrick conceived it to be his duty to remain in the capital. And in Paris he did stedfastly remain, caring not only for American interests but for the interests of belligerents and neutral nations which had been thrust upon him.
>
> "This marked the beginning of France's great affection for the courteous, unassuming American gentleman. It was with deep regret that the French bade good-by to him in December, 1914, and it was with a nation-wide manifestation of joy that they welcomed him back seven years later in 1921.
>
> "Cleveland has long been proud of Myron T. Herrick, and his visits to this city and to his home have been notable occasions. For Cleveland knew Myron T. Herrick long before the rest of the world knew him. Cleveland first knew him as lawyer, capitalist, and banker; a prominent figure in the industrial and business life of the community. He was not prominent politically till he was drafted by the Republican party as its candidate for Governor. His term as Governor was not particularly notable, and in 1906 he retired, with no apparent prospect of further prominence in public life. Six years later his really great work began.
>
> "Unquestionably Myron T. Herrick will be remembered as one of the imposing figures of the World War. To the French people he had come to be regarded as a fixt institution. The American people looked upon him as the ideal diplomat."

According to Cammille Le Mercier, Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, "the death of Ambassador Herrick has raised a wave of emotional feeling probably never equaled in any country." As the New York *Herald Tribune* explains:

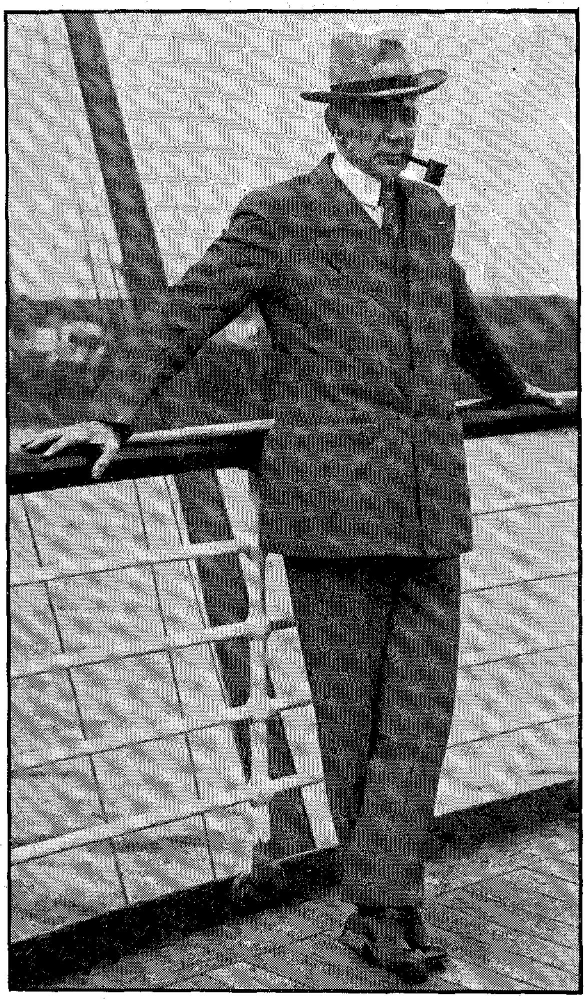
> "The French regarded him as almost a Frenchman, influenced to do so by the many demonstrations of his friendship for France and of his devotion to the best interests of the French people. However official America's views may have clashed with French official views on questions like war-loan liquidation or preferential and favored-nation tariffs, Mr. Herrick's attitude toward the French public never changed. Neither did its attitude toward him. In Paris, or in this country, he stood always for the traditional, unofficial *entente cordiale* which has been maintained for nearly a century and a half between the two nations."

"It did not fall to the Ambassador's lot to settle some of the issues in which France and the United States have contrary interests," admits the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "but his influence helped to sustain good feeling. And where good feeling exists, a solution of specific differences may be expected." Says a New York *World* summary of the Ambassador's diplomatic career:

> "Mr. Herrick was first sent to France as Ambassador in 1912. He attracted world-wide attention by his masterful handling of the complex and difficult situation which grew out of the opening of the World War.
>
> "In the early days of the war he was confronted with the gigantic problem of providing financial aid and giving advice to thousands of American citizens stranded in France.
>
> "Another of his notable achievements was the organization of the American relief clearing-house, which took full charge of the transportation and distribution of the huge quantities of supplies which were shipped from America to France during hostilities.
>
> "He returned to America late in 1914, to go back again as Ambassador in 1921, under Harding. In the meantime he had suffered the loss of his wife, as a result of war-relief-work activities.
>
> "During his second stay in Paris he showed great ability in handling the delicate question of the French war debt to the United States, and is credited with having done much to prevent a flare-up of ill-feeling over it. He was an enthusiastic backer of the Kellogg anti-war treaties, and helped to swerve French public opinion in favor of their adoption. It was he who, on the plea of French tennis officials, had Tilden restored to the Davis Cup team on the eve of the 1928 matches."

A DAWES PLAN FOR SANTO DOMINGO

INSTEAD OF A TRIP TO EUROPE, General Dawes, relieved of his Vice-Presidential duties, will spend the next few weeks in the capital of the Dominican Republic, establishing, with the aid of a corps of carefully chosen assistants, a modern budget system. The General will deal with expenditures rather than revenues, we are told, for the Dominican Republic has an American receiver of customs, under a treaty negotiated in 1907. "He is unquestionably the best man available for the task," thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "since the satisfaction of accomplishing something has always meant more to him than money or fame." In his invitation to General Dawes, the President of the Dominican Republic said, in part:



Acme Newspicture

"THE BEST MAN AVAILABLE"

For the task of establishing a modern budget system for the Dominican Republic, is Gen. Charles G. Dawes, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Here he is.

> "I beg you to organize and accept the chairmanship of an advisory mission to come to this country to recommend methods of improvement in our system of economic and financial administrative organization, both national and municipal; for the installation of a scientific budget system, and for an efficient method whereby the Government may control all of its expenditures."

The Dominican Republic, we are reminded by Washington dispatches, staged a serious civil war in 1916, with the result that the United States intervened and established a military government in November of that year. As the Chicago *Daily News* explains:

> "When the American marines departed from Santo Domingo, they left the Government in responsible native hands.
>
> "Those persons who charge that the policy of the United States is to bully the weak republics perhaps can explain why Santo Domingo turns to an eminent American for advice and assistance in its present need."

According to the New York *Herald Tribune's* news column:

> "The Dominican Republic, sometimes called Santo Domingo, occupies the eastern two-thirds of the West Indian island, of which the Republic of Hayti occupies the western third. With an area of 19,325 square miles, its population was estimated in 1927 at 1,022,485.
>
> "The land is fertile, and sugar, cacao, and tobacco are the chief products and exports. The country has gold, copper, iron, salt, coal, and petroleum, but the mining industry is undeveloped. There are 153 miles of railroads, besides 255 of private lines on large estates. The population is a race of mixed European, African, and Indian blood."

American newspapers, on the whole, approve this move to stabilize the republic's finances. Says the Troy *Record:*

> "The reorganization of the Dominican Government's treasury might appear as a small matter when compared to his work on our Federal budget and in connection with reparations, but it shows General Dawes's disposition to aid others, and his desire to stabilize the affairs of the world. Such an attitude evidences one of the finest attributes of statesmanship."

MAN'S FINANCIAL GRIP SLIPPING

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

THIS SAYING IS AS TRUE AS EVER, perhaps, but recently a firm of investment bankers has ascertained that men no longer possess a preponderant share of the individual wealth of this country. They may have accumulated it, but an analysis made from income-tax payments indicates that 41 per cent. of the nation's wealth is controlled by women. According to a survey and report made by Lawrence Stern and Company, New York and Chicago bankers, and quoted in the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> "To-day women comprise over 50 per cent. of the 454,596 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the world's largest and wealthiest corporation. In the United States Steel Corporation there are more than 50,000 women stockholders, over 50 per cent. They also comprise 50.48 per cent. of the shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Women also predominate in many other corporations.
>
> "Inquiry revealed that 35 or 40 per cent. of the customers of large investment houses are women, with the ratio steadily increasing.
>
> "From records kept of wills probated in New York during a given period, it was learned that 70 per cent. of the men are leaving their estates to women, and 64 per cent. of the women are leaving their estates to other women.
>
> "Another source of women's income is life insurance. In January, 1929, there were about $95,000,000,000 of life-insurance policies in force in the United States. It is conservatively estimated that 80 per cent. of the beneficiaries of these policies are women.
>
> "In 1926, the most recent year for which income-tax returns have been fully tabulated, women making individual returns paid taxes on $3,297,527,089. Individual men, including men reporting as heads of families, paid on a total of approximately $4,741,136,187. The exact ratio was 41 per cent. of the total for the women and 59 per cent. for the men. These figures, however, do not tell the whole story, because the larger part of the taxes paid were on joint returns of husband and wife, in which class there were some $13,555,920,041.
>
> "The foregoing figures apply to moderate as well as large incomes. A still more striking picture is presented in the case of the very rich, excluding all incomes of less than $100,000 a year. In this class in 1926 individual women reported about $484,794,440, as against $404,802,056 for the individual male reports—here the women actually lead by a substantial margin, having an average of 54 per cent. of the total.
>
> "Further analysis of individual income-tax returns discloses that 139 women paid taxes on incomes in excess of $500,000, and 44 on net incomes of more than $1,000,000. On the other hand, individual returns of men showed only that 123 paid on net incomes of $500,000, and 42 on incomes of $1,000,000."

"These are startling figures," observes the St. Louis *Star*, "even if they are only approximately correct." What is more, no editorial writer seems to have an idea as to what the menfolks ought to do about it.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Lips that touch liquor have to be diplomatic.—*Dallas News.*

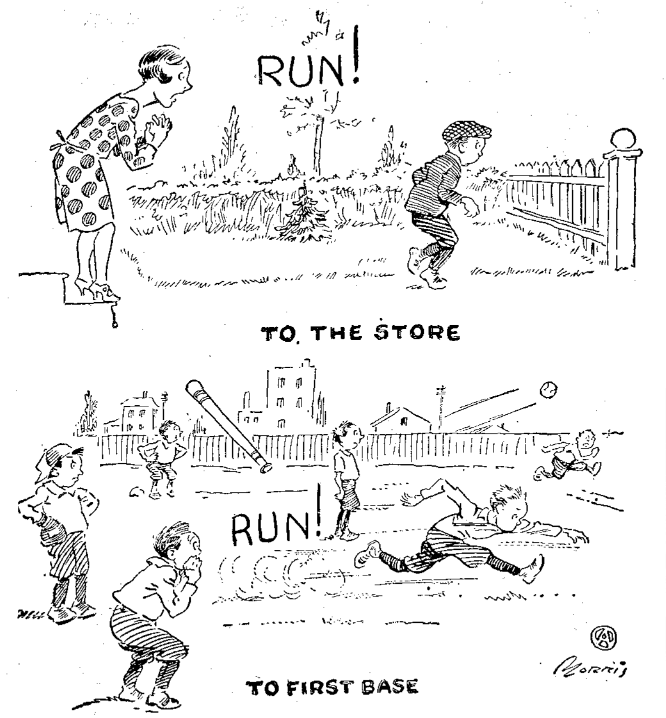
In Mexico the paths of glory lead but to the border.—*Louisville Times.*

Some Louisiana legislators seem to think it won't be Long now. —*Dallas News.*

People who say Mr. Coolidge has returned to private life never lived in a double house.—*Los Angeles Times.*

It is the aim of the Anti-Saloon League to make Washington as dry as the *Congressional Record.*—*Florida Times-Union.*

Oklahoma has now impeached two Governors in succession, and might save time by defeating both candidates next election. —*New York Evening Post.*



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WHEN TOMMY RUNS

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Commander Byrd has picked out about the only solid South a good Democrat can find.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Maybe if the Prohibitionists dry up Washington, the sessions of Congress will be shorter.—*Indianapolis News.*

Portes Gil, we read, is provisional President of Mexico. The provision being that no revolution succeeds.—*Judge.*

Queen Mary recently went shopping in a 10-cent store. Must be trying to establish her claim to the throne of Scotland.—*Los Angeles Times.*

America liked the installment plan so well that she extended the system to Europe so it could enjoy its wars by convenient payments.—*Miami Herald.*

A national election is impending in Mexico, but unfortunately it is not feasible for a newspaper to publish the names of all those who are running.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is said that the Government will open a new dry campaign in Chicago. It is not stated whether the old one has been closed or not.—*Mobile Register.*

Ambitious Oklahomans probably in the future will aspire to the office of Lieutenant Governor. — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wouldn't it have been great had we but known in time that all that was needed to win the World War was the right brand of cigarets?—*Marion Star.*

The Prince of Wales went to visit one of the horses he recently sold. When the Prince used to ride the horse, he didn't seem so attached.—*Kay Features.*

Bermuda and Spanish onions from Texas are about due to join Swiss cheese from Wisconsin and Smyrna figs from California.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

In Los Angeles a man was twice divorced by the same wife. This emphasizes the necessity for Los Angeles wives to keep some kind of a rough diary.—*London Humorist.*

Under President Hoover all income-tax refunds in excess of $20,000 are to be made matters of public record, and we'd like to be in a position to get a little publicity.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The New York *Times* makes this head-line contribution to mixed metaphors: Traffic Lights To Honeycomb New York. This, we presume, will make drivers beehive themselves.—*Mobile Register.*

Anyway, the *I'm Alone* tried to be.—*New York Evening Post.*

A de facto government in Mexico is one that has the most guns.—*Asheville Times.*

The hard part of conquering the air is to make it stay licked. —*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

As we understand it, the White House Spokesman is to be replaced by a loud-speaker.—*Dallas News.*

Naturally, in these airplane weddings due precautions must be taken against the first falling out.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Another difference between the United States and Mexico is that Mexican ex-Presidents don't write magazine articles. —*San Diego Union.*

Whoever named that seacoast rum-runner *I'm Alone,* certainly had a sense of humor. —*Troy Times.*

When bridge work is mentioned now you have to wait and see if it's teeth, cards, or viaducts.—*Dallas Journal.*

The Jones brothers—Wesley and Davy—are making life for the rum-runners just one thing after another.—*Washington Post.*

A reading of the Jones dry law indicates that the Smiths and the Joneses have different views on Prohibition.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Nor did it require any Literary Digest poll to forecast how the Mussolini election was going to come out.—*Indianapolis News.*

In an effort to clean up booze in New York, officials are going to employ municipal hooch sniffers or, in a manner of speaking, civic scenters.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Civil war has broken out in China again, which, considering the record of the past eighteen years, only shows what a peace-loving people can do if they try hard enough.—*Boston Globe.*

There are people far back in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky who are so ignorant they live a hundred years.—*Kay Features.*

The statistician who says women control 41 per cent. of the wealth of this country should revise his figures upward.—*Indianapolis News.*

"How much should mothers tell their daughters?" asks a preacher. Not much, say we, if they don't want to display their ignorance.—*Border Cities Star.*

Americans touring Brazil were chased by some wild men who sang, shouted and danced. Has the Florida real-estate boom moved farther south?—*Kay Features.*

Foreign Market Bulletin of the Department of Commerce says "there is a fair demand in Mexico for leather traveling bags and cases."—*Hide and Leather (Chicago).*

If the men on Mars also have six legs apiece, as the eminent scientist assures us the girls have, we wonder how much a two-pants suit costs on our neighboring planet.—*Ohio State Journal.*

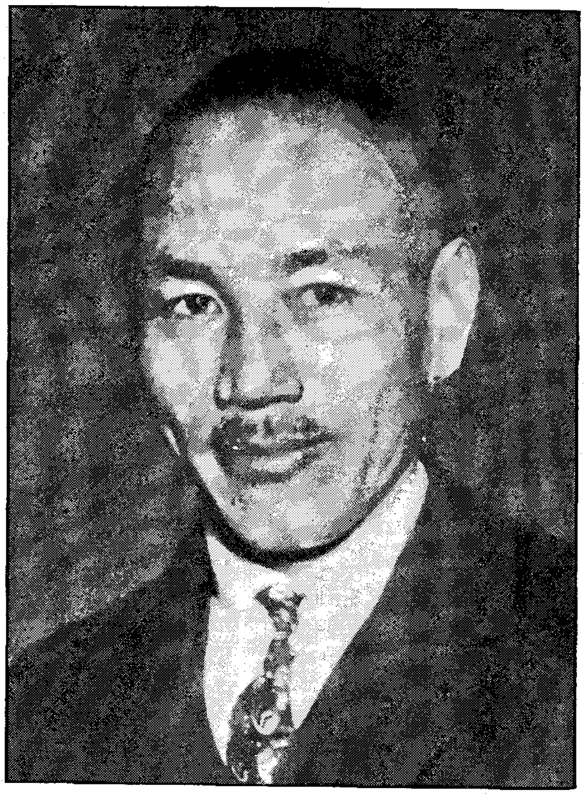
The new Secretary of Commerce has just issued an announcement stating that business is excellent. Which indicates that he is fully conversant with the duties of a Secretary of Commerce.—*San Diego Union.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

SPRINGTIME CHAOS IN CHINA

BACK AGAIN TO WAR turn the thoughts of Chinese generals with the coming of the spring, but the spectacle of clashing Chinese factions, performing as it were on "a cash basis," is said to stir more ire than interest in the outside world of foreign observers. The hope placed in the Nationalist Government at Nanking, as noted in various quarters, has become soured with disappointment by internal dissensions that began to poison the Chinese situation as long ago as late February and early March. With the military revolt in Shantung on its hands, we are told, the Nationalist Government found itself also at loggerheads with the faction controlling the rich and powerful Wuhan cities of Hankow, Wuching, and Hanyang, and, early in April, Shanghai Associated Press dispatches, amid conflicting reports of claims made by the Nationalists and the foes of the government forces, told of the close approach of Nationalists to the city of Hankow, the stronghold of the rebel leaders of the Kwangsi military group. It is further related that the leader of the revolt in Shantung, and the paramount figure on the side of the rebels, Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, took Chefoo from its Nationalist defenders "practically without hindrance." Yet still later Associated Press dispatches from Chefoo tell us of a serious defeat of the rebel troops inflicted by the Nationalist forces in which more than two thousand of the rebel captors of that city were killed. Into the maze of China's political, financial, and military mysteries, foreign investigators look with penetrating eyes and find various causes for the apparently inexhaustible impediments to progress. A special Nanking correspondent of the London *Times* charges the military element with obstructing the unification of the country under a centralized government. Another factor in the situation, according to this informant, is "extremism"—

> "A fluid element which is present everywhere, affecting all classes and all political factions. It is difficult to define because it takes different forms in different men. The root of it is anti-foreignism, not so much a racial sentiment as an idea artificially fostered that the foreigner has made himself the master of the good things in the country, and that if he were pushed aside the good things would fall into Chinese hands. The view that foreigners have created fine things out of nothing and that all the time the Chinese might themselves have been doing similar work meets with little acceptance. The Shanghai Settlement personifies the foreigner, and is a perpetual offense to the patriotic Chinese, all the more because the Settlement is a splendid example of what might be in China as compared with the disorder and inefficiency which actually surround it."



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE PRESIDENT BECOMES A GENERAL AGAIN

Chiang Kai-shek, Chief Executive of China's Government at Nanking, who has had to doff his "civvies" and get into khaki as the Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist troops in his country's new fratricidal strife.

Some blame for the present chaotic condition of Chinese affairs attaches to the statesmen of countries having something to say and something to support in China, according to a British authority on Chinese matters, J. O. P. Bland, who writes in the London *Sunday Times* as follows:

> "Despite its unbroken record of bad faith, sordid intrigues, and rapacious venality, the Kuomintang still enjoys what one may call a 'good Press' in this country and in America. Altho it can not claim credit for any single achievement of constructive reform, altho it is notoriously true that in the five provinces nominally under its control the people are opprest by every kind of illegal exaction and continually plundered by lawless soldiery and bandits; altho the last remnants of civic government and financial stability are speedily being destroyed by hordes of hungry placemen, whose only object is to acquire wealth before the inevitable debacle, nevertheless public opinion in this country persists in the belief that all may yet be well."

Of similar mind to the British correspondent of the London *Times* at Nanking is a special contributor to the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*, Dr. S. Washio, who believes matters will always be at sixes and sevens in China as long as the influence of militarism is so strong. What is more, he tells us that:

> "The influence of the Nanking Government does not really reach beyond the three provinces of Chekiang, Kiangsu, and Anwhei, and stands on a delicate balance of power like all other governments that were tried in Peking in the past. Nothing is changed until the Army is removed from politics. The feature that differentiates Chinese politics from ordinary politics is that it is played with armies. And that is still true to-day. The revolution has brought no tangible improvement in this respect."

More light on governmental conditions of the Nanking Government is afforded in a special cable to the New York *Times* from Shanghai, in which we read:

> "Tho a government exists at Nanking to-day, it is not the same government with which the Powers recently concluded their various treaties. Gen. Li Chai-sum, Gen. Li Tsung-jen, and Gen. Pai Chung-hsi, former pillars of the Nanking Cabinet, are now out, the first a prisoner at Nanking and the last actively in arms against the Nationalist forces.
>
> "Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang is no longer the War Minister, and Gen. Yen Hsi-shan, tho nominally in the Cabinet, is believed to be ready to desert if President Chiang Kai-shek meets defeat.
>
> "The terms of the Shantung settlement reached with Japan last week were identical with those that have been open to Nanking for more than three months, and which were previously rejected. The reason for their acceptance now is the desire to

offer Shantung to Marshal Feng as the price of his adhesion. But the offer has little value, since Feng can move his troops in at will, while Nanking, because of its war with the Hankow opposition, can not occupy the province when the Japanese evacuate their forces.

"The packed Kuomintang conference which concluded last week at Nanking was an utter failure. The new central executive committee excludes most of the well-known revolutionary leaders, and 75 per cent. of the members of the congress were Nanking clerks, whose names are unknown even to the Chinese newspaper men here.

"The outbreak of civil war not only negatives the demobolization agreement and the rehabilitation plans for unifying the railways, but spoils the budget plans of T. V. Soong, the Finance Minister, which under the best conditions of peace and unity estimated a deficit of $60,000,000 this year."

Just a little consideration and patience for the Chinese is asked in the Shanghai *China Digest* by its editor, Carroll Lunt, who is also the compiler of China's "Who's Who." Now is the time for foreigners to help, not confuse, China in her travail, he thinks, and goes on to say:

"So very easy is it to find fault with what is going on in China that a vision of better activities is quickly blurred if the impulse to do so is followed. Only those people who are prejudiced or who have to benefit by the overthrow of the present régime will do or say anything to obstruct the efforts of the Government to bring better conditions into being. That they are so engaged there can be no question. The Chinese character is such that the Government is faced with far more obstacles than retard the activities of newly formed governments in other parts of the world, and if the foreigner in particular is impatient with the progress made he does not understand the stride of the Chinese, and believes it should be as rapid as his own. Aware of this fact and of the need for patience in watching the political and economic development of China under the National Government, most foreigners refrain from comment or action which might prove baneful.

"Criticism, despite Chinese claims to the contrary, is offered by them to be helpful, the right to do so being present in the shape of past experience and closer and more extensive contact with the modern trend of civilization. China, it is clear, is aiming in the same direction, and has need of the advice of those who know the pitfalls and the obstructions. To listen to the counsels of the experienced in no way indicates the inferiority the Chinese believe it is our aim to show."

With regard to the opinion of some Far Eastern onlookers that Japan may not be entirely without interest in the activities of Gen. Chang Tsung-chang, leader of the Shantung uprising, the Peking *North China Standard* has this to say:

"The Japanese distinctly are not in favor of any further adventures on the part of the former tupan in Shantung. He never was a factor for peace and prosperity there. In every way he has aggravated the situation and was of no benefit to the Chinese people first of all and to foreigners residing in the districts he controlled. His activities come at a difficult time. Japan is trying to come to an agreement with the Nanking Government and anything tending to disturb negotiations necessarily must be irritating both to Japan and the Central Administration. Inasmuch as Japan has made every effort to effect a reconciliation with China in the past few weeks it must come as a distinct disturbance to have a third element intruded at an awkward time.

"The return to Shantung of Chang Tsung-chang can augur but one thing, and that is a resumption of the disturbed conditions which threaten the peace and well-being of Chinese and Japanese in the eastern sections of the province. Hence the need on the part of the Central Government for the protection of its people and of the Japanese to take reasonable precautions is made manifest. Tsingtao's hoisting of the five-barred flag is another evidence that peace has not yet been fully restored among the Chinese people of the much harassed province.

"Japan without doubt keenly opposes any further coups in Shantung, but as it is committed to non-interference in domestic disputes it can not be expected to take any active part one way or another, but is regarded as patiently awaiting the restoration of the peace and order which it desires equally with the Chinese."

AS CANADA'S PRESS SEES THE *I'M ALONE*

HYSTERICAL OUTBURSTS from the Canadian press over the sinking of the British rum-runner, *I'm Alone*, by United States Coast Guard vessels off the Louisiana Coast, merely confuse the issue, boldly assert some Canadian editors, and antagonize friendly Americans who "had no more to do with this probably illegal act than the natives of Timbuctoo." On the other hand, we find almost equal irritation displayed against America by Canadian journals that resent the "arbitrary assumption" of some Americans who hold that the sinking of the *I'm Alone* was quite within the law. In sharp disagreement with such a contention is the Calgary *Herald*, which remarks:

"If a friendly international agreement entered into by outside Powers to assist in the enforcement of a domestic law in the United States is to be interpreted as giving American coast patrols the right to chase rum-runners far out to sea, and then sink them, the sooner such a treaty is abrogated the better. If it can be interpreted as conferring such wide-spread powers of destruction, it will remain a serious menace to good-will.

"While foreign governments agree that persons conspiring to break United States laws are not entitled to protection in American territorial waters, the spirit of the agreement did not countenance destruction of vessels with the consequent possibility of loss of life. The United States Government is the great protagonist of the doctrine of the freedom of the seas. Apparently it is prepared to ignore it in the cause of Prohibition. To sink a small vessel far out from land in a heavy sea could be justified only in the extreme stress of war."

Very different is the tone of another western Canadian newspaper, the Vancouver *Daily Province*, which reminds us that a great many people in Canada have no sympathy with the rum trade between Canada and the United States, and also that thousands would like to see Canada refuse clearance to rum ships when there is reason to believe that the cargoes are intended ultimately for United States consumption. But—

"At the same time, it must not be forgotten that while the manufacture of liquor and the shipment of liquor is legal according to the law of Canada, Canada is bound to respect that law, and her Government is charged with the responsibility of insisting that other nations respect it too. If our law clashes with the law of another nation, like the United States, there is a field there for negotiation and compromise. But such incidents as that in the Gulf of Mexico do not smooth the way for arrangement or compromise. They have quite the opposite effect.

"Possibly a good many Canadians, opposed to the rum trade on principle, and a good many more who think it unneighborly for Canada to lend her protection to those engaged in flouting the law of the United States, would approve of an arrangement which would put the runners of rum and narcotics entirely at the mercy of American revenue cutters. But that time has not yet arrived, and until it has, Canada must insist upon the right of Canadian ships and Canadian sailors to sail the seas, even if they bear cargoes of which Uncle Sam does not approve."

An outspoken advocate for a journalistic policy of leaving the *I'm Alone* case to settlement by the governments concerned, is the Vancouver *Sun*, which is convinced that in this and similar cases, "jingoistic newspaper blather can only serve to embarrass everybody," and it is pointed out that:

"The treaties which the United States has with Britain and Canada do not disturb the historic three-mile limit of territorial waters. United States Government vessels, as always, can demand any vessel within that limit to halt. If the accosted vessel does not halt, the government ships can follow her to any distance and sink her, if necessary. This is the international law that is held between practically all civilized nations.

"The special agreement which United States has with Britain and Canada provides that American ships shall have the right of search within a twelve-mile limit. But it is a right of search only. A coast-guard cutter crew sighting a suspected ship beyond the three-mile limit and within the twelve-mile limit may search that ship if they can catch her within twelve miles from shore. But they have no right to pursue her beyond the twelve-mile limit, nor may they fire upon her."

DISCONTENT SMOLDERING IN TURKEY

THE WORLD HAS MARVELED at the trenchant blade used by President Mustafa Kemal Pasha in cutting away the "deadwood of old custom" in Turkey, we are told, as he toils in the field of politics, religion, education, or clothing, headgear, and haberdashery. But whether the people of Turkey are delighted or disgruntled as sweeping reform after reform is proclaimed into their shocked ears, we can only begin to guess, it is said. Persons actively sore at the new order of things work in the dark, it appears, and many passive resisters—resisting in so far as they dare—are too wise to risk discovery by spies, whether they would protest by word or deed. All this may be gathered from press correspondents in Turkey, and in a letter to the London *Times* one such points out that the reforms instituted by the Ghazi—the conqueror, otherwise, Mustafa Kemal Pasha—have been so quickly, and, generally speaking, so successfully accomplished that there seems to be no organized hostile opinion. The Turks, as a nation, we are advised, have always welcomed a strong government headed by a chief who commands their instinctive obedience. What is more, this writer warns us that it is difficult to learn whether any real discontent exists because of the disappearance of the official Opposition in the Grand National Assembly, which is composed exclusively of government deputies. But, this informant goes on to say:

Wide World photograph

"— AND THE BAND PLAYED ON"

The President of the Republic of Turkey, called that country's "George Washington," and famous for the many varieties of Western customs with which he has jazzed up his people, steps out on the dance floor with his adopted daughter on her wedding day.

> "There are, nevertheless, grounds for believing that discontent does exist, and, since there is hardly any freedom of speech or press, the discontented elements lack a safety-valve. It is, therefore, conceivable that other and less orderly outlets might be sought by those who are dissatisfied with the present régime. It would seem that there are four main causes of discontent—first, the continued and severe economic crisis; secondly, the introduction of the new characters; thirdly, the apprehension of government interference with the Moslem religion; and, last of all, there is the jealousy of ambitious individuals who are scheming to secure power.
>
> "As regards the first cause, the Government is by no means entirely to blame. A succession of bad harvests caused by drought has inflicted much suffering on parts of Anatolia and has, indeed, compelled the import of foreign grain. The continued absence of Russia from the economic comity of European nations has dealt Constantinople a blow from which the city will take years to recover. No Turkish Government could have avoided either of these misfortunes. But the hindrances to legitimate trade, such as the imposition of heavy, and in some cases unfair, taxes, the creation of a number of State monopolies which help to increase the cost of living, and the pronounced distrust of foreign capital, do contribute very largely to the economic crisis. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the economic policy of the present Turkish Government is based on a mistrust—natural and logical five years ago, but unnatural and illogical to-day—of all foreigners. The cry of 'Turkey for the Turks' is highly laudable, but is not altogether sensible. Its disadvantages outweigh its advantages, and one day this can not fail to be realized."

The introduction of the new alphabet in Turkey, the *Times* correspondent tells us further, is a far-sighted and practical reform. But it does not follow that all the people affected by the reform are of the same opinion, and this writer asks: "Would the average Englishman feel happy if he were told that in future he must read and write in Russian characters?" Another matter causing discontent in Turkey is the question of religion, and this correspondent speaks of unofficial reports from Angora to the effect that Kemal contemplates making further changes, and that it is to religion he next intends to devote his energies. The fourth and last cause of discontent—unsatisfied ambition—is said to be common to all countries. The dissatisfied factors are working underground, and this informant adds:

> "It is not, of course, suggested that the discontent arising from these four causes can lead to serious disturbances. The Government has shown itself to be so firmly in the saddle, and the personality of Mustafa Kemal Pasha has so impress itself on the people, that it is most unlikely that any 'incidents' will occur. All that can certainly be said is that there is some discontent, and that the Government, in all probability, knows all about it."

EGYPT'S NEW WOMEN—Short skirts, transparent stockings, and smart shoes of the kinds worn by Western women now grace Egypt's young women who, it seems, are introducing a dress reform that the elders of both sexes often frown upon. A Cairo correspondent of the London *Daily Express* informs us that the newer mode is slowly supplanting the garment called habera, of voluminous folds and consisting of two parts, a full and long skirt, the upper part of which entirely envelops the head and arms. The upper part of the habera, we are told, still covers the head but falls over the shoulders like a short cape, giving freedom to the arms and a hint of the pretty blouse underneath. We read then:

> "When these women occasionally went shopping they were followed by a servant, and were never seen after dusk, but nowadays you meet them everywhere in the principal thoroughfares of Cairo and Alexandria seeking bargains at the large European emporiums with as much zest as their European sisters.
>
> "They can all chatter French with as much ease as their mother tongue, and some speak English as well, but French is more general, and a number of these girls speak four and five languages, especially in Alexandria, which is more cosmopolitan than Cairo. They receive an excellent education at the European schools in Egypt."

POINCARÉ AND BRIAND AS NEWSPAPER READERS

"DON'T EVER SPEAK TO ME about the newspapers!" snapt Poincaré to a man who came to start work in his office. Yet it seems that Poincaré knows more about what's in the morning papers than half the men in Paris. What is the answer to that riddle? It is very simple, according to the account of Pierre Desnoyer in the Paris *Journal.* Premier Poincaré did not mean, we are told, that he has a contempt for the press, but that he does not like polemic personalities. He is not interested either in the criticism or the praise of newspapers, it is said, and his sharp remark was intended to indicate that it would be useless to keep him informed of the attacks and flatteries published "by a host of petty newspapers without readers, which are carefully followed by numerous members of Parliament, through the services of clipping agencies." On the other hand, it is pointed out that:

Keystone View photograph

"DON'T SPEAK OF NEWSPAPERS!"

Yet Premier Poincaré reads the newspapers just as diligently every day as he works as head of the French Government.

"Mr. Poincaré pays meticulous attention to everything published in important organs, especially on matters of State affairs. It is said that, when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, entrusted with the conduct of delicate negotiations, he was always careful to keep a watchful eye on what influential newspapers wrote about negotiations in process or accords attained. To those newspapers that he considered accurate in their record, he sent congratulations. To those that published erroneous commentaries, he had no hesitation in explaining by letter wherein they erred."

Now that Mr. Poincaré is Prime Minister, without portfolio, it is further stated, he does not seem to pay such close attention to the public interpretation of his acts. He continues to read the papers to know the frame of the public mind, it seems, but he is especially desirous of being informed about everything of political significance, which he reads personally, or has digested for him from the Paris press. The especially complete and detailed knowledge he has the first thing in the morning about everything of public importance is described as a considerable factor in his authority as an officer of the Government, and we read:

"When he reaches his office, with remarkable punctuality at about a quarter to nine every morning, Mr. Poincaré has already established personal contact with the press of the day. Having no children, rarely going out, wholly devoted to public concerns, and an indefatigable worker, he rises very early, at about six o'clock, in order to be able to examine his memoranda before going out. He has also given a swift glance at the first page of the big dailies, and has noted 'the event of the day.' Meanwhile, assistants of his, who also are early risers, have been going through all the newspapers in the offices of the Ministry of Finance, and have examined particularly newspapers of editorial weight. They have clipt news paragraphs and articles that may interest the Premier, and have pasted them on sheets of paper classified in five divisions corresponding to the chief branches of the activities of Mr. Poincaré.

"The first three of these are labeled: Foreign Affairs, Finance, General Politics, and are easily understood. In the folder entitled, Information About Formal Affairs, are collected memoranda on matters requiring an act of courtesy by the Premier because of his vast range of personal relations, or because of the dignity of his post. It may be a note about a demise in a foreign court, or a marriage, which he will note by telegram or by letter. In order to understand the folder marked Documents, we must remember that Mr. Poincaré has learned so to organize his work as to avoid all loss of time. He is so methodical that it is difficult to find a scrap of paper left behind him on his desk after he has gone from his office."

P. & A. photograph (Paris)

A NORMANDY GENTLEMAN FARMER

But Aristide Briand is better known as France's Foreign Minister, who reads his newspapers in bed between six and seven A.M.

When the routine of the better part of the day has been followed through, it is further noted, and in the waning of the afternoon, Mr. Poincaré personally scans the big French newspapers, especially those that treat of political affairs, and he gives a quick glance at other journals of the evening. Turning then to the newspaper habits of France's Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, Mr. Desnoyer advises us in the *Journal* that altho Mr. Briand is awake at dawn, he has "adopted the wise habit" of remaining in bed, and between six and seven in the morning reads his newspapers there. After dressing and having his breakfast, he receives two of his collaborators in office, who also have been through the papers, and the first question he asks them is: "What do the correspondents say about such or such an event?" As to the clipping and collecting of extracts from the press on subjects of foreign affairs, which service is well performed in the Foreign Office, we are told that Mr. Briand has no need of it because he gets everything necessary from the newspapers himself. We read then:

"Foreign news, political events, first of all attract him in his newspapers. He reads with interest editorials on foreign policy because he believes they still represent, no matter what one says, public opinion—altho, in his regretful view, to a smaller extent than formerly. But he remains quite indifferent to blame as well as to praise. Yet he believes it useful to keep track of public opinion, tho he does not hesitate to follow his policy, even against public opinion, which sooner or later will incline his way.

"In the great department store known as the modern newspaper, with supplies for all tastes, Mr. Briand holds aloof from certain articles, and, of course, these include serial stories, police news, crimes of passion, Parisian scandal; but scientific news, the phenomena of natural history, and the mysteries of astronomic discovery interest him greatly. He is fascinated when he reads about the invasion of a distant village by wolves, or the appearance of a meteor. Another division of the news that frequently engages his attention is the progress of human society. He is avid in the study of all questions, whether in France or in foreign lands, which have to do with the living conditions of workers, and the organization of society. This new gentleman farmer of Cocherel, who raises cattle and sheep, does not forget the humanitarian enthusiasm of his ardent youth."

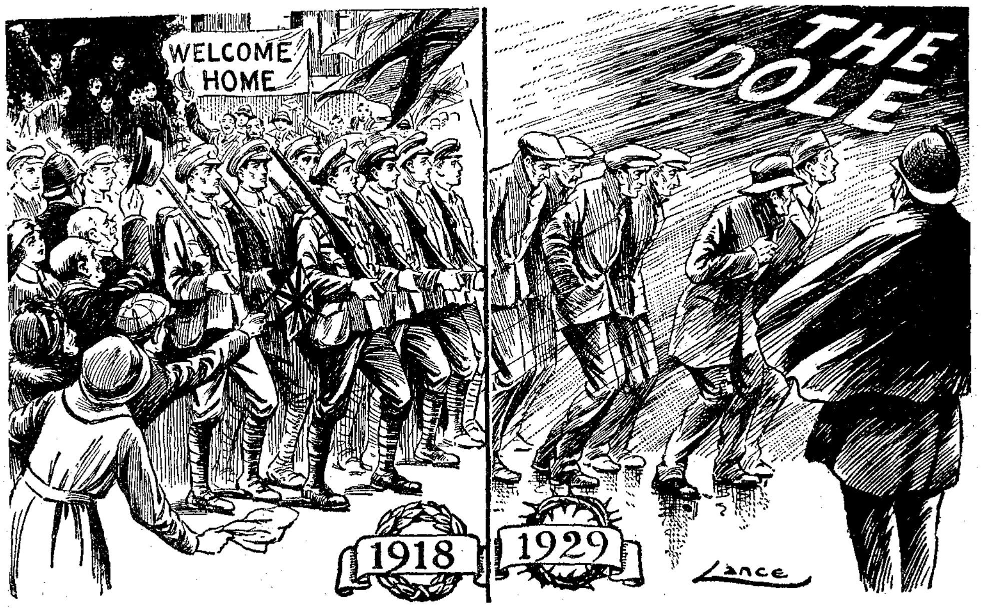
A TRAGEDY OF SIX JOBLESS YEARS

SIX TERRIBLE YEARS of enforced idleness, seen in retrospect by an unemployed shipyard laborer, one of the vast workless population of Britain, incline him to thank the merciful providence that holds the veil of the future before our eyes, because he and some of his fellows might have gone insane if they could have foreseen what was to come. During the war, this shipyard worker recalls in the London *Spectator*, there was nothing but hustle and anxiety, and the incessant cry for ships and more ships. The statesmen of the day, we are reminded, called the nation to arms industrially to provide weapons of destruction to defeat the enemy, and the question is asked: "Have we no statesmen bold enough at the present time to tackle and fight this great question of unemployment, which is sapping the vitals of the nation?" The narrative of this unfortunate British worker continues:

"When the cease-to-work order came to me in 1922, I little thought when I left the works that morning to join the great mass of unemployed, that probably I should never again be permitted to join the ranks of the employed workingman again. This I am afraid is going to be my fate. I am going to tell your readers in my own simple way, how I have managed to survive these six terrible years of enforced idleness.

"It was in 1922, after the usual routine in the local Labor Exchange, that I was duly registered as entitled to unemployment benefit, this continued until the later part of 1925 when my insurance benefit ceased. Not being able to secure employment, owing to the severe depression in the shipbuilding and engineering industry, the little cash I had was exhausted; I was faced with the most heart-breaking position that any sensitive workman had to undergo, viz., to apply to the Local Board of Guardians for relief. I paced up and down those buildings before I had the courage to enter; never shall I forget that ordeal and the torture I went through. After giving full particulars and inquiries, I was granted the sum of 12s. 6d. weekly [about $3], for which sum you work so many hours for the local authorities. To the ladies and gentlemen on the Board of Guardians, and also the official staff, I pay my tribute as a workman, they are white men and women indeed.

"I will now give you a rough idea of how I spend my leisure time. I like walking as a recreation, and being a lover of the country, often have a few miles' walk, weather permitting, to see the beauties of nature. Then I spend a good portion of my time in an old friend's kitchen garden, whose health is not robust enough to do the spade work which is needed. What a joy to see the potatoes, vegetables, and flowers which you have planted and tended with such care come to maturity. I like to see a game of bowls; you can spend a pleasant summer evening in our public park. Bowls is a very interesting game to watch as a spectator. When winter comes there are free organ, gramophone and other musical entertainments, which you can pass a pleasant evening; it helps to keep your mind from brooding too much on your troubles."



THE WAGES OF WAR FOR BRITAIN'S WORKERS

A Crown of Laurels. A Crown of Thorns.

—*John Blunt* (London).

Perhaps of more startling interest to those that have jobs, is this informant's recital of how he has managed to live on his income of 12s. 6d. Calculating his weekly "receipts" at $3 per week—and he tells us there has been very little change in the items for the past three years—we find the following statement:

"Weekly rent of room, 5s. [$1.20]; ¼ lb. tea, 6d. [12 cents]; 1 lb. sugar, 3d. [6 cents]; 1 lb. bacon, 1s. [24 cents]; jam, 6d. [12 cents]; bread and cake, 1s. 4d. [32 cents]; milk, 3½d. [7 cents]; tobacco (my only luxury), 8d. [16 cents]; meat and vegetables, 1s. 3d. [30 cents]; margarine, 6d. [12 cents]; insurance, 6d. [12 cents]; 11s. 9½d. [$2.83]; balance for oddments, 8½d. [17 cents]; total, 12s. 6d. [$3].

"This bill of fare which I have presented, could, no doubt, be confirmed by thousands of unfortunate comrades like myself, throughout the country. Time hangs heavily on my hands, altho I try to get the best out of life, but to any one like myself who has toiled for over fifty years even at a small wage, one can not settle down to this kind of life without regret, for there is no real last pleasure in idleness. With what joy I used to look forward to holiday time coming a few years ago, when you really could enjoy yourself, for your mind was content. Still I have a lot to be thankful for, some poor fellows can neither read nor write, and wander aimlessly about the streets. I am indeed sorry for the poor fellows. I can at east go into our public library and enjoy the literature which is there in abundance.

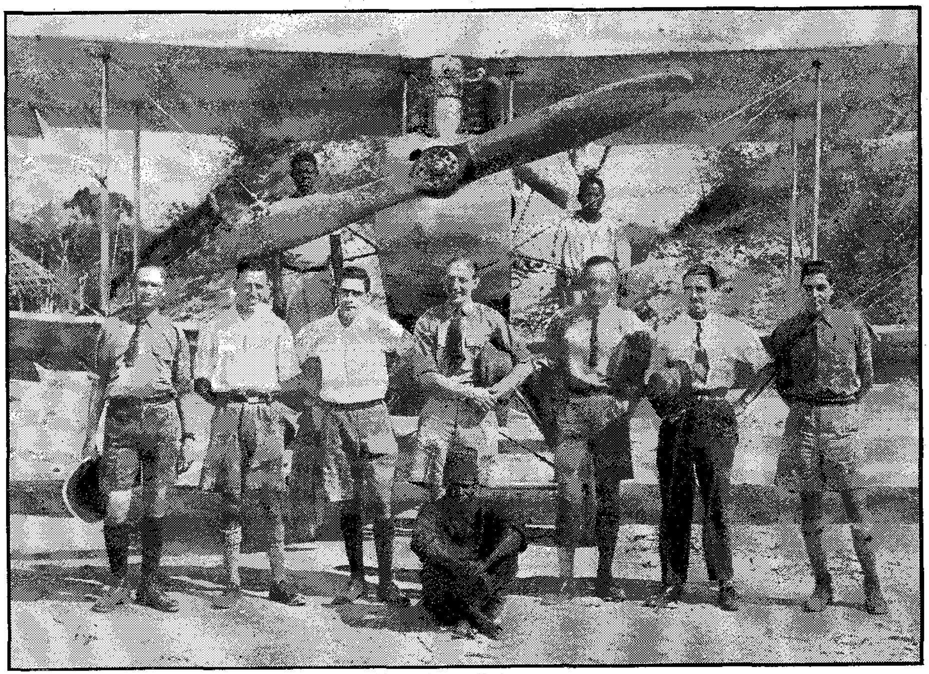
"What a blessing it has been to me through life and especially these last few years, that the foundation of the little education I received at a night school over fifty-two years ago has been the means in a great measure of easing the strain and worry of these terrible six years of unemployment."

SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

EXPLORING DARKEST AFRICA'S JUNGLES FROM THE AIR

HOW THE AIRPLANE can be of value in exploring a savage region, locating mineral deposits, paving the way for road and railroad building, and obtaining all sorts of information for use in the future development and upbuilding of the country, may be seen from the account of such a survey just completed in Rhodesia, Africa, contributed to *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York), by its special London correspondent, George L. Walker. As he relates:

"Two years ago the announcement was made that the Rhodesian Kongo Border Concession, Ltd., had arranged for an aerial survey of its mineral prospecting concession of about 52,000 square miles, which stretches along the Belgian Kongo border in Northern Rhodesia, and lies immediately south of the great Katanga copper region. That work has now been completed. The objects were to locate mineral outcroppings, and to obtain a fuller knowledge of the vast bush area. The photographic map of the country shows the best routes for travel and the most available areas for prospecting.



Photographs by courtesy of *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York)

THEY SPOT ORE DEPOSITS FROM THE SKY

Major Cochran-Patrick, chief of the patrol, stands in the center.

"Such mineral indications as the photographs have disclosed are yet to be determined. It is certainly too early to decide that they show nothing. Geologists are studying the photographs and will restudy them from time to time in the new light shed by future experience in the field.

"The concession is larger than either New York or Pennsylvania. More than two-thirds was unmapped—unexplored, it might almost be said. Except for the survey of the boundary between Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Kongo, and the mapping of some of the principal rivers and streams by the company's own engineers, only such information was available as could be supplied by travelers, missionaries, big-game hunters, and casual prospectors.

"There were no wagon or automobile roads until the company constructed them. Discoveries of great value had already been made. Immediately to the north, at Katanga, are large and sensationally rich deposits of copper ore—a copper region nearly 250 miles long. A few miles south exist large ore deposits that average approximately 40 per cent. zinc, lead, and vanadium combined. In the same portion of the continent, but farther away, are the world's greatest diamond, gold, chrome, and asbestos mines. Thus the possibilities of the Kongo Border area were and are enormous.

"Such great possibilities seemed to call for quick action. With this in view arrangements were made to photograph the area from the air.

"Tho drawings had been prepared for an airplane specially designed for work in a country where a forced landing, it was believed, would almost surely be disastrous, none had yet been built. It thus was necessary to clear emergency landing grounds at twenty-mile intervals. Trees and grass made this work difficult, but more expensive to remove than the vegetation were the numerous and frequently large ant hills existing everywhere.

"Haze and the smoke of the natives' bush fires, followed during the wet season by rain and mist, obstructed photographic work greatly. To cope with the low visibility, faster films than at first provided were secured from America. The work was carried out rapidly and, incidentally, almost exactly along the lines originally planned.

"In Rhodesia, any considerable natural opening in the orchard-like bush covering the region is called a 'dambo.' The first dambos to rivet the attention of technical men were those which resulted from copper salts in the soil that made it impossible for trees to grow.

"Consequently, one feature of the survey was a search for dambos. Many dambos apparently result from water percolating constantly through the surface soil. It is usually possible to recognize the types in photographs, however, and the presence of two kinds caused little confusion.

"A far greater number of rock outcrops was shown than had been expected. The value of a knowledge of the exact locations, particularly to those who are engaged in making a geological survey, will at once be realized.

"It has been shown that only those copper outcrops which happen to be covered very thinly with soil are marked by dambos. At N'Changa, for instance, there are two extensive dambos, but drilling has shown that more than 95 per cent. of the total outcrop is covered deeply enough with soil to support forest growth. Roan Antelope's ore deposit, also, has now been proved to continue for over two miles beyond the point where the last vestige of the dambo disappears. Thus the absence of a dambo does not indicate an absence of ore."

Of particular interest, Mr. Walker says, is what was learned of the relation of the vegetation to the geology of the region. Most of the soils were formed where they lie, by the disintegration of the rocks immediately below. Such soils and the alluvial deposits along the streams cover practically all of the region. Conditions favorable to a most intimate relationship of vegetation and geology in consequence are ideal. No similar relationship could possibly exist, of course, in the glacial soil areas of Canada and the nothern United States. To quote further:

"From the first it was assumed that a forced landing would spell disaster, so, as has been noted, emergency landing grounds were made at twenty-mile intervals over the 20,000-square-mile area selected for the most thorough examination. The work over that area was completed, however, without a forced landing ever becoming necessary. It was then decided to make a visual aerial reconnaissance of the remaining 32,000 square miles. The geologists and the flying personnel requested permission to undertake it, tho it was largely an unknown area and no emergency landing grounds had been prepared. It involved flying several hundred miles from the nearest base. While this work was being done two forced descents occurred. The first was forty miles from the nearest base, but Captain Roxburgh-Smith glided to a grassy dambo and landed safely. He then walked the forty miles covering most of the distance through wilderness in the night, obtained the needed assistance and finally flew his airplane back to its base.

"The other forced descent also was accomplished in safety, tho it was 100 miles from the nearest white man, and in the one region of Northern Rhodesia most thickly infested by lions. After the stranded airplane had been located by the other in flight, a rescue party was sent and the men returned, unharmed.

"In both of these episodes the flyer was favored by luck, chance, or fate, his own cleverness doing the rest. The experiences proved the desirability of an airplane equipped with two engines, each powerful enough for every rising and flying requirement.

"The survey was carried out by ten Europeans, native negroes being quickly trained to perform much of the work, including developing films and printing photographs. As herds of big game were to be seen on many of the dambos, the flyers always carried rifles and ammunition for protection.

OUTCROPS REVEALED BY THE AERIAL CAMERA

"Major H. Hemming, managing director of Aircraft Operating Company, Ltd., says:

"'It must be clearly understood that the air method is not competitive with the ground method of surveying. Each has its own particular uses, and the air method can not exist without the ground method.'"

INHERITANCE OF LEFT-HANDEDNESS—This appears quite clearly from statistics published by Herbert D. Chamberlain, of Ohio State University, in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington). He says:

"From families in which one or both of the parents are left-handed we get a percentage of 17.34 per cent. of the children left-handed, while in families in which neither of the parents are left-handed only 2.1 per cent of the children are left-handed. If left-handedness is not inherited we would not find over 5 per cent. of the children left-handed in any of these families, regardless of the handedness of their parents. It is very evident that there is some sex influence manifested in the inheritance of left-handedness as shown by the larger number of left-handed boys in this population. It is also apparently transmitted differently where the father is left-handed, as note the small number of left-handed girls in these families. There can be no doubt that the trait is inherited. Siemens presents twenty-one cases of apparent identical twins in which one was left-handed and the other right-handed, and cites this as evidence that left-handedness is not an hereditary factor. The probable explanation of this is mirror imaging, so often found in identical twins, or it may possibly be the prenatal position of the right-handed twin, which would prevent it from developing into a left-handed one."

WATCH YOUR BABY!

FOR HIS ACTIONS during the first few hours of his life may give you a clue to his future career. Symptoms of mental disease on the one hand, indications of unusual strength of character on the other, may be detected by a keen observer. Napoleon's overweening ambition showed itself clearly when he was a babe at the breast. So at least believes a German student of infant psychology, Dr. Wehmut, whose latest book, "The Psychopathy of the New Born," published in German in Vienna (1928), is reviewed in French in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) by Henry Bidou. He writes:

"In the whole Freudian system, the most durable hypothesis is that which supposes the moral life of the adult to depend on forgotten impressions, received in early infancy. Dr. Wehmut acknowledges his debt to Freud. The book that made his reputation, 'Hallucinations in the Prenatal Life' is an instance; but his new book increases his renown. More daring than his master, he follows him only to exceed him. And he shows, with wonderful resources of observation, how the five great mental maladies that determine all human character exist wholly formed in the new-born and appear in the very first acts of life.

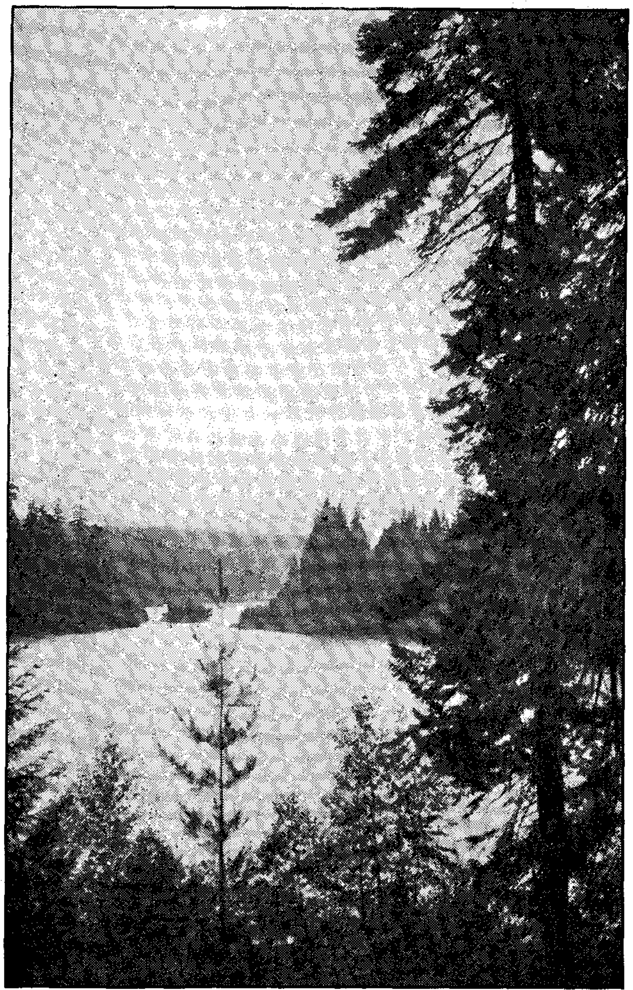
"I shall cite only a few of the most striking examples. We know that in the clinics perverse children present themselves on the pretense that they are undernourished. This is the first trait that begins to reveal their character. Now there are also perverse newly-born infants who complain in the same way, demanding to be nursed, feigning avidity, but turning away all at once with a grimace when the milk is offered them, with the sole object of calumniating their nurse. We may believe with Dr. Wehmut, that these perverts are simply afflicted with inability to make up their minds. And it is true that there are minds of this sort even at this early age. But their state of mind, so adverse to their happiness, shows itself chiefly when they have nursed. One would think that their uncertainty had communicated itself to their very stomachs. The milk that they have taken no longer knows how it ought to act. They hesitate between regurgitation and colic. Some decide on both at once. These are the pessimists.

"Diagnosis of backwardness is difficult in the early hours of life. But, on the other hand, the little paranoic, who is destined to the *folie des grandeurs*, and who will probably become a persecuted persecutor, shows almost as early the megalomania that marks with its symptoms all its surroundings. This is the class of babies that bite the breast of their nurse. That is what Napoleon did. It happens frequently in his native island; almost all Corsican nurses bear scars, of which Dr. Wehmut publishes curious photographs.

"One of the most surprizing traits of infantile psychology is the obstinate preference shown by many babies for one side of the breast. Dr. Wehmut, far from seeing in this peculiarity a prognostic of evil, reads in it, on the contrary, an excellent forecast. It is a sign of judgment, and a precocious aptitude to adapt oneself to the best opportunity. For the nursing babe does not choose blindly—he goes always to the most copious source. He is cut out for big business or successful politics."

A DROWNED OREGON FOREST

AN UNEXPLORED WILDERNESS of Douglas fir trees stands upright on the bottom of Clear Lake, in Linn County, Oregon—probably green and flourishing in 2000 B. C. These firs, we are told by John D. Guthrie, writing in *American Forests* (Washington), were growing in a little valley high up in the Cascade Range, when, about 2000 B. C., or before, there were eruptions from many peaks along the crest. The peaks belched forth lava, and the molten stream spread out over thousands of acres. A tongue of this flow must have run into the little valley of the McKenzie, and almost filled it. Then:



Illustrations by courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington, D. C.)

THE LAKE THAT HIDES A DROWNED FOREST

"The heat may have killed the Douglas firs in the valley or they may have been literally drowned by the rising waters. In any case, the river gradually filled the little valley above the lava dam, submerging the fir trees, and formed a lake about a mile long. It has continued to flow over this dam, and about a mile below makes what is to-day called the Upper Falls and the Middle Falls, both beautiful cascades.

"This is the Clear Lake of to-day. The Douglas fir trees are still standing on the bottom of the lake. The waters are the coldest of any of the Cascade's lakes, and crystal-blue, so that the bottom, shining white with the volcanic ash of the long ago, seems but a few feet below you. Even small objects are plainly visible ten, twenty, or fifty feet below the surface. With the air excluded, these old trees have been perfectly preserved through all these centuries, and to-day the wood is readily identified. It is as sound as ever, with no breaking down of the woody tissues whatever, nor any evidence of infiltration of any kind.

"Sections of the trees were identified by the United States Forest Products Laboratory as Douglas fir, and were in an excellent state of preservation.

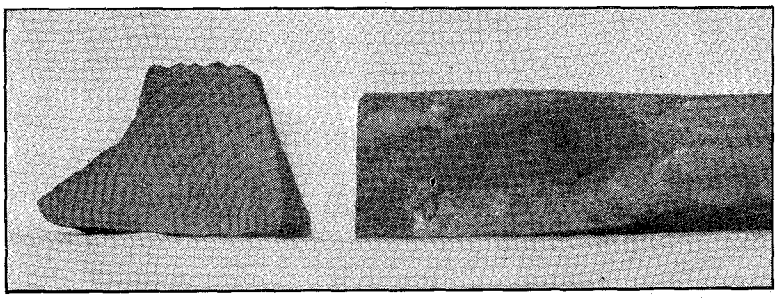
"After the molten flood had cooled, and as through the centuries the lava became broken up by the elements, rain and snow, sunlight and freezing, gradually a soil began to be formed on this lava-flow dam. Through the centuries vegetation crept in gradually over it, and finally Douglas firs began to seed in from the near-by areas and to grow—the same kind of trees that in 2000 B. C. were growing down at the bottom of the lake. And now a forest of big fir trees is growing on top of this natural dam and all around the lake.

"How old are these trees? No one knows. This much we do know, however, that two living fir trees growing on this lava dam were felled a few years ago, and the stump-rings counted. One was 425 and the other 450 years old. Scientists say that it takes nature 10,000 years to build up one foot of soil. Local geologists say that this flow could not have been less than 1,000 years ago, probably more.

"The visitor of to-day may row over the tops of the submerged trees and look down their refracted boles to their bases. Probably the boles of these old trees are surrounded with cinder ash many feet in depth. Rowing over this forgotten forest one has an awed feeling, almost as if he were peeping through a window into nature's mysterious workings of the sacred centuries.

"Standing submerged for perhaps many thousands of years, naturally the wood is thoroughly water-soaked. The specific gravity is so great that in order to secure specimens it was necessary for forest rangers to attach buoys to the trunk of the tree before a heavy blast of dynamite released it. Without the buoys the age-old wood sank instantly to the bottom of the lake.

"Clear Lake, hidden as it is deep in the Santiam National Forest, and hoarding its treasures of submerged Douglas firs, the age of which must remain one of the secrets of nature, will some day become better known. Because of its unique submerged wilderness, and its cold, clear, crystal-blue water, the curious world will make a beaten path to its shores. This wilderness under water will some day take its place among other wonderful creations of nature, and be preserved for all time."



SUBMERGED FOR AGES—YET SOUND AS A LIVING TREE!

Section of a Douglas fir from the floor of the lake.

HANDLESS, FOOTLESS FAMILY IN BRAZIL—A remarkable instance in which nature seems carefully to have preserved by heredity a deformity of no advantage either to its possessors or to humanity is reported by *Eugenical News*, the official organ of the Eugenics Research Association, says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science*, New York. We read:

"In two generations of a single family living in Brazil there have been five instances, the Association is informed by its correspondent, Mr. Wesley Peacock, of the entire absence of hands and feet. Four of these remarkable cripples; three children and their uncle, have been photographed in a group. The father of the children, now dead, had the same hereditary deformity. All inherited characteristics are supposed by biologists to be transmitted from one generation to another by tiny living granules, called chromosomes, contained in every living human cell. Evidently the cell chromosomes of this unfortunate Brazilian family lack some essential unit of their structure, which unit is ordinarily responsible for the formation of hands and feet. In its absence these extremities do not develop. Altho the Association refrains from pointing any moral, it is obvious that the interest of humanity no less than their own requires that these unfortunate Brazilians be not permitted to produce further descendants; the same conclusion that is urged by advocates of eugenics for human beings who are suffering from other hereditary defects, physical, mental, or moral."

A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH FOR ALUMINUM

CURRENT RUMORS THAT FOOD cooked in aluminum utensils is injurious are unjustified, finds Albert A. Hopkins, of *The Scientific American* (New York), after a careful investigation inspired by a host of inquiries received by that magazine. He has been able to find no evidence that aluminum vessels should not be used for cooking, but on the contrary, has many opinions from scientific experts both here and abroad, testifying to their healthfulness. Mr. Hopkins gives us this reassuring view of our familiar pans and kettles:

"The first cooking utensils of aluminum were made in 1892, and the industry prospered with the lessening cost of the bright metal. In the first part of 1926 a curious whispering campaign was inaugurated which tended to militate against the use of aluminum kitchen ware. The results were and are very tangible and regrettable.

"The utensils fabricated from aluminum were assailed as inimical to health, and in many a kitchen closet and garret will be found a battery of unused pots and pans made from the light material. At last it was determined to make a really scientific survey of the situation, and the writer was assigned to examine all the evidence in the case. This involved a trip to New Kensington, Pennsylvania, one of the centers of the industry, so as to see what care is used at the mill to insure a perfect product. This did not, of course, involve the chemical aspects of the case, but these were gathered at the Mellon Institute in near-by Pittsburgh.

"The sum of our investigation is that there is no foundation for the belief that the use of aluminum cooking utensils is injurious. There is also no foundation for the absurd statement that aluminum or any other kind of cooking utensil has anything to do with the causation of cancer. The American Medical Association, the United States Public Health Service, the London *Lancet* have all issued statements, or published articles which give aluminum a clear bill of health.

"In 1912 the statement was advanced in England that aluminum cooking utensils were deleterious to health. *The Lancet*, the leading British medical journal, made experiments on the subject and stated editorially that this metal does not appear to be more susceptible to the action of water and foods in the process of cooking than does iron, which has been used from time immemorial as the material of cooking pans. As is well known, iron rusts very readily in the presence of water and air, while also it is attacked by organic acids. It is further well known that iron salts in large quantities are injurious to the human organism, as are also large quantities of aluminum salts, but there is no evidence to show that in the ordinary cooking operations of every-day life either iron or aluminum is so strongly attacked as to produce an objectionable amount of soluble salts.

"Investigations made in Great Britain under the auspices of the Medical Research Council, indicate that cooking, even of acid fruits and vegetables for long periods of time, in aluminum ware, showed so little aluminum in the juices after cooking that it required the most delicate chemical tests to indicate its presence.

"Dr. George D. Beal of the Mellon Institute says: 'Aluminum is at the present time the most widely used constructional material for cooking utensils. During the time that it has been in use, it seems to us that the harmful nature of this metal would have become increasingly apparent to food and medical specialists.' Dr. Geo. W. McCoy, Chief of the Hygienic Laboratory of the United States Public Health Service, tells me that in his opinion there is no evidence to support any claims as to the harmful qualities of aluminum, and his Department habitually gives an answer of this type.

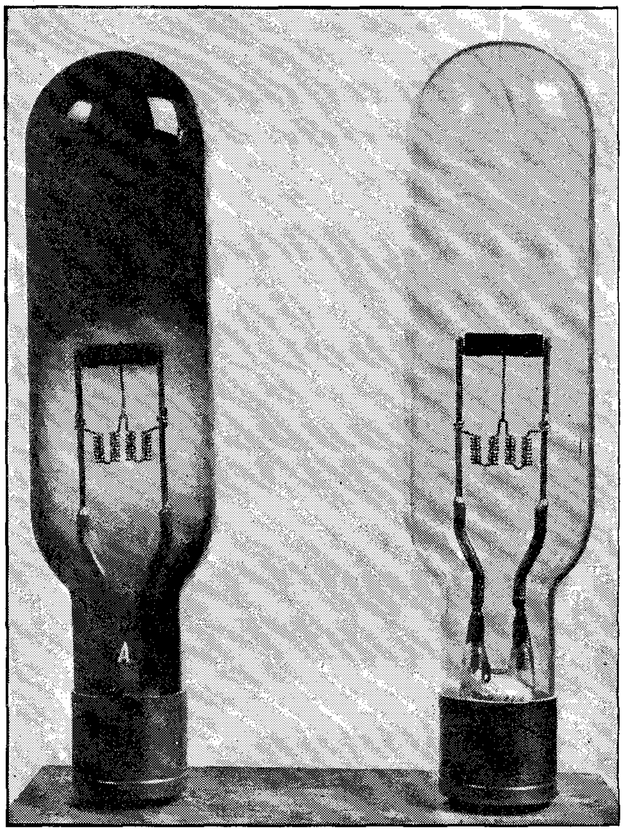
"Our own experiments as to the quantities of aluminum removed from utensils by cooking foods therein show that the quantities of aluminum removed are so small that they are not significant unless reported as parts of aluminum per million parts of food. These quantities are of the same order as those in which aluminum normally occurs in foodstuffs, and are in many cases far less than those observed in many public water supplies which have not been subjected to chemical treatment for purification. I mention this since the usual chemical method of clarifying water consists of the addition of aluminum and lime, and is alleged to increase the aluminum content of the water.

"The *Chemiker Zeitung*, in an article entitled 'Aluminum Cans for Preserving Foods,' says:

"'The results of a large number of tests upon the preservation of various fruits and vegetables in aluminum cans are recorded. In all cases the cans were much less attacked by the fruit acids than is the tin in the usual tin-iron cans. No deterioration in the taste, color, odor, or edibility of the foods was noticed, and the very small amount of aluminum dissolved in prolonged preservation has no toxic action.'"

SELF-CLEANING INCANDESCENT LAMP

A PRACTICAL METHOD for removing the black deposit which gradually collects on the inner surface of high-powered incandescent lamps has been announced by the General Electric Company. The effects of the discovery will be felt almost immediately in the fields of aviation and motion-picture production, where high-powered and high-efficiency incandescent lamps play rôles of vital importance. As we are informed in a press bulletin issued by the company's news bureau:


Courtesy of General Electric, Schenectady, New York

THE LAMP THAT CLEANS ITSELF

"Before and after" sweeping out its glass house.

"Bulb-blackening has always been a significant factor in determining the useful life of all incandescent lamps, and, owing to the large filament in high-intensity gas-filled lamps, the factor has been most important. The rising gas in such a lamp carries along evaporated tungsten, which is deposited on the cooler top and sides of the bulb. This tungsten 'soot' both absorbs considerable light and radiates heat. In time the glass undergoes devitrification, and finally the glass becomes so hot that the bulb becomes ill-shaped and useless. The new deposit-remover is a tablespoonful of coarse tungsten powder, placed inside the lamp before it is sealed. After the lamp has become blackened from use, the operator needs but to remove the lamp from its socket, invert it, and 'sweep' the filament deposit off the inner glass surface. The lamp is thereby restored to its former efficiency, as good as new. With the bulb-blackening difficulty practically removed, the lamp filament may be heated much nearer to its melting point, without endangering the bulb and without shortening the customary 100-hour life for which the lamps are designed. The new method for cleaning the inside of the bulbs has been applied to several high-intensity lamps for aviation service and for motion-picture studios."

A METEOR THAT SAID "SHHH!"

TWO DISTINCT SOUNDS ACCOMPANIED the passage of a large meteor over southwest Texas on June 23 last, of such brilliancy that at 4.40 P. M. it was seen 300 miles away. So far as known, it did not reach the earth. The sounds, as reported in *Science* (New York), by E. H. Sellards of the University of Texas, were first an explosive noise often heard in this connection, and second, an unexplained whizzing and whining as from the passage of a skyrocket. Writes Mr. Sellards:

"The explosive noise was of such intensity as to jar the buildings distinctly and to cause the rattling of windows at localities over an area approximately forty miles in east-west by sixty miles in north-south direction. The time required for this explosive sound to reach the earth varied from possibly thirty seconds for those immediately under the meteor at the termination of its visible course to one and a half or two minutes for those at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from its overhead position. Aside from the intensity no other unusual features are reported in connection with this explosive sound.

"The second sound reported to accompany the meteor is wholly unexplained. This is described as a whizzing and whining sound and as like the passage of a skyrocket through the air, and as a 'shhh' sound. In all instances this sound is reported as having occurred instantaneously with the flash of light. Reports of this noise come from places as much as two hundred miles apart, and one hundred miles or more away from the locality where the meteor was overhead.

"An observer at Leakey states that he was repairing a wire fence and was stooping over close to the ground fastening the lower wires. In this position he heard distinctly a whizzing sound which he at first supposed to be made by an airplane with the engine shut off, preparatory to alighting. Upon looking up, however, he saw the flash of the meteor. An observer at Hondo, about fifty miles east of Laguna, says: 'I saw it fall, but would not have seen it had I not been attracted by the sound it made. It sounded "shhh," and shot across the sky from southeast to northwest.' A lady driving southeastward by car some seventy-five miles northeast of Laguna writes: 'My husband, daughter and myself were driving from Kerrville to San Antonio that Saturday afternoon. I heard a buzzing noise, and looking out of the car window saw a big ball of fire shooting across the sky in a northwest direction.' An observer at Winter Haven, sixty miles south of Laguna, says: 'I was sitting with my back to the northwest when I heard a noise—or hiss or a whiz. A dog standing near growled, and then barked.' A lady at Uvalde relates that she was lying on the bed by her north window when she heard a 'whining, whistling noise' which continued for a second or so before she looked up. Just after turning her head to look out of the window there was a long flash of light across the sky. The explosive sound of the meteor was heard one and one half or two minutes later.

"In at least one previous instance a similar noise in connection with the fall of a meteor is recorded, this being a meteor which fell on October 1, 1917. Since the rate of travel of a meteor is much in excess of the rate of travel of sound, it is impossible that the sound wave propagated in the usual way could have arrived coincidentally with the light from the meteor. One must either consider some other possible explanation for the noise or must discard observations in essential agreement."

LIGHTS HELP THE DEAF TO HEAR—Two Vienna professors, Leopold Freund and Lothar Hofmann, stated that persons who are partially deaf can hear much better if their heads are exposed to light. This discovery was made with the help of a medical pamphlet more than 150 years old, which the professors dug out in a library. Says the European edition of the New York *Herald:*

"Toward the end of the eighteenth century the University of Goettingen offered a prize for a treatise on the effects of light on the human constitution. Two contemporary scientists, Ebermaier and Horn, who won the prize, found, among other things, that light improves the faculty of hearing. The recent research work of the Viennese professors proved that this assertion is correct. They experimented with hard-of-hearing patients by whispering words at varying distances. Then they exposed the heads of their patients to powerful electric light and noted an average improvement of 50 per cent. The improvement lasts as long as the light is turned on and ends, as a rule, with the return of darkness. In the great majority of cases the effect was only temporary, limited by the duration of the radiation. But, in some cases, the patients said that they heard better for hours afterward. An exact explanation for this phenomenon is still lacking, but it is thought that the reason is a psychological one, for the experiment failed when the patients were blindfolded."

HYPNOTIZED ANIMALS

THERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS to place animals in a hypnotic state. This holds also for other living creatures down to the very small unicellular organisms. For instance, with many species of beetles, a shock is sufficient to place them in a state of rigidity, frequently called "apparent death," and in earlier times it was even assumed that these insects could feign death at will. With the vertebrates, amphibia, fish, birds and mammals, the hypnotic state is also attained by certain kinds of external irritation. We read in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig):

"In general, the most effective irritation is caused by placing the animal in a position from which it can not return without delay to its normal posture, and where it is deprived of the possibility of escape. Thus the hen loses its ability to move when it is quickly placed on its back and its legs are held fast for a little while. Even many fishes remain motionless when they are quickly placed on their backs in a vessel filled with water. In case of the vertebrates, the immobility is due to increasing atony [lack of contractility] of the muscles.

"But other irritations may make an animal motionless. For instance, in the case of a certain triton, it suffices to press its leg sharply with tweezers to produce hypnosis instantly. With equal success one may quickly and sharply seize either the foot or tail of mice or rats and reduce them to this state. Thus the male of a certain species of spider pinches the much stronger and larger female, whereby the latter is made motionless. The cock, too, deals the hen several quick blows on its neck, thus pressing its head against the ground, and the hen becomes immobile.

"In the *Biologisches Zentralblatt* I. Ten Cate treats, in an interesting manner, of irritations that place animals in a state of hypnosis. First, he discusses the well-known method of placing hens and other animals on their backs, and supposes that in many cases, in order to produce a state of hypnosis, it is not always sufficient to place the animal in a position where it has difficulty to get back on its legs or is deprived of the possibility of escape. For example, while hypnotizing, the act of holding fast the hen on its back would be of importance, perhaps, on account of the pressure involved. The well-known experiment with a rabbit that is placed on its back in an apparatus would be classed with the shocklike operations on account of the sudden and brisk procedure.

"Of great interest are his experiments with the ray. When a ray is placed in a vessel in which it can just lie but not move, the fish remains calm, but one notices certain fin movements, and the least outward irritation seems to affect it. Even when it is placed on its back in the small vessel it is noticeable that it is not yet hypnotized. But, if, while in a narrow vessel, the fish is prest lightly but continually on its head, back, or stomach, it will lapse into a real state of hypnosis. Similar experiments have been made with black beetles. If a rabbit sits in a cage so narrow that it can neither move nor attempt to escape, it is not hypnotized. But it suffices to press it lightly but steadily on its head while confined in the space, and the little animal is soon hypnotized.

"We thus learn that a steady but slight irritation, as for instance a gentle pressure, produces hypnotic immobility. A necessary condition in case of these irritations is uninterrupted uniformity of surroundings; each outward disturbance, such as louder sounds or sudden stronger light, has a disturbing effect.

"Similar observations have been made by a famous Russian physiologist in putting dogs to sleep. After all, the hypnotic sleep of the vertebrates is not usually very deep, as the animals are aroused without difficulty from their state of immobility. But also, while generally motionless, they still can move their eyes and consequently still react optically. A hypnotized rabbit also reacts to the sound of a whistle. But in order to obtain the same effect with hypnotized small animals, much louder sounds would have to be used than with animals in normal condition."

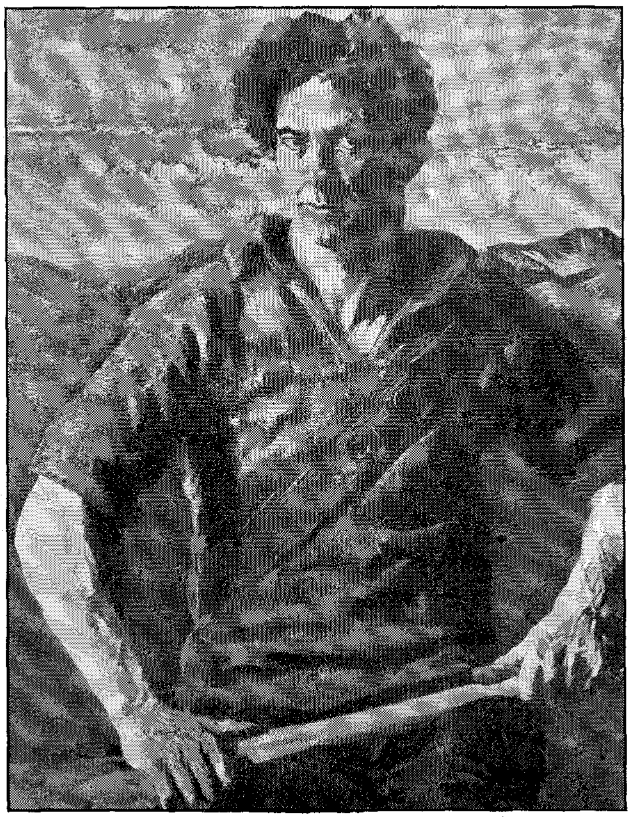
LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

IRELAND PAINTS HER OWN PORTRAIT

THE GREAT THING about the first American exhibition of the contemporary art of Ireland is that it is Irish. William B. McCormick, the sage and sympathetic critic of the New York *American*, emphasizes this point. The young painters of the Irish Free State have demonstrated their independence of the conservative academism of English art. Nor have they succumbed to the new schools of modernism which pullulate in Paris. Ireland's self-portrait, which is now exhibited at the Helen Hackett Gallery in New York City and will be shown later in other cities, is a composite of some sixty oils, water-colors, drawings, and etchings by artists living and working in Ireland. They are painting the portrait of the new Ireland without flattery and without sentimentality. As interpreted by Mr. McCormick:

> "They have painted or drawn or etched Irish scenes and Irish people of to-day cheerfully, wholesomely, sincerely, without dragging in Kathleen Na Houlihan, or suggesting you should harken to echoes of 'The Wearing of the Green' or 'The Bells of Shandon.'
>
> "Wherever the visitor looks at Mrs. Hackett's gallery at present he will see on the walls something more than an adumbration of the idea that life in the Irish Free State is a decidedly cheerful business these days. He will see no representations of forlorn beggars or bedraggled rural peasants; he will find no artist 'pulling out the melancholy stop'; he will see no pictures that suggest French painting, or English painting, or Italian painting. Such a visitor will only see Ireland of itself represented by Irishmen who are being sincerely national and not putting on any foolish airs about it.
>
> "Owing solely to his prominence in the esthetic life of contemporary Ireland, it is interesting to see the three paintings by George W. Russell, not because they are at all remarkable, but as evidences of his versatility. The canvas of canvases in the exhibition is 'The Tipperary Hurler,' by John Keating, a magnificent presentation of a professional player shown seated against an Irish landscape that is almost as fine as the figure itself. The rugged strength of the man is painted with such power as one rarely sees nowadays; it is monumental in its effect; and yet it is engraced with beauties of color and modeling that make it profoundly moving."



"THE TIPPERARY HURLER"

This is acclaimed as the masterpiece of John Keating, who specializes in Irish types. This picture has been exhibited in London, Amsterdam, Vienna, Berlin, and New York.

Altho Irish genius has found its fullest expression in drama, story-telling, and poetry, as the veteran Æ (George W. Russell) explains in the New York *Times*, the picturesque countryside of Ireland offers endless variety for her painters. How completely they have taken advantage of this opportunity is suggested in Mr. McCormick's survey of the present exhibition:

> "The humor usually associated with the Irish appears but little here, once in Keating's 'Barney Backed a Winner,' and the rather dour expression of it in the figure of the man in riding kit called 'Cui Bono,' by Sean O'Sullivan, who also shows attractive crayon portrait sketches of Eamon de Valera, and Stella Steyn who, herself, has half a dozen water-colors or rural and city scenes.
>
> "Paul Henry's seven landscapes are a delight in their native qualities, notably in the 'Cottages in Connemara' and the lovely little 'Irish Bog.' He makes much of the cloud forms that are so characteristic of his country and of their 'Blue Mountains' which often appear almost black in its heavy moist air. Grace Henry's 'Tree in Blossom' is an exquisite evocation of white against blue, and her 'Irish Coachman' is the wittiest piece of characterization in the show. The 'Wicklow Mountains,' by Maurice McGonigal, is rich in the fabled greenness of Irish pasturing country, and he has fairly soaked it in atmosphere and watery meadow.
>
> "Harry Kernoff's 'Georgian Houses' and 'Charlemont Bridge' are delightful in color and in character, urban views apparently not appealing much to the contemporary Irish artist. Leo Whelan's 'Old Woman' is a sound piece of character painting, as is his 'Interior,' which suggests the manner of Orpen, the Irishman who lives in London.
>
> "The only other suggestions of another's manner are to be found in Harry Clarke's very Aubrey Beardsley illustrations and Margaret Clarke's 'Mary Magdalene' that made me think of El Greco."

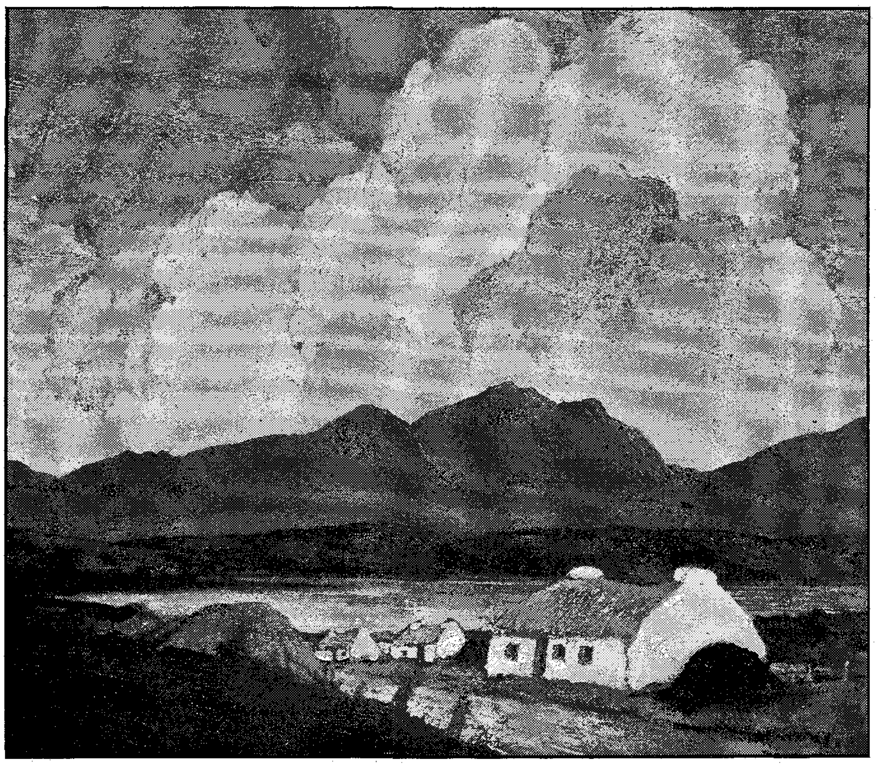
The movement that was initiated thirty years ago in Irish literature is now being repeated in Irish painting, explains Padraic Colum, the Irish poet, in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. The collection of pictures sent to America "lets us see that Irish painters have discovered a significance in their own countryside, in their own folk. Twenty-five years ago Jack B. Yeats was the only painter in Ireland whose paintings were equivalent to the poems and plays that were being written at the time out of a feeling for the Irish countryside and the Irish folk. Now we know that he has colleagues." Mr. Colum emphasizes the dominating rôle played by Æ in the present renaissance of Irish painting:

> "I have heard more illuminating talk about pictures from him than from any other man. His favorite painters, I think, are Millet and Montecello. With his enthusiasm for bright color

and with his mind always teeming with imaginative conceptions, 'Æ,' I have often thought, would have made a splendid decorator. And on the walls of his editorial rooms in Dublin he has made enchanting decorations—plumed maidens and strange bright birds and great flowers."

Until recently, according to Patrick J. Tuohy, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, one of the exhibiting painters now in New York, the art of Ireland reflected the ideals of English art. The growth of the new movement is interpreted by Mr. Tuohy for the New York *Sun* in this way:

"The beginning of the change came, in its widest sense, with the Sinn Fein movement. That movement was not only political, but economic and cultural as well. It sought to revive and foster Irish arts and handicrafts and industry in general. The brilliant literary activity that was contemporaneous with the movement had its effect, and painting caught the impulse and swung with the tide.



IN CONNEMARA

Paul Henry, of the Royal Hibernian Academy, has developed a technique of his own to depict the atmospheric effects of western Ireland landscape.

"Sir Hugh Lane, curator of the National Gallery of Ireland, was primarily responsible for the impulse given to painting. He got together the greatest collection of modern paintings ever assembled. Not even in Paris was there such a collection of modern masters. Degas, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Puvis de Chavannes, Daumier, and the rest—all were there. The collection is now in the Tate Gallery in London, but originally it was in Dublin, in the National Gallery. As a result students were not compelled to go to the Continent to see the best the modern world could offer. It was there at their door."

Working side by side with Mr. Russell and the late Sir Hugh Lane in the development of this new school of Irish painting has been Miss Sarah Purser, honorable secretary of the Friends of the National Collections. When she heard that old Charlemont House was to be torn down, Miss Purser promptly insisted that the Government give it to the City of Dublin as a municipal museum. By that act, Dublin, it is hoped, will finally get possession of the celebrated collection of modern art amassed by the late Sir Hugh Lane. In a codicil to his will, Sir Hugh had donated the collection to Dublin, provided the Irish city could furnish an adequate gallery. Revolution, political turmoil, and social tragedy prevented the fulfilment of this condition—and so the Lane collection went provisionally to the Tate Gallery.

RINGING THE SCHOOL BELL FOR GROWN-UPS

FOR LEARNING, THE MOST FAVORABLE years in one's life are those between eighteen and forty-five. The idea that you must learn before you are eighteen, or not at all, is an exploded delusion. Powers of absorption keep on growing after that age. This idea, originally enunciated by the American educator, Edward Lee Thorndike, is being emphasized by Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, principal and professor of philosophy at Manchester College, Oxford, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, in the lectures he is delivering in this country under the auspices of the American Association for Adult Education. As interpreted by Dr. Jacks, in an interview with E. Bigelow Thompson published in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, adult education means education as a lifelong process, as distinguished from a period of "book-learning" broken off short in early life. "The object of adult education is to establish a form of education which can be continued and developed in a man's lifetime." Nor is it limited to books or book-study. As explained by Dr. Jacks in *The Evening Transcript:*

"It includes extensive training in handicrafts, physical culture, as well as training in economics and social science. It is characteristic of adult education that it finds expression in a variety of forms, and presents diverse aspects, being largely dependent upon the actual needs of a community arising at the same time out of environment and history. It is held sometimes to serve political, social, or economic ends, but it always derives its dynamic force from the desire of men and women to equip and develop themselves for the better understanding of human life and for the fulfilment of their own personalities.

"The big question is how to contrive a form of education so that the subsequent work in life will continue and support what has been learned, not cause one to forget, or unlearn and sometimes despise it. To solve this question experiments of many kinds will have to be made. The question has been in men's minds for the past 100 years, but only in the past twenty-five years has it acquired public importance and brought about an effort to organize the various forms of adult education in existence and bring the principle to work in some unitary plan."

This country is not alone, Dr. Jacks points out, in its tendency to measure all education in terms of the dollar mark, or to consider the diploma as the great end of education. "The final objective of the new education is the gradual transformation of the industry of the world into the university of the world." He is convinced that the grown-ups of all the civilized countries will joyously respond to this renewed ringing of the school bell. "With the great nations cooperating on educational lines, adult education is the best safeguard we have against international changes, future wars, which arise from political sources." Happiness in life depends upon the development and exercise of skill and valor. The new system of education advocated by Dr. Jacks aims to develop these:

"That is the secret of a well-balanced life. The development of skill is one of the tests of adult education—skill developed in the whole personality, in the mind, in the body, in the conscience. Valor is vitality, courage the dynamic force without which theoretical instruction is no good at all. Valor carries the ideals through.

"The value of life depends not on what you get for doing your work but the way in which the work is done. And the reaction of that in education is this: to aim not so much to make education vocational as to make vocations educational. Education to yield dollars is poor education.

"Destinies are determined, not chosen, by a multitude of forces over which we have no control. Civilizations have been no man's making. Now the time has come when we must learn to control the forces around us or end in the bottomless pit.

"A society which plays the man in labor does not play the fool in leisure, nor vice versa. The real value to a man of the 'living' that he earns reflects the real value of the work or vocation by which he earns it. A civilization saves its soul by the way it wins its daily bread. The quality of spiritual food that mankind gets for its soul is strictly dependent on the way it goes about the business of earning the daily bread that feeds its body.

"If civilization plays the fool or the knave at the leisure end of its life, it will inevitably play the fool or the knave to a corresponding extent at the labor end, the 'business' end. . . . If the road that it travels on week days leads to the bottomless pit the road that it travels on Sundays will not take it very far in the opposite direction, and may even turn out to be the week-day road differently named."

FOLK-SONGS IN THE MAKING

FOLK-SONGS ARE BORN nearly every day in America. Current events and recent catastrophes, such as the death of a native of the Smoky Mountains, still inspire the creation of new songs. Sophistication and modern improvements have not, declares a writer in *The Stone & Webster Journal* (Boston), entirely eliminated the "folk" element even from negro life. The following example, one of many recently composed folk-songs, is given:

"The typhoon of last autumn, which wrought such havoc in Porto Rico and Florida, gave birth to a new negro spiritual. Some Red Cross officers working about Lake Okeechobee heard the negro refugees singing as they floated about on rafts, and noted the words which are reported thus:

On the sixteenth of September
In the year nineteen twenty-eight
God started riding early
And He rode till very late.

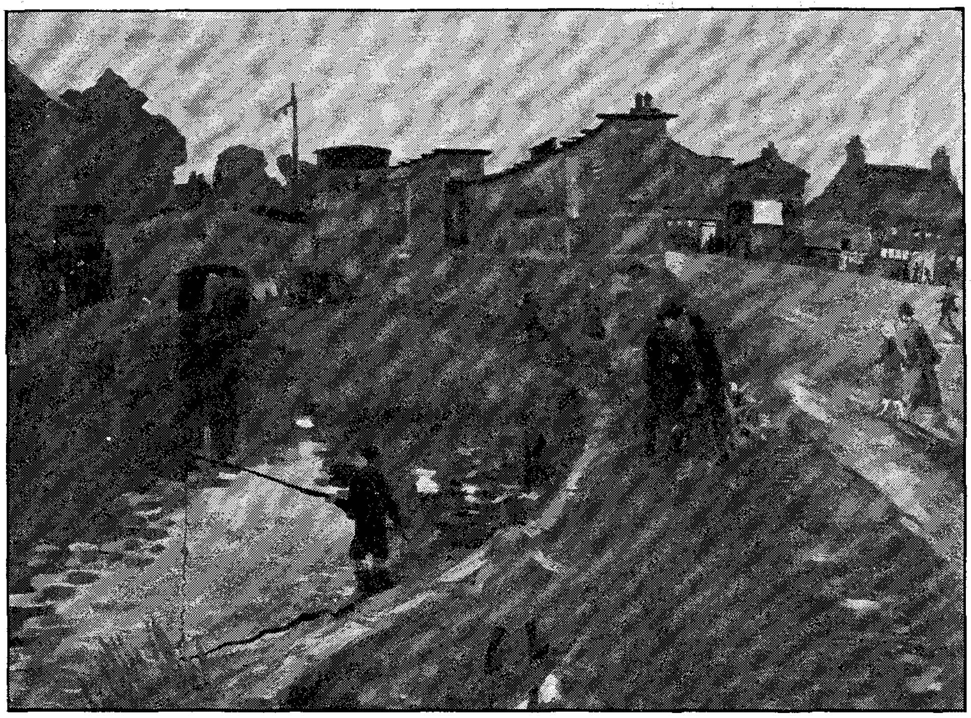
He rode out on the ocean,
Chained the lightning to His wheel
Stepped on land at West Palm Beach
And the wicked hearts did yield.

CHORUS:
In the storm, oh, in the storm,
Lord, somebody got drowned,
Got drowned, Lord,
In the storm.

"If the song lacks some of the long sweep of 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' it is true to type, for God is the hero, and to Him belongs all praise; if He sends desolation and death it is for a moral purpose, and the wicked are properly punished. It is not known who started the words; probably the lines were built up by different singers, each adding something as the song went on. Actually to listen to a folk-song in the making must be far more interesting than to search out forgotten ones from ancient inhabitants in lonely places."

A PLEA FOR A "GOLD STANDARD" IN LETTERS

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS—too many of them are written, too many of them are printed. So, in *The Irish Statesman*, complains "Y. O.," making an eloquent and voluble plea for a return to a "gold standard" in literature—and also apologizing for his own inability to boil down this complaint to a single sentence! The currency of literature is words, "Y. O." explains; and the more you inflate a currency the more worthless it becomes. After the war the printing-presses of Germany and Russia printed so many marks and rubles that these currencies became worthless. "Before printing enabled the literary currency of words to be inflated, there was something approximating to a gold standard in literature." Writers have lost the ancient art of concentration; they are afraid to "boil down." The Irish writer elucidates further:



CHARLEMONT BRIDGE

Harry Kernoff is a painter of the streets, bridges and environs of Dublin. Here is a characteristic product of his brush that is called "delightful in color and in character."

"The employment of scribes to multiply manuscripts was an expensive thing, and writers were forced to concentrate their thought into fiery particles. How concentrated are the sacred books! A philosopher in the East could boil his wisdom down into a series of aphorisms. One might brood on aphorisms of Kapila, Patanjali, or Lao-tze for years without getting to the bottom of them. Indeed, if one comprehended a single aphorism fully, he could almost make philosophies for himself. It is worth noting that William Blake, the sole writer in modern times who not only wrote, but engraved, printed, and colored his poetry, is the only writer whose power of concentrated utterance is on a level with these ancient sages. There are aphorisms in his 'Marriage of Heaven and Hell' which are fiery and germinal, and there is hardly any writer who has been more a cause of writing to others who try to translate the gold of his literature into the more popular silver and copper of intelligibility. Literature has suffered so much from inflation, that in my opinion it can be saved only by a return to a gold standard. This deflation of literary currency will, of course, throw an immense number of people out of employment. But we can only secure the salvation of literature by martyrdoms. Literature has less and less effect the more it is multiplied. Even a century and a half ago writers like Rousseau, Voltaire, or Byron, none of whom could be called concentrated, had yet an effect upon European thought which no writer since has equaled. Books then were not so many or so cheaply acquired that words became powerless through over-multiplication."

Because of this inflation in the currency of the printed word, the adroit Irish critic continues, "it is impossible to imagine a literary man, no matter of what magnitude, exerting to-day the influence writers had a hundred and fifty years ago." "Y. O." advocates a policy of drastic deflation, insisting that every writer become his own publisher and printer:

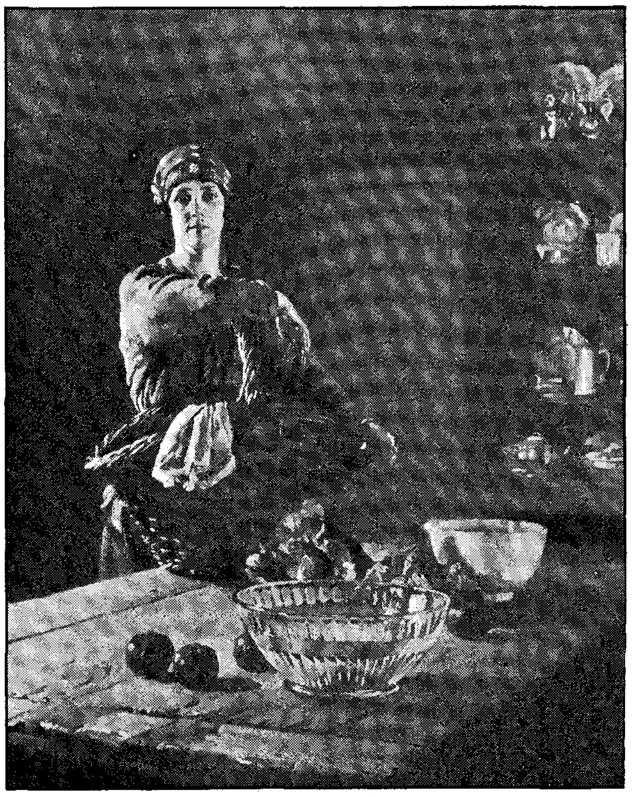
"Only real genius, the men who must speak or die, will face the hard labor and survive. They will be forced to concentrate. We shall not have these interminable novels, where the writer tells us how the room was furnished, what clothes everybody wore, what their personal appearance was like, how they spent their school days, their adolescence, and all their love affairs wringing out the last drop of emotion. We ought hardly to endure such minutiæ about titans like Napoleon, but to have mountains of words piled about imaginary, commonplace characters revolts me. What do we take out of books but some sentence in which there is a thought we can make our own?"

If Robert Browning had faced the necessity of engraving, printing, and decorating his own poetry, the wily Irish critic demands, would he ever have written "The Ring and the Book"? Publication has become too easy, he continues, elaborating the idea he has borrowed from the realm of finance:

"The ancient artists imagined in terms of their material, and their materials were precious to them. It must have been so with Blake. Words became precious things to him, and they glowed with gold and flame on his pages, as they well might, because his sentences were fiery particles of spirit. Of course hardly anybody could live by literature if this method was adopted. But is it right that anybody should live by literature? Is it not better that they should have some other employment so that their art might be entirely disinterested?

"I have not the least hope that anything I say will bring about a deflation of literary currency. It will come about through necessity. The forests out of which paper is made are rapidly being cut down. In a hundred years paper will be so costly that it can not be used except for precious thoughts. We will come back again to a gold standard in literature, and Patanjali, the sage, who wrote a treatise on concentration, will be the most honored philosopher in the universities, and the literature of intensities will be the only literature which will be published.

"I would like to live in the future which I have conjured up. I could have boiled down this article to a single sentence."



INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN

Leo Whelan, the painter of this canvas, has achieved fame for his Irish interiors, which suggest comparison with the Dutch masters.

THE COVER—An old street in the picturesque Montmartre section of Paris inspired Miss Reva Jackman, an American artist, to paint the canvas which is reproduced on the cover this week. Further details concerning the artist and her interesting career may be found on page 79 of this issue.

CHARACTERS THAT GO "STEPPING OUT"

CERTAIN GREAT CHARACTERS in fiction have been endowed with such vitality that they step out of the pages of their books and begin to live their own lives. This vitality is what makes the great novels of the world live. That is the conviction of Mrs. Edith Wharton, who, in *The Yale Review*, discusses the strange life of these fictitious people "who remain vivid to us through some animating principle distinct from the adventures that befall them—characters so present in the minds of generations of readers that they have acquired a historic personality, and go on living with the substantiality of the famous people of the past." Who are these characters? Mrs. Wharton answers:

"The only novels that live are those whose characters the reader calls by name, *Emma* (whether *Woodhouse* or *Bovary*), *Père Goriot, Rastignac, Anna Karenina, Vronsky, Barry Lyndon, Clive Newcome, Jos Sedley, Becky Sharp, Lord Steyne, Daisy Miller*—what reader ever hesitates over their identity, or would think of citing their names in quotation marks? They have broken away from the printed page and its symbols, they mix with us freely, naturally; and so do a host of minor figures who have mostly escaped out of the same tales. For the gift of giving visibility to the characters of fiction is the rarest in the novelist's endowment, and one can almost count on ten fingers the creative artists who have possest it."

Once called into life, the beings thus created seem inevitably to continue their dumb germination in the most tormented mind, if it be the mind of a truly great novelist, insists Mrs. Wharton. "By the time they are born into the book which is their world they are such well-constituted organisms that they live on in our world after theirs is ended." Mrs. Wharton concludes:

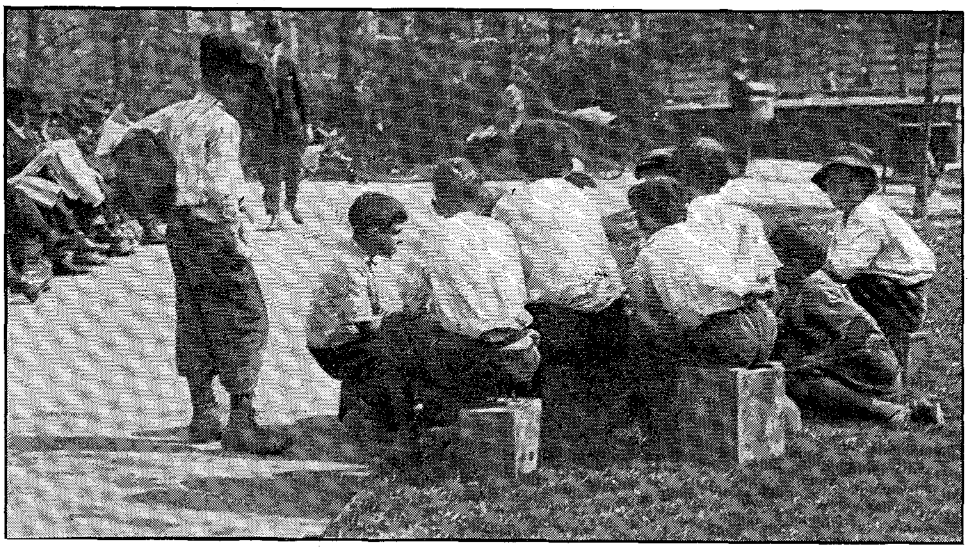
"Balzac, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Tolstoi: almost invariably, when these touched the dead bones, they arose and walked. Not only stood, struck lifelike attitudes, did the Madame Tussaud business with an uncanny air of reality, but actually progressed or retrograded, marked time or spurted forward, in our erratic human way; and came out at the end of their tales difigured, altered, yet still the same, as we do when life has thoroughly dealt with us. These four novelists alone—with Proust perhaps as an only fifth—could give this intense and unfailing visibility to their central characters as well as to the episodical figures of the periphery; and it is plain that, tho their results are identical, and *Mr. Woodhouse* is as warm to the touch as *Henry Esmond*, the procedure in each case was profoundly different.

"To say this is perhaps to acknowledge that the problem is insoluble, the 'trick' not to be detected; yet we may still conjecture that a common denominator is, after all, to be found in the patient intensity of attention which these great novelists concentrated on each of their imagined characters, in their intimate sense of the reality of what they described, and in some secret intuition that the barrier between themselves and their creatures was somehow thinner than the page of a book."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CLUBS TO SAVE BOYS FROM CLUBS

RED SANG TOSTI'S "GOOD-BYE" just before they strapped him into the electric chair. His voice was clear, and as perfect, the prison chaplain said, as an untrained boy tenor could be. And the prisoners, who listened from their cells, pitied in their hearts that a boy with such a voice should be "bumped off." It was one of the first warm days of spring, with the newly arrived birds singing outside—just such a day as is made for boys to live on, said the chaplain, not to die on. But Red had participated in the killing of a policeman, and he was now expiating his crime. And this is the end of Red's story. But had a certain Major lived a few years longer Red might have been singing yet. For the Major had befriended him when Red was but twelve—all boy, a little fiery, as his curly, flaming hair might indicate. Then he was pliable, open to good intentions, and the Major had him running straight. But the Major "went West" one day, and thereafter Red fell in with a gang, learned the shady arts of theft, went from bad to worse, and ended up with murder on his singularly tarnished record. Which brings us to the point in Howard McLellan's article in *The Review of Reviews*—that Red and his tenor voice might have been saved had his gregarious impulse been properly directed after the Major went on his long furlough. For this is how one of the early chapters in Red's short life began:



Ewing Galloway photograph

A PRIMARY GRADE IN GANGLAND

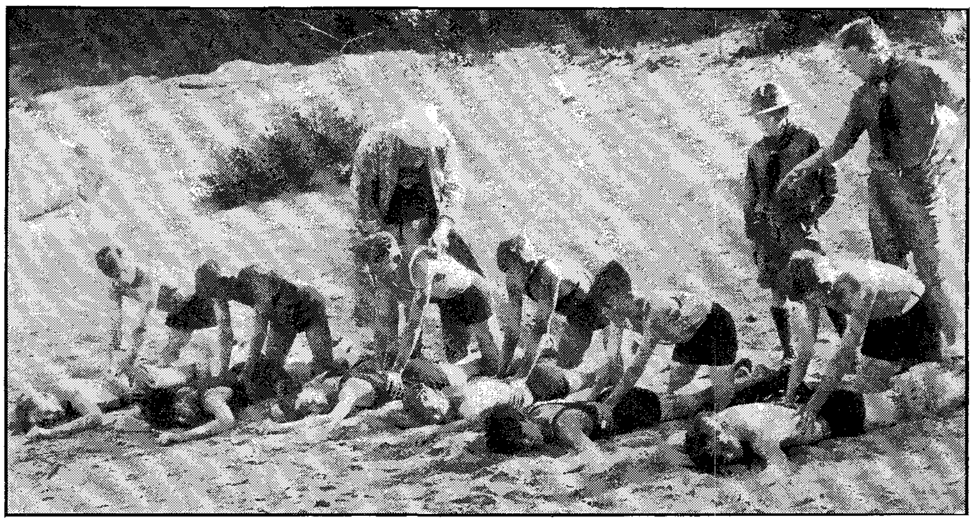
"It avails nothing," says Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, "to decry the pool hall, public dance hall and gang hangouts which tend to throw the young out of adjustment with society's requirements if something is not provided to properly direct their inherent gregarious impulses."

> "A camaraderie sprang up between the Major and the boy. It was during the zero hour in a city boy's life, the period of leisure between school and dinner, that they came together. The Major told Red about his war experiences, his hunting, fishing, and the games he played when he was Red's age. Red never tired of these tales. The pair went on walks and found kindred interests in the things that fill the minds of boys at a gregarious age. Red dreamed of shooting moose, crashing the rapids, prospecting for precious minerals, and following a leader into battle. His tastes ran not only to adventure, outdoor sports and nature study, but also to poetry, and he memorized many popular verses. He liked Joyce Kilmer's 'Trees' best, but his repertoire did not end with this. The Major added to it. For six months he was the boy's leader, directing his youthful thoughts and desires along healthy channels. Red responded to leadership.
>
> "The Major died. Red was thrown upon his own resources to find another leader. He found one. Boys always do—and if he is not a good one, he will be a bad one. Red found the bad type.
>
> "Red's life under his new leader may be told in a few tragic sequences. At thirteen he was arrested with three boys for stealing a free ride on a street-car. At fourteen he was caught again with two boys for robbing a slot machine. Six months later he was charged with breaking into a restaurant till with his gang. By the time he reached seventeen he had been arrested four times, always in company of members of his youthful gang. At eighteen came the fatal turn in Red's career. He became a full-fledged member of the Cat Alley Gang. He was arrested several times for fighting, drunkenness and burglary. At twenty he and two of his gang were in for murder, and at twenty-one he paid the extreme penalty for it—calling for the Major in the last few moments of his life."

Red, says Mr. McLellan, represents the common tragedy of thousands of boys who crave effective leadership but fail to find it, or who, having found it by chance, lose it and are themselves lost. An exhaustive survey by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, we read, shows that the crime tendency appears in boys from fourteen to sixteen years. In the borough of Manhattan, New York, are 319,000 boys whose average age is ten, one-half of whom, within a five-year period, will have been registered in police blotters for some offense against law and order. They become members of gangland, professional outlaws, Judases against society who murder for a price. Why? Mr. McLellan tells us:

> "Lacking proper leadership, the boy seeking adventure for his leisure hours looks to see where he will find it. He may hear in the schoolroom about an apparently harmless bunch of boys that hangs out on the corner, in a drug or candy store, or meets in a hallway. He meets the group in its accustomed place of assembly. They indulge in unrestrained discussion about things boys naturally talk about. They play a slot machine or cards, gamble for small stakes, or perhaps devise means to cheat some minor law.
>
> "One leader always appears to guide them to new adventure, to show them ways around the laws. The bunch follows him. They look up to him. He assumes heroic stature. They grow older, still under his leadership. He leads them into gang fights. There are decisive victories, treaties of peace and mergers. A leader who has started with a bunch becomes the czar with greater power and increased forces at his command—boys who have grown older, wiser, and who are seeking to extend the field of adventure and wealth. Thus comes into being a concentrated force of boy energy always ready to be led wherever the leader chooses to go."

The rest of the story is easy. These boys are recruited into the racketeer gangs' murder mobs, ready to serve the interests that pay them and, in turn, are protected by the interests they serve. They have their machine-guns, automatics for the general run of business, hand grenades, or "pineapples" for recalcitrant judges, prosecutors and other public officers. A study of murder mobs, says Mr. McLellan, shows that the average age of the members is between nineteen and twenty, and that the majority had been graduated into professional murder and robbery from street-corner gangs. So crime laws are stiffened, but the causes are left untouched. And what an economic waste in boyhood! Mr. McLellan estimates the total investment value of the 319,000 boys in the borough of Manhattan whose average age is ten at $1,596,500,000. Manhattan appropriates $7,000,000 annually for its fire department alone. But, for the protection of its vast investment in boys, it supports seventy-one agencies which specialize in the leisure-time care of boys at a cost of $769,000 a year. In addition, the average cost of arresting, trying and incarcerating a criminal is about $2,000. The total cost of dealing with criminals is probably a billion dollars a year, says Mr. McLellan, and to this must be added the value in human life taken and property stolen by criminals—about six billion dollars annually. About half the criminals responsible for this tremendous bill, we read, are under twenty-one years of age; about three-quarters under twenty-five. A recent crime commission report states that of 154 men serving life sentences as habitual criminals, more than half were under twenty-one when caught, and not one had ever known contact with a supervised boys' club, scout organization or responsible trained leader. When these influences do step into a boy's life, what happens?



By courtesy of the Boy Scouts of America

FIRST AID—TO MIND AND SOUL AS WELL

Crime finds no recruits in the ranks of the Boy Scouts, in which they are under trained and effective leadership. And of the young people whose spare time is supervised at playgrounds and clubs, "only one in 1,000 gets into trouble, while the ratio among unsupervised children is one in a 100."

> "William L. Butcher, a member of the New York Crime Commission, who has spent many years in boys' work, says that of the young people whose spare time is supervised at playgrounds and clubs, only one in 1,000 gets into trouble, while the ratio among unsupervised children is one in 100. John H. Witter, superintendent of Chicago Boys' Clubs, asserts that the average boy there is thirty-five times more likely to get into trouble than a club product.
>
> "Grace Abbott, director of the Federal Children's Bureau, reports that in Milwaukee during the last twenty-five years there has been a 20 per cent. decrease in juvenile crime, altho in that same period the population doubled. This reduction was due to the spread of supervised recreational activities and responsible boy leadership. In Dayton, Ohio, sections with adequate means for caring for boys during leisure hours showed almost one-third less juvenile crime than sections without facilities. Three hundred playground directors and school superintendents reported a great decrease in boy crime in 1927 and 1928, due to additional leisure-time activities for boys, among which was the simple operation of opening playgrounds and recreation centers for a few hours each night—but giving them careful supervision.
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> "In 1927 an official crime-investigating body made a study of boy-life in a section of a city branded as the worst crime-breeding center in the United States. This district, which had 150 pool-rooms, produced more boy criminals than any other of similar size and location in the country. Through the simple expedient of opening one boys' club, and sending into the district three trained young leaders who had a knack of arousing the interest of boys, a 40 per cent. reduction in crime resulted in one year—a remarkable showing.
>
> "'It avails nothing,' says Warden Lawes of Sing Sing prison, 'to decry the pool hall, public dance hall, and gang hangouts which tend to throw the young out of adjustment with society's requirements if something is not provided to properly direct their inherent gregarious impulses.' Warden Lawes has with great reluctance signed the death warrants of many boys.
>
> "America, with its tremendous resources of wealth and ingenuity, will not, of course, miss the opportunity to strike deep at the roots of crime by looking after her boys. Chicago, cursed with gang rule, last Christmas Day announced a program for building twenty-five boys' clubs at a cost of $5,000,000.
>
> "'We expect by this program to make a notable contribution toward reducing crime,' explained George A. Hughes, president of the club, 'and to build a citizenship which will resist graft and corruption and make the future of Chicago safe. It is good business as well as humanitarianism to give the boys a chance to grow naturally and healthfully, gaining stronger bodies, alert minds and moral character.'"

THE JUVENILE DANGER LINE

TOLERANCE IS GAINING in New York City, believes an observer of the current scene, Miss L. E. Rector, a district superintendent of public schools, but it doesn't give much help to the pupils. At a recent meeting of the Protestant Teachers' Association, we read in the Brooklyn *Times*, Miss Rector pointed out that only a few years ago school teachers failed to avow their religious beliefs through fear of antagonizing other elements in school life. This is all being changed now, Miss Rector says; but she points out that 680,000 pupils in New York are without systematic instruction in the fundamentals of the faith each is supposed to profess. Such instruction, she says, "is the rock foundation on which the character-building of our children must be based." Remarking on this, *The Times* says:

> "Leaders in education are becoming increasingly aware of the dangers that lurk in the severance of morality, ethics, and religion from public instruction in the schools. There are, of course, no statistics to sustain the contention, but there are abundant related facts to demonstrate that the criminal ranks in this city are largely recruited from young people, just past school age, whose acute mental processes are not clogged or hampered by religious convictions of any kind.
>
> "Those who would aid in bringing about a return to a sounder and more normal life for all the people realize that only in the union of all religious denominations in one great common effort can morality be reasserted and its return as a mode of life reassured. The time for theological differences and disputes about dogma has long since gone. If religion is to remain, all its votaries must be united."

YOUTH CREEDLESS BUT RELIGIOUS

RELIGIONS MAY COME AND GO, change with changing human need; but religion, like the poet's river, goes on forever. Which is a way of saying that the undergraduate of to-day, as another observer sees him, has revolted against the old traditions, discarded creed as a useless crutch and found more religious satisfaction in reason than in blind faith. That is the undergraduate as Prof. Samuel Lucas Joshi depicts him in an article in the New York *Evening Post.* Professor Joshi was formerly of the University of Madras in India and now holds the chair of comparative religion at Dartmouth. He has had wide experience in Asia, Europe and America. After obtaining a Master of Arts degree at Columbia in 1905, he returned to his native country to teach, and became a professor of English literature at Baroda College. In 1922 he received an appointment as the first exchange professor from India on the Carnegie Foundation to the United States, which he held for two years. His parents were Brahmin converts to Christianity and had forty generations of the priesthood behind them, a fact which leads him to comment, we read in *The Evening Post:* "I was privileged to add to this inheritance by being educated in a Moslem college and trained in the traditions of the Christian Church." Professor Joshi is a Hindu Christian and a member of the Anglican Church.

YOUTH WANTS NO DOGMA.

Says Professor Samuel Lucas Joshi, a Hindu Christian who holds the chair of comparative religion at Dartmouth College.

To return to his article, Professor Joshi writes that a diversity of opinion exists among the undergraduates regarding the need of religion as being vital to modern life, but the majority of college men, while acknowledging the need of man's spiritual regeneration, have determined never again to return to the traditional forms of Christian theology. "They sense the need of a metaphysical and scientific background on which the superstructure of religious theory and practise should be built." Perhaps it should be noted here that such an attitude may alarm some of the religious leaders and cause dismay among the conservatives to whom all religion is summed up in a creed and faith defined in dogma, and they may object to giving space to these outpourings of youthful minds as being calculated to spread disbelief, or at least raise a doubt among the immature that the truth has been once for all delivered. But error, if error there be, can not be combated until it is uncovered, and it is necessary for the Church to learn what is going on in their minds if it would know how to deal with the younger generation.

The study of religions as a key to the understanding of the cultures of various civilizations seems to be the line of least resistance which is being followed by progressive American colleges, writes Professor Joshi. At the end of the last academic year he asked his class on comparative religion to write papers frankly expressing their opinions on religion, and he selected some extracts as typifying the attitude of the American undergraduate toward religion to-day:

"If I were to set down in one sentence my conception of God, the universe and religion in general, it would be in accordance with the more or less pantheistic view; namely, the identification of God with the universe and the laws of nature. That God would be an impartial creator impervious to prayer and sacrifice and unapproachable by bribes of any sort. In short, man's salvation would lie solely within himself and would not be the special dispensation of any God or hierarchy of gods. Sin would be entirely mental, and not a part of man as in Christianity, for the only sin would be the misuse of the laws of nature by which the universe is governed, the result of which would be pain and the deprivation of happiness. Thus seen, God would be in no sense an anthropomorphic Being.

"I would subscribe to no formulated creed or dogma, guiding my life entirely within myself. I would accept no theology and attend no church, since these factors do not fit in with my scheme of life. Creed for me would take the form of working in accord with the laws of nature and my fellow man. The sociological aspect of welfare also enters in here—a utilitarian phase, 'The greatest good for the greatest number.'"

Here, on the other hand, are widely different points of view, as for instance:

"'God' is merely a vague term for the unchanging laws of nature, and he who by prayers and sacrifices expects to interfere with these laws is surely on the highway to insanity. Perfection can be reached only by man working along with his fellows intelligently."

"All religions are based on certain hypothetical postulates, and it is idle to sit in judgment on any as long as they bring forth the fruit of good conduct and stand the pragmatic test."

"The incentive of compensatory rewards and retributive punishments in this life or the next is necessary to the moral development of the individual, but the ideal of doing a noble act without any attachment to the fruit of action as taught by the Stoics and the Bhagvad Gita in India is nobler."

"The Buddhist view that every man must exercise aright his free will and become the master of his own fate under the law of Karma is to me the most sensible idea of salvation ever known."

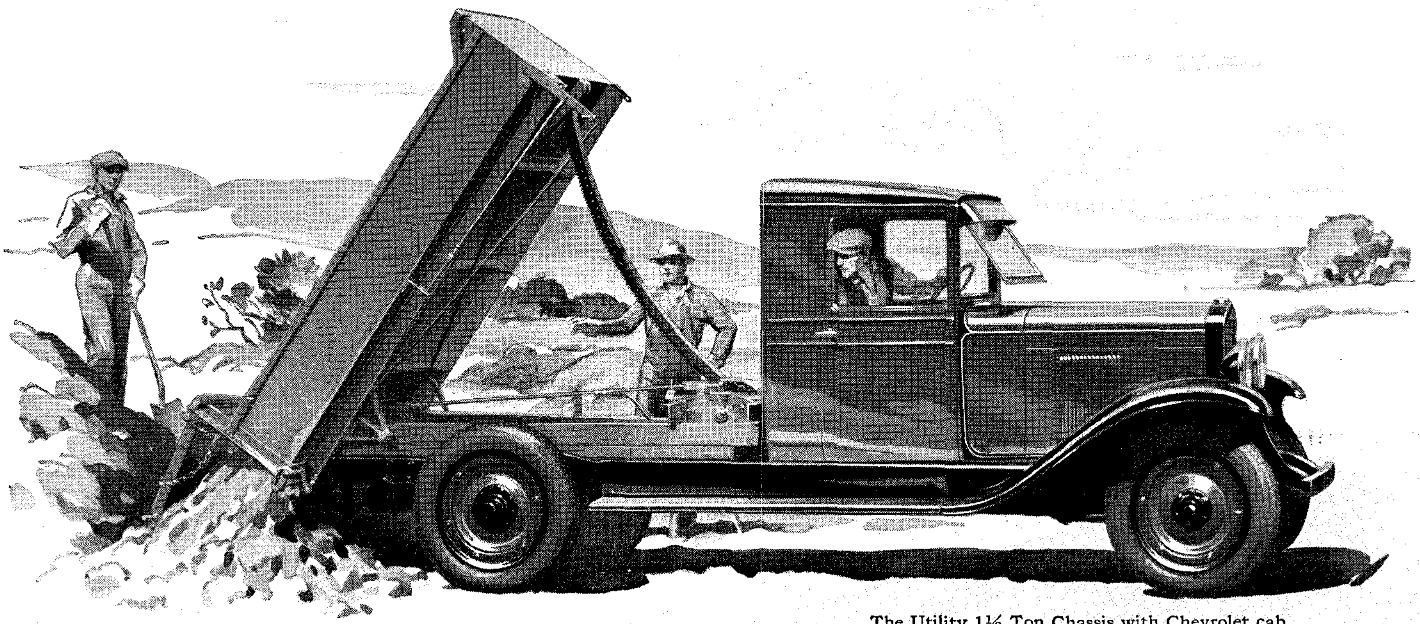
"I find no inducements to rely on the future life which was so certain to our Puritan ancestors that they never lived while here on earth. I was brought up as a strict Methodist, but a comparative study of all religions and their literatures has completely changed my mind. The soul is merely an emotion created by the secretion of our ductless glands, and I am afraid the great masses of Americans are likely to drift into animism like the Chinese."

"'Know thyself' is the best summary of religion given by India and Greece to the world. The attainment of happiness to the fullest extent by all races should be the aim of true religion. I believe the greatest satisfactions of life do not come merely from pecuniary gain but by the due recognition of the spiritual element in man and the universe. I see nothing beyond the grave. I would like to believe in no personal God, nor in the immortality of the soul."

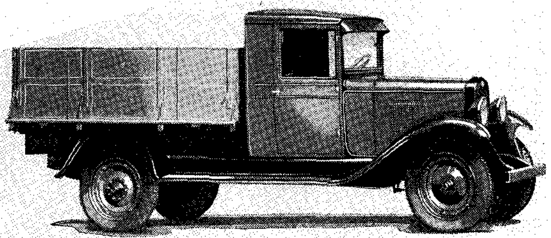
"I believe if we all believed in the sensible law of Karma the world would seem a better place to live in."

"If an inordinate desire to acquire wealth dominates our life, we become less capable to love our neighbors as ourselves. The ethics of individual self-realization appeal to me as a better type of religion than mechanical prayers in congregational worship. Truly religious men must learn to depend more on the authority of experience and reason than the authority of the Church or the Scriptures."

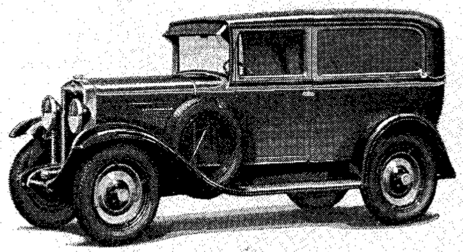
"None of the Semitic religions has ever appealed to me. They have no satisfactory metaphysical background so essential to the rational understanding of religion. Buddha never wasted time and energy in speculating on the nature of God, but in a preeminently practical way organized a religious movement which seems to appeal both to the scientist and the philosopher. The Christian view that you must secure your salvation by placing your faith in the merits of the crucifixion is suggestive of mental indolence and lacks the dynamic moral energy of Buddhism, which tells every man to work out his own salvation. As we are unconsciously encouraging lawbreaking and hypocrisy through half-baked attempts to enforce Prohibition, so the ministers of churches are often forced to be preaching doctrines in which they have ceased to believe and encouraging hypocrisy. I follow Christ in regarding hypocrisy as the greatest sin."



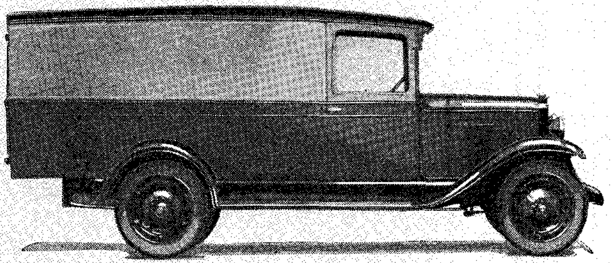
The Utility 1½ Ton Chassis with Chevrolet cab, equipped with power dump body built of reinforced steel to withstand concentrated weight. Popular among coal dealers, contractors, road builders, etc.



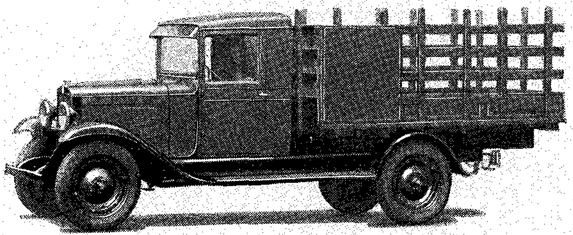
Grain tight, and equipped with a Comstock end gate that controls the flow of grain when unloading—this body type is very popular among farmers, stock raisers, dairy operators, feed companies, etc. The sides can be raised and stock racks added, if desired.



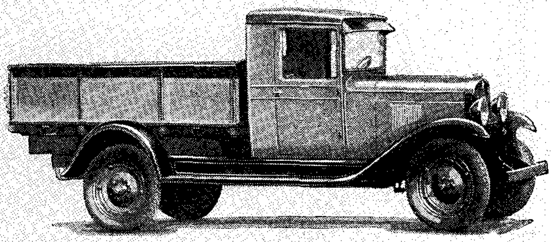
Adapted from passenger-car design, the sturdy Sedan Delivery with Body by Fisher is extremely popular among smart specialty shops, department stores and organizations whose salesmen carry samples.



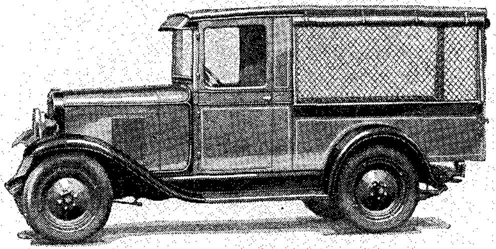
Panel bodies are available on both the Utility 1½ Ton and the Light Delivery Chassis. They are extensively used by dry cleaners, florists, druggists, grocers, laundries and others who require a smart, speedy, dependable, economical transportation unit.



Combining exceptional strength with extra large capacity, stake bodies are used more widely than any other single type. Preferred by a large number of farmers, cartage companies, wholesalers, builders, etc.



The wide express body has many advantages which account for its popularity among packers, wholesalers, truck farmers and produce growers. It is of unusual depth and width—extending well over the rear wheels.



The canopy top express body is designed to meet the requirements of builders, manufacturers, plumbers, tinsmiths and others who do not require weather protection for the load. Available without screen sides if desired.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The New Six-Cylinder CHEVROLET TRUCKS

meet the transportation needs of every line of business

As a result of present crowded traffic conditions and the modern ideas of prompt, efficient customer-service, business transportation today involves problems that did not exist a few years ago. To meet these conditions, business concerns are demanding in their trucks the flexibility, acceleration, speed and reserve power of the six-cylinder engine—with body types specifically designed for their own particular needs.

And because the new Chevrolet six-cylinder trucks fulfill these requirements in the price range of the four, Chevrolet truck sales are increasing at a remarkable rate.

Typifying the modern design of Chevrolet commercial cars is the new Utility 1½ Ton Truck. In it is provided every modern feature contributing to better, more economical, faster operation. It is powered by the new Chevrolet six-cylinder valve-in-head engine which is 32% more powerful than the previous four-cylinder motor and which, due to greatly improved carburetion, is equally economical. It accommodates any type of body with a load space up to 9 ft. It has a four-forward speed transmission with power take-off opening, big, quiet, non-locking four-wheel brakes and long semi-elliptic springs set parallel to the frame.

Equally fitted for their particular types of work are the new six-cylinder Chevrolet Light Delivery units—the smart Sedan Delivery and the Light Delivery Chassis on which you can mount the body type best suited to your needs.

Whether you require a 1½ ton truck for heavy duty hauling or a delivery car with passenger car smartness, see your Chevrolet dealer today. Let him show you the variety of body types available for your particular business. Let him prove how little it costs to meet fast modern transportation requirements with a modern, economical six-cylinder truck.

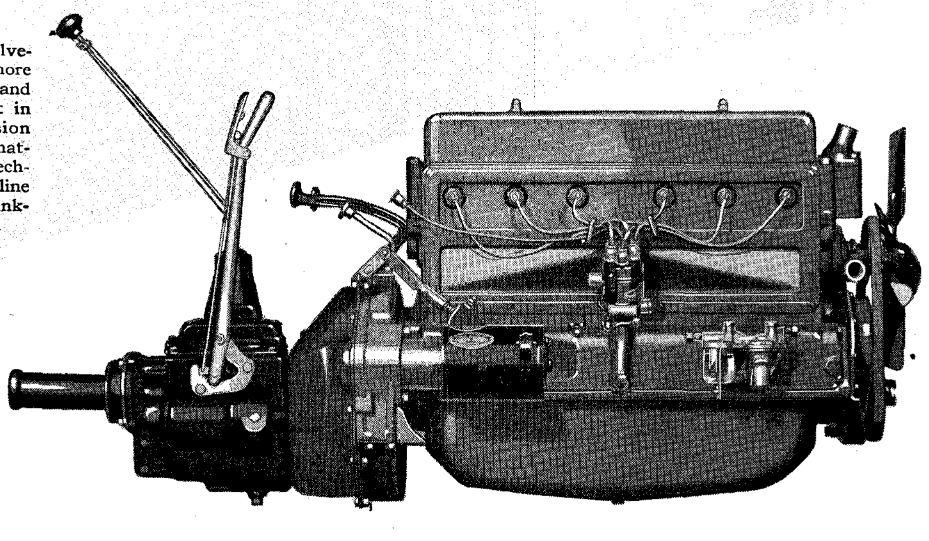
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR!

1½ TON TRUCK (*Chassis only*)	$545
1½ TON CHASSIS (*with Cab*)	$650
LIGHT DELIVERY (*Chassis only*)	$400
SEDAN DELIVERY (*Body by Fisher*)	$595

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

The Chevrolet six-cylinder valve-in-head engine develops 32% more power at slow engine speeds and embodies the latest and best in engine design: high-compression non-detonating head, automatically lubricated rocker arm mechanism, hot-spot manifold, gasoline pump with filter, air cleaner, crankcase ventilating system and acceleration pump.



CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX years ago to-day, April 13, Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia. To-day his birthday is celebrated at Monticello, Jefferson's Virginia home. The occasion prompts this reprint of a sonnet recently awarded recognition when read at the International House, Columbia, under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs:

MONTICELLO, THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

By Agnes MacCarthy Hickey

America's heritage! Your hallowed shrine,
Where we may come and be more close to you
In spirit, here among the things you knew
And loved! . . . What privilege to learn how fine
And sacred are the forces that combine
To bless a Nation! . . . Nobly here you grew
Grave in the wisdom that gave breadth to view
Our Country's need . . . which you were to divine.
This house enfolded you, these walls, though now
All silent, once laughed out with you in play.
This house confirms our love and these great trees
Like your high thoughts still brush the sky. Just how
These broadening vistas vied to mould your day
We know by your immortal legacies!

Vivid imagery as well as a sense of mystery and other-worldliness that at times suggest the genius of Coleridge are evident in this strange poem we discover in the London *New Statesman:*

VENUS ANADYOMENE

By W. J. Turner

'Tis said the planet Venus is
Compact of foaming seas
That roll abyss upon abyss
In shoreless melodies:

No deep cliff-thunder, no soft kiss
Upon a sparkling sand,
But clashing, frothing, shipless seas
Where no look-out cries "land!"

Or else in leagues of silent calm
Her vast horizons lie,
Dim plateaux of wide shimmering grey
Beneath a feathery sky.

It may be there the mermaids comb
Bright hair to foaming scrolls;
In curving billow, waving plain
The *ssh* of shadow-souls.

It may be there the sirens fill
The night with silvery cries
As darkling hollow and bright hill
In soft procession flies.

It may be there the calm sea wreathes
To Venus' scallop shell,
And sound to her voice raindrop-falls
Like a small distant bell.

But has she also such cruel hands
And such a bitter smile?
And has she watery worshippers
Whom beauty shall beguile?

Her body is not rosy-white
Faint-fanned by golden bees;
There is no dark, warm Asian night
Obscure above her knees;

Pale soft sea-shadows cool her limbs;
Her eyes are like twin isles
Jangling with the music of paradise
In her enchanted smiles.

But those who kiss her sacred mouth
Are purified of dreams,
Freed from vague rhapsodies of sound
And Phosphor's mocking gleams;

Their love is like a white, white pearl
Beneath a moonless night,
Drowned in the fathomless serene
Of faint, star-scattered light;

Their love is like a deep sea-flower
Remote from wind and wave,
Expression of the same sun's power
That earthly roses have;

Their love is like a strange sea-bird
That, wandering alone,
Passes but once, and with wild eyes
For evermore is gone.

There is no telling of their love
On Venus or on Earth;
It is incomprehensible,
Even as death and birth.

Cabbages no less than kings may inspire the contemporary poet. But the spiritual significance of other lowly vegetables is made plain by the English author of an unusual lyric which recently delighted the readers of the London *Spectator:*

KITCHEN GARDEN

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

The evening mist in the garden is white and chill,
And all the vegetables stand in waiting rows,
They lift their formless leaves and stalks, so still,
You would say that hardly a root of them drinks, or grows.

The stately stems of the artichokes, tall as men,
In a rank like soldiers stand, and the spinach sighs,
With leaves torn down, remembering evenings when
The summer moon laughed out of the racing skies.

And the bubbling Brussels sprouts with the thousand faces,
Smile at the broken celery that had stood
So firm and straight, and mauve sage leaves in places
Set for the housemaid's hand in boxes of wood.

And the cabbages, the fat stupid cabbages spread
Their vacant features in a sleep they have not earned,
Dreaming again of the white butterflies who had said
Such faithful things last summer, and never returned.

In *Bozart*, the poetry review published by Ernest Hartsock, in Atlanta, Georgia, we find this graphic picture of an oil-field on the sandy prairies of Kansas:

OIL FIELD

By Clyde Robertson

Black beaks guzzling, row on row,
Sucking the belch of the undertow.
Black tongues, sharp as a devil's prong,
Click as they gorge and spew the strong
Thick, black blood, ages asleep,
In the sand-skinned belly buried deep.

In a sodden grave, near the sand-skinned hill,
A starved man lies all lank and still.
Had he but known, lean years ago
When the stunted corn shrank, row on row,
And he sweat and hoed the sullen sod
And cursed the land and cursed his God,
Why the strange black muck, now matting his hair
Had seeped from the soil in the same place where
The black beaks guzzle, row on row,
Sucking the belch of the undertow.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's sister Kathleen is publishing this month her second book of verse, "The Hermit Thrush" (Liveright). This jingle indicates that she is not a blind follower of Einstein:

RELATIVITY

By Kathleen Millay

"The world is such a funny place!'
Remarked a topsy-turvy Ace.
A-sliding down a curve in space;

"But from this angle I can see
"No gently sloping theory
"I am inclined toward gravity!

"And even Einstein would compute
"That Time and Space are both acute
"When dropping in a parachute!"

A Florida poet composed these verses of comprest and tragic swiftness. They are published in the Tampa *Morning Tribune:*

DAYTONA BEACH

By P. E. B.

Swifter than sight—
A flash and a roar—
A meteorite
Skimming the shore!

Defiant of Fate,
Man is the master
A moment—but wait!
Death can fly faster.

Homely humor, almost epigrammatic in its brevity, hides in this bit of verse published by *The Commonweal:*

SLATTERN

By Dorothy Belle Flanagan

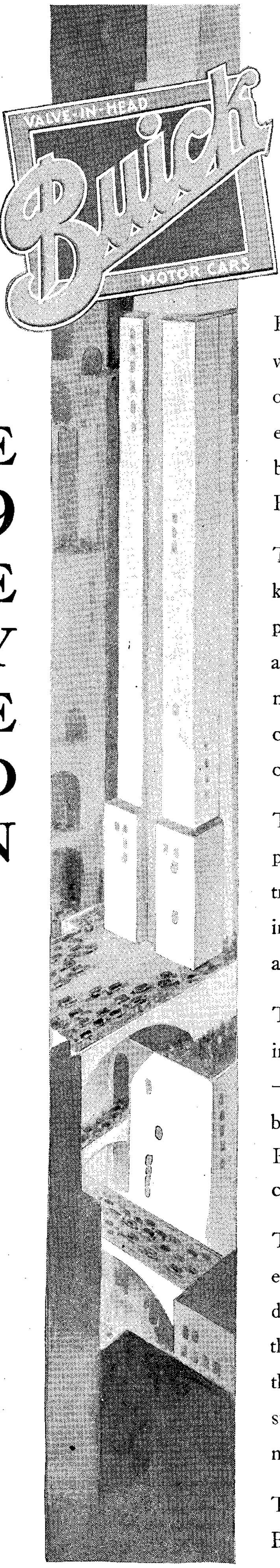
She leaves the luncheon dishes set,
Dreams in the parlor room,
She does not dare again forget
To clean it, gets the broom.
She sweeps some dirt beneath the chair,
Leaves other on the floor,
Pins back a straggling lock of hair,
Goes answering the door.
Were it a prince with yellow hair
She'd smile entrancingly,
Show him to the parlor chair,
And wash one cup for tea.

The so-called "Jefferson poem," recently discovered in manuscript form by John J. Madigan, New York autograph dealer, and reprinted from the New York *Sun* in this department for March 23, is now discovered to have been merely copied by Thomas Jefferson from Percy's "Reliques." Several of our readers remembered the original; and Arthur Guiterman, in a letter to the New York *Times*, also traced it:

". . . The 'Jefferson poem' . . . is copied verbatim from a long ballad on 'Valentine and Ursine' in the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' by Thomas Percy, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, the first edition of which appeared in 1765. The ballad, evidently based on the old French romance of Valentine and Orson, is in three parts, containing in all a hundred stanzas. If the manuscript is in Jefferson's writing, presumably Jefferson copied it from the 'Reliques' for his own amusement or to send to a friend."

THE BUICK OF 1949 ,, LIKE THE FINE BUICK OF TODAY ,, WILL STILL BE THE STANDARD OF COMPARISON

THERE is one thing about Buick motor cars that everybody knows; and that is they are as sound and dependable as man-made products can be. . . . A motor car reflects the character of its builder. Buick is the trustworthy motor car it is, solely because the craftsmen who build it think and act in terms of permanence and reliability.



Buick always will be Buick. The master craftsmen who build this car pursue a policy of progress with relation to Buick engineering and manufacturing; but they will never depart from Buick principles and ideals.

The builders of Buick believe in keeping everlasting faith with a public that buys more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200, by continuing to build Buick motor cars superlatively well.

They believe in passing on to that public the benefits of Buick's tremendous volume production in the form of finer automobiles and greater dollar value.

They believe in steadily improving Buick methods and practices—in building Buick motor cars better and better—in keeping Buick always the standard of comparison.

These craftsmen are giving full expression to their ideals in today's Buick as in every Buick of the last quarter of a century. And they will continue to give expression to these policies in every motor car they ever build.

The Buick of 1949—like the fine Buick of today—will still be the standard of comparison.

WHEN BETTER
AUTOMOBILES ARE
BUILT . . . BUICK
WILL BUILD THEM

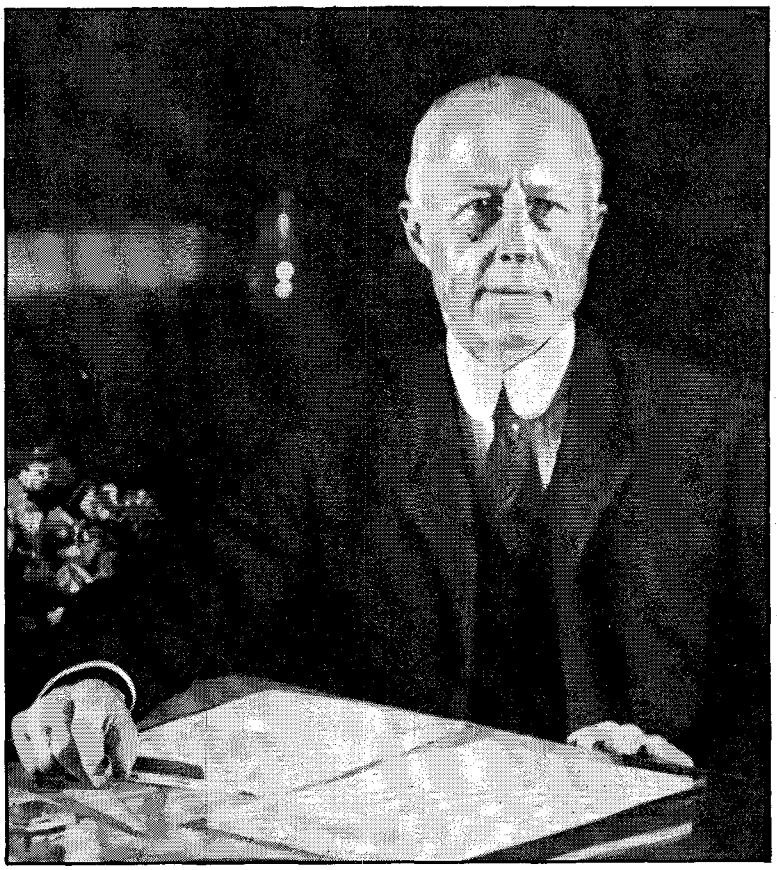
BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

ANOTHER ADAMS TO HELP RUN THE COUNTRY

SPORTING AMERICA'S NERVES were on edge. Out of five races to run, each side had won twice. Would the coveted cup stay in America? Or would it go sailing away, after the races at Newport, to England in possession of the *Shamrock IV* and that genial, persistent and popular sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton. One more race, and America's hopes that day in 1920 depended on "Skipper" Adams and the *Resolute.* At the very start America's hopes seemed dashed, says Thomas Carens in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, "for the skipper of the *Shamrock* outmaneuvered Adams, obtaining the coveted weather position, 'right on top' of the other boat. For mile after mile the *Shamrock* held the lead, and every trick in 'Skipper' Adams's locker could not extricate the *Resolute.* Finally he did get loose and won the race, and at the finish yachting experts rushed to Adams to obtain an explanation. They expected to learn that some trick of wind or some weakness in the craft had held him back.

"'I just pulled a bone,' 'Skipper' Adams said."



International Newsreel photograph

"CLUTTERING UP AMERICAN HISTORY"

Charles Francis Adams, descendant of a famous family that has contributed more than one President and diplomat to the United States, takes office as Secretary of the Navy in President Hoover's cabinet.

Now, as President Hoover's Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts, famous as an amateur yachtsman and a participant in the transatlantic race for the King of Spain's cup, less than a year ago, is going to manage ships on a bigger scale. Thus he gives added color to the saying that American history is all cluttered up with Adamses. Says Mr. Carens further:

> One hundred years, almost to the moment, from the time that disappointed John Quincy Adams went clattering out of town to avoid a meeting with the hated Andrew Jackson, his great-grandson, Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, noiselessly entered Washington to take up his duties as Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Hoover. The Adamses, it thus appears, have come into their own again.
>
> A cardinal requisite for a Secretary of the Navy is that he should talk the language of the sea.
>
> Charles Francis Adams was born in sight of the sea, in the historic town of Quincy, where two Presidents of the United States are buried.
>
> Before he was ten years old young Charlie could take a catboat out into the bay alone and bring it back without mishap. When he was thirteen the tiny *Dandelion*, owned by Charlie and his brothers, George and John, had cleaned up everything on the water from Squantum to Pemberton Point, and the Adams boys sought new worlds to conquer. Their next entry was a thirty-foot sloop, the *Cricket*, large enough to brave the rough waters of Massachusetts Bay, and fast enough to show its heels to anything that came out of Marblehead or Gloucester.
>
> International fame came early, for in 1892, the same year he completed his studies at Harvard Law School, he was at the helm of the *Harpoon* in the race for the Goelet Cup off Newport, when it defeated the *Gloriana* and the *Wasp*. Yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic saw in the making a superb skipper. Charlie Adams won his races because he knew no fear of wind or wave. The Goelet Cup race was in a boiling sea, and George Adams, tending the jib sheets forward, soon found himself standing in water up to his knees. He looked aft and saw that Brother Charlie was holding the wheel firm.
>
> "Hey," yelled George, "how long are you going to hold her up?"
>
> "Till the water's up over your head," yelled Charlie in reply.
>
> It wasn't quite as bad as that, but this utter disregard for safety and comfort won the race for the Adamses.

We have already seen the *Resolute* win its classic encounter with the *Shamrock.* A year or two later, we read:

> Charles Francis Adams engaged in a business transaction with the American Navy, the first and only one he had until he assumed charge of the entire organization, a short time ago. The famous old *America*, which won the original cup a decade and a half before Charlie Adams was born, was reconditioned at Boston and presented to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. As America's foremost yachtsman, Adams took her down the coast and turned her over to the Navy at an elaborate ceremony. But the United States Government can not accept gifts, and Admiral Wilson handed over a crisp new $1 bill to the donor of the craft.
>
> The Admiral made a graceful speech as he presented the greenback. "Skipper" Adams, in reply, said "Thank you," and stuffed the bill in his pocket. Neatly framed, that dollar now hangs in the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead.
>
> In 1917 Massachusetts held a constitutional convention and the conservatives asked Adams to head their ticket.
>
> One day a delegate from Lynn was railing against the "corporations," charging them with every crime on the calendar. He started naming them and accusing them of corrupting legislatures.
>
> The gentleman from Concord asked if the gentleman from Lynn would yield. The gentleman from Lynn would.
>
> "Does the gentleman mean"—and he named three of the leading public utilities of the State.
>
> "I do," said the outspoken gentleman from Lynn.
>
> "Then, Mr. President," said Adams, in his quiet voice, "the gentleman from Lynn doesn't know what he is talking about. I am an officer and director of those three corporations. I know what they spend and why they spend it. And I defy the gentleman from Lynn to offer proof that any one of those companies ever bought or tried to buy a vote in either branch of the Legislature."

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially

Exceptional!

And in the shaving cream field that means something. One trial convinces.

LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM

Treatment for Dandruff—*so simple*

IT is not at all surprising that Listerine is so effective in quickly checking ordinary dandruff.

Listerine is a powerful germicide, and dandruff (seborrheic dermatitis) is an inflamed condition of the scalp caused by germs.

Dermatologists urge immediate treatment of dandruff before it gets the upper hand. Discarding complicated methods, they declare one of the surest ways of combating the condition is the repeated antiseptic shampoo.

Listerine used full strength for this purpose has shown remarkable results for thousands. It is so safe it can—and should be—used without dilution. It is so bland that it actually soothes tender, inflamed tissues. Yet it is so powerful it destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

We are prepared to prove this statement to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and U. S. Government.

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, begin using Listerine at once. Delay is dangerous. Simply douse it on the scalp full strength and massage vigorously. Keep it up, systematically, several days. You will be simply delighted at the improvement shown. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

AFTER ALL, EINSTEIN IS A HUMAN BEING

THE HARASSED SECRETARY, distracted by the questions of visitors, appealed to her employer. What should she tell them? How should she explain it? Her employer, a quiet man, gentle and studious of face, smiled at her encouragingly. "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours," he said, "you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it's two hours. That's relativity." And that, according to an anecdote in the New York *Times*, is Prof. Albert Einstein's own facetious explanation of his own famous theory. Surely it is one that should be clear to all those who have puzzled over relativity, and over the more recent "unified field theory" which relates electricity and gravity.

But, altho Professor Einstein could make this joking rejoinder, the German physicist and his wife can not explain to themselves the immense public interest he excites. Professor Einstein has been quoted as saying that only twelve men in the world can understand his work. Yet the honors paid him in Berlin on his recent fiftieth-birthday anniversary were almost such as are paid to a national hero, contradicting the adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The Einsteins fled from their admirers, we read, but Frau Einstein, "captured" at their apartment-house, talked with Emily Z. Friedkin, who writes in a copyrighted interview in the New York *Evening Post:*

> Cornered in the elevator of her home, Frau Einstein countered: "Why do you want to interview me? Why should any one be interested in me or in Professor Einstein? We can't account for it!"
>
> The Einsteins were on their way into hiding to avoid the people who sought to congratulate the scientist upon his fiftieth anniversary, which he observed to-day. I had just arrived in time.
>
> "Oh, not an interview," I cajoled; "just a chat."
>
> "But why? To find out what our favorite dishes are, how we dress, sleep, and live in the privacy of our home?" Frau Einstein combated my inveiglement politely, but uncompromisingly. "You can say you spoke with me, and that we haven't any private life any more. The publicity the Kaiser received was a mere bagatelle compared to the avalanche which has descended on us. And, as a consequence, we dare not enter a restaurant, hotel, or theater. We don't like it, nor can we make head or tail out of it. If you could only tell us why," she begged with a tired despair, her clear young voice a bit weary.
>
> This conversation took place during the forenoon, in the elevator and entrance of their apartment-house in the Haberland Strasse, Berlin's quietest, almost monastic, street. Both Frau Einstein and the writer kept on imploring for their own desperate causes, dallying before the house door. Frau Einstein won, excusing herself, and pointing to a car waiting on the curb. The interviewer, on her part, determined to find the answer to Frau Einstein's question.

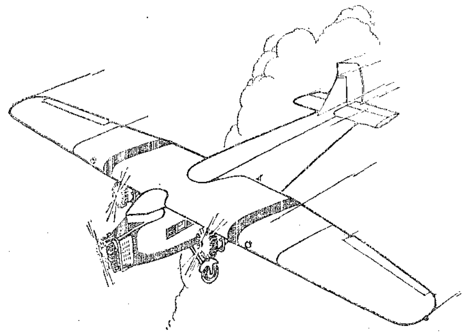
The first and facile answer in these days of competitive journalism is, we read, "Oh, the newspapers—hungry and in search of first-page sensational stuff." But there is this explanation, too:

> Dr. Theodore Reik, a leading disciple of Freud here and psychoanalyst with special practise in analyzing "situations" and "literature," found other underlying causes, other answers to Frau Einstein's question. "Psyching" the world, as it were, and explaining its "Einstein complex," Dr. Reik called attention to the Blue Beard fairy-tale with its forbidden—and fatal—hundredth chamber.
>
> "The fact that the public at large does not understand Einstein's theories does not lead to its dismissing them without further ado. There is nothing forbidden about these postulates, except that they forbid themselves by demanding specialized mathematical knowledge," said Dr. Reik. "The average man will readily admit not understanding Einstein, but with the reservation that he has an inkling of what it's all about. He will persistently fight off any attempt to exclude him entirely from the sphere of this knowledge.
>
> "The word 'relativity' was, unwittingly, Einstein's 'doom'—for Einstein rightly judges the enthusiastic admiration paid him now as inutile; what Einstein wants is not praise or publicity, but the critical esteem of his peers.
>
> "The world and his wife know what 'relative' means. They catch something about time and space being relative, and immediately subjectivize this concept. If the speed at which light travels may be relative, what is left to bolster moral and ethical codes into stability, into objective permanence?"
>
> The fact that the United States, in common with the Christian world, is now in a religious crisis, is another reason for its "Einstein complex," Dr. Reik finds. Man, groping for "first causes" to explain the riddle of the universe, has always grasped at the unknowable, be it God or a hypothesis complicated enough to escape understanding.
>
> "Einstein's works, in their compact meagerness, represent 'secret knowledge,' which is always awe-inspiring and raised to an nth degree of importance. For the adolescent, sex is a part of the secret knowledge of which adults have a monopoly, and futile trials at fathoming its obscurities bring with it worship of the inscrutable, because of the general belief that so much mystery must screen something of magnitude," Dr. Reik explained. He added that the enigmatic is a convenient opiate, a distraction from the daily woes and worries of mankind.
>
> "A further reason for this Einstein adulation is the modern enthusiasm for scientific things after being fed up with the belligerent virtues," Dr. Reik continued. "The passion for theoretical scientific work is a modern form of hero worship and balances the raptures of the crowd for purely physical prowess—that of the boxer, or the baseball star."
>
> The writer tenders the above to Frau Einstein as the explanation of the "unaccountable popularity," as she put it, wishing to escape the plague of it. Whether the explanation will reconcile her to the turbulent admiration is dubious. It will scarcely satisfy Einstein himself, who would willingly pawn this celebrity for somewhat less intellectual isolation, for the company of men solid enough in learning to climb the mathematical and ethereal heights with him, whether in approval or discord. But with brains.

Hidden tho he was from those who wished to honor him, Professor Einstein's hiding-place—the palatial estate of a wealthy friend—was found by a New York *Times* correspondent. The formulator of the theory of relativity was not in the main residence, but in a smaller house, working with a birthday present, a small microscope, "much as an ordinary boy would try out a new toy of the sort." Continuing:

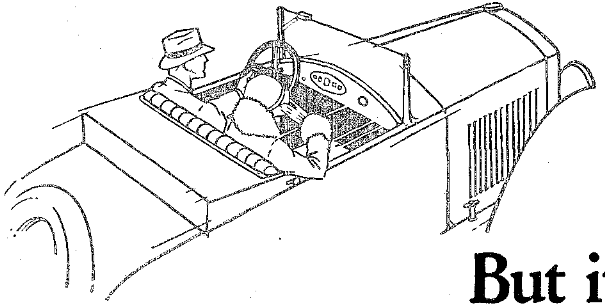
> "Margot," he cried to his daughter, "come here—quick," and both bent over the apparatus examining a drop of blood which Einstein had extracted from his thumb by pricking it with a needle.
>
> After Einstein was through with his examination, he looked at his intruding visitor, not at all unpleasantly, and asked:
>
> "Who told you where I was?"
>
> Failing to get an answer he probably had not seriously expected, he remarked, "You seem to have a good nose."
>
> Einstein wore plain trousers and dark brown sweater and slippers, and was smoking his usual short pipe. Had it not been for flowers and presents nothing would have indicated that the great man was celebrating the fifth decade of his life. On a larger table dinner was set for five persons, including his wife, his daughter Margot, who is living with her parents, and a second daughter with her husband, the manager of a leading Berlin publicity house. That was Einstein's entire birthday dinner party.
>
> The dinner itself had been sent from the family's Berlin flat in a self-cooker which Mrs. Einstein this morning took out in a motor-car, also provided by friends for the occasion. The dinner consisted of Einstein's favorite dishes—mushroom, stuffed pike, braised vegetables, salads, stewed fruit, and tart, but not coffee or wine, which Einstein is forbidden to take on account of heart trouble.
>
> Later in the afternoon a little child befriended by the family brought flowers. This was the only visitor outside the family members mentioned above, who saw Einstein to-day, as not even his most intimate friends knew his whereabouts.
>
> On a second table in the small room, several birthday presents from family members and a few intimate friends were spread out. All these gifts were of practical character—for instance, a silken morning gown, clothes racks, ties, handkerchiefs, pipes, tobacco, and books.
>
> On the table also was a sketch of a sailing yacht friends are having built for him, and the plan of a wooden summer cottage, which represented his wife's gift. There was, too, a small package of tobacco, which an unemployed workman had sent, accompanied by a letter which admitted, while the package was

Your car isn't an airplane—



It isn't a laboratory—

It isn't a specially-adjusted racer—



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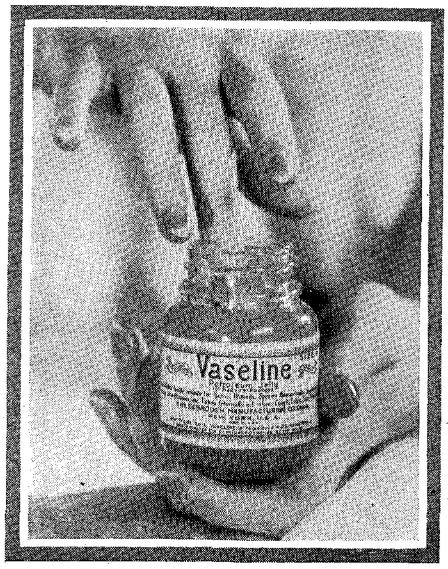

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

"relatively" small, it came from a good "field."

When Einstein read the little humble letter he sat down at once, tears in his eyes, and answered it in the form of a short poem.

At the edge of the table bearing presents stood a small, curious-looking effigy of a Jewish rabbi bearing onions in each hand. This image was made by his daughter, Margot, who is an accomplished sculptress and specializes in mystic figures of rabbis, monks, nuns, etc.

With it a poem, which she read at the dinner table, explained the idea. "Rabbi Onion," as she calls the figure, refers to an onion cure Einstein underwent recently with such good results that he had kept it up ever since. The poem says the onion is the food of Hebrews, and will prolong Einstein's life, enabling him to form many more "field theories," at which the scientist raised a mild protest.

While the Einsteins were thus in comparative seclusion outside of Berlin, their apartment in the capital was a scene of great activity, of which we read in *The Times:*

> At his Berlin home letters, cablegrams, and addresses keep pouring in every minute. Baskets with delicatessen, fruit, old wine, and liquors more than 200 years old are filling every room. Among acts of honor done him are the donation of Einstein Forest, which will be planted near Jerusalem; the unveiling of a bust of Einstein in the tower at Potsdam, the bestowal of a degree of Honorary Doctor by the Paris University, and monetary donations to various welfare funds.

Reverting to the new "unified-field" theory for a moment, we gather from Alden P. Armagnac in *Popular Science Monthly* that Berlin awaited news of it with all the impatience of an American city awaiting news of a World's Series ball game. It took Einstein ten years to prepare the six-page pamphlet containing the theory, a little more than half a page a year. Says Mr. Armagnac further:

> It contains symbols that many skilled students of higher mathematics have never seen. To describe the complicated behavior of electricity and gravity, Einstein availed himself of strange characters only recently invented by Herr Weitzenbock, another great mathematician. He even invented a whole system of geometry all his own.
>
> Despite its technicalities, the book recently placed on sale at about twenty-four cents a copy is a "best seller," to a degree unparalleled in scientific literature.
>
> The linking of electricity and gravity was the one step needed to extend the famous Einstein theory of relativity to account for all the happenings in the universe. So fraught with significance is the newest discovery that it is almost impossible even for Einstein himself to say, hastily, where it will lead.
>
> New and better tubes for your radio are apparently one possibility. X-rays of unheard-of power are another. We may do things with radium that we never did before—mastering, incidentally, in new ways artificial light and radiant heat.

WHO AND WHY IS ETAOIN SHRDLU

ETAOIN SHRDLU, whose "incomparable drollery" is so useful to editors of humorous columns, has at last received proper recognition. The biography of this pranksome typographical error, so often encountered, forms the theme of an erudite editorial in the New York *World.* It begins by quoting from our columns the text which inspired *The World* to perform this valuable piece of research. Thus:

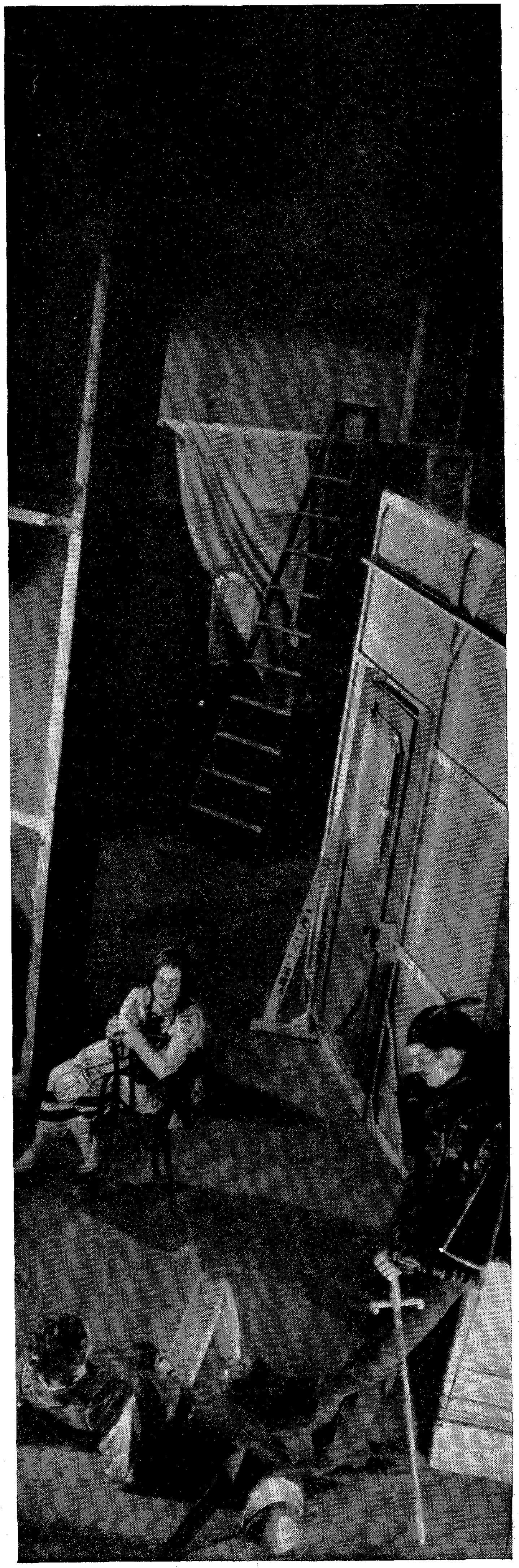
> **Secret Diplomacy?**—Done at the city of Washington this seventeenth day of January (etc.).
>
> (Seal) Calvin Coolidge.
>
> Frank B. Kellogg, etaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdlu etaoin shrdlu cmfwyppp.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

We reprint the above as it appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST, issue of March 16, in the department called "The Spice of Life." For it occurred to us as we read it that Etaoin Shrdlu is perhaps the best-known comic character in the American press. With all the puckishness of Harpo Marx himself, he pops up in the most unexpected places and at the most inopportune times, always to be widely applauded for his incomparable drollery. So it may be of interest to know what his origin is.

> He is popularly believed to be the result of some mechanical error on the part of the linotype machine. This is thought to slip a cog, or some other dido, and thus bring him into being. This is incorrect. He is the result of an error not on the part of the machine but on the part of the operator. What happens is that the operator makes some kind of slip so that he does not wish to complete the line he is working on. But the inner works of the linotype machine are such that they must have a certain number of letters dropt into them before they will push out the current line and get ready for the next one. So the operator feeds it letters as quickly as he can by running his finger down the bank of keys in front of him, expecting to throw out the faulty line when it has come from the mold, but sometimes forgetting to do so. The keys are arranged in this order:

E	S	C	V	X
T	H	M	B	Z
A	R	F	G	lb
O	D	W	K	&
I	L	Y	Q	@
N	U	P	J	—

> So it can easily be seen that when he runs his fingers down the first two rows, Etaoin Shrdlu stands a good chance of getting into the paper, and that if a few more letters are needed, and the operator starts into the third bank, Etaoin will have a few honorary degrees to his name. In the present instance, what probably happened was that after the operator started to set the line he discovered that "Frank B. Kellogg" should have been brought into line with "Calvin Coolidge" instead of with "(Seal)," and started at once to do the line over, with somewhat appalling results.
>
> Etaoin Shrdlu is forty-four years old, having been born in 1885 on the same day as the linotype machine. He is unmarried. He informs us that he has taken the blindfold test and chosen Old Golds without even having to use what he laughingly calls his brains.



Let's peek behind the curtain

Faust, at the Metropolitan Opera. Swords clash in the duel scene, a soldier sinks to the ground . . . curtain! Back-stage, in sound-proof rooms, the singers limber up their voices for the act to come. In each room there is a piano. Each piano is a Knabe. Why a Knabe? Let the Director of the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, answer that question . . . "We engage the finest tenor in the world, the most famous soprano, the most brilliant orchestra leader. And we are just as critical in the matter of selecting a piano as in picking our singers . . . So we chose the Knabe."

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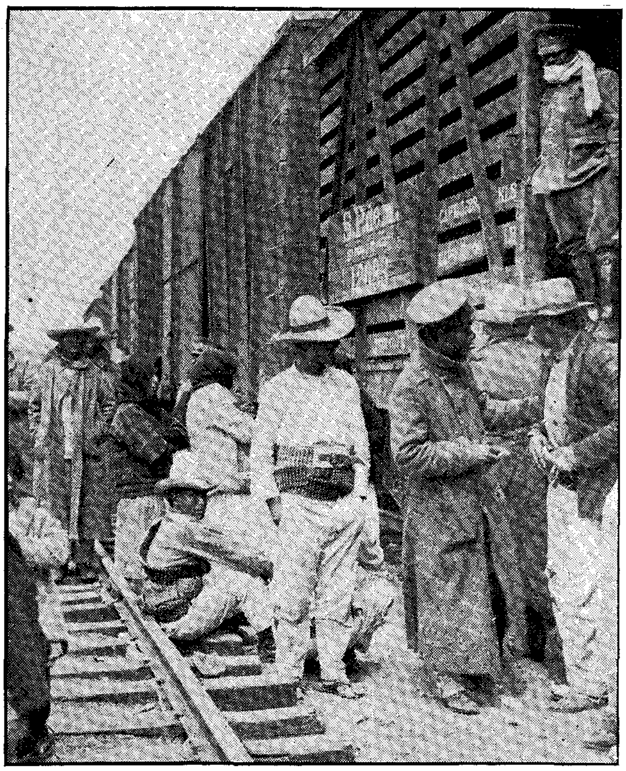
P. & A. photograph

WITH CLINK OF ACCOUTERMENTS AND PATTER OF HOOFS, THE FEDERAL CAVALRY CLOSED IN ON TORREON

A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR MEXICAN REVOLUTIONS

"*QUIEN SABE?*" The Mexican prisoner of war, leaning against the *cuartel* gate, smiled graciously at the sight-seeing ladies from El Paso. Just as they had approached, a volley had been fired somewhere out of sight in the near distance, but the urbane prisoner was unconcerned.

There were mothers, young daughters and older daughters in the party, as Duncan Aikman of El Paso informs us in the New York *Times* Magazine. It was quite a holiday for them—a pleasant jaunt across the border. It was not so pleasant for others, however, for Mexico was at war and Pancho Villa, the famous bandit and rebel leader, had just taken Ciudad Juarez. But with the capture had ended active fighting for awhile, and Americans were trooping across the border to count broken windows and, perhaps, discover the handy men who mowed their lawns among the prisoners. As the ladies and children approached the *cuartel*, we read, they heard the volley, but supposed that a squad was at rifle practise; but the prisoner within the gate warned them back casually and uttered the equally casual remark that perhaps the señoras would not care to come closer, since just now the victors were shooting the prisoners. "That was the twenty-first you heard just now." One woman, held by the man's "incredible poise," felt it necessary to answer his courtesy with its like.



P. & A. photograph

THE REBELS BROUGHT ALONG THEIR WIVES

Hence the domestic air alongside this troop train at Nogales, Mexico where the rebels were awaiting orders to advance.

"Good gracious, they're not going to shoot you, are they?"

Then came "*Quien sabe?*" his smiling reply.

At that moment a guard touched him on the shoulder. With a sweeping bow and a flourish of his sombrero the man was gone and a moment later the ladies, fleeing down the street, heard the twenty-second volley. Since then, we learn from Mr. Aikman, they have preferred to watch revolutions from the housetops on the American side.

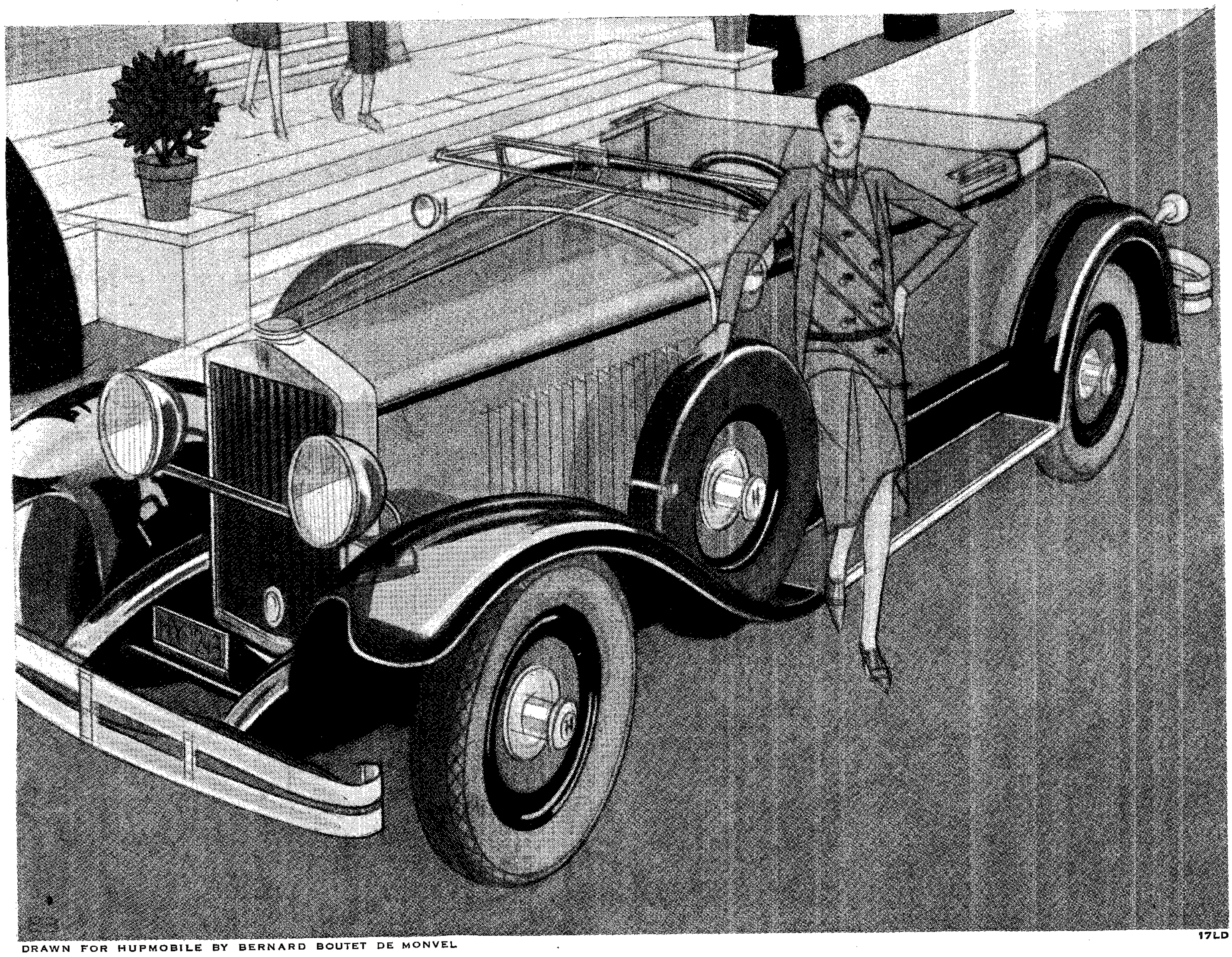
This episode related by the El Paso writer occurred some years ago. But now, in this year's revolution, "the only section of the United States trained to appreciate warfare as a neighborhood spectacle has been enjoying an open season again," as President Portes Gil, General Calles, ex-President, and their aides have maneuvered against Generals Manzo, Valles, and others. Juarez was the field of another battle this year, seemingly the most picturesque engagement in a revolution that has been criticized as lacking in color. And again El Paso took to all available high spots to watch the fighting. As the Associated Press tells us in an El Paso dispatch:

> Thousands of El Pasoans clustered under a warm sun on the surrounding mountains of the Pass City and viewed the battle between rebel and Federal Mexican troops in the city of Juarez.
>
> Hundreds saw the fight from lofty seats on tops of office buildings, and others had places closer to the "ringside," but only two persons were struck by stray bullets which found their way north of the Rio Grande.
>
> Those who witnessed other battles in Juarez from El Paso said the warfare scene compares with the Pancho Villa battle of about ten years ago. Maneuvering on the streets could easily be followed with field-glasses.
>
> For a time it was a precarious thing for an El Pasoan to be on the streets. Bullets crashed into buildings several times, but there was a very decided tendency on the part of spectators to risk being shot rather than miss seeing what was going on.
>
> Several narrow escapes were recorded. Two clerks barely escaped death when a bullet crashed through a huge plate-glass window, lodging near their counter. The two girls, Elizabeth Kaler and Lillian Watkins, calmly continued their work, refusing to desert their posts.
>
> The First National Bank building, a thirteen-story structure, was peppered by bullets. Girls in offices facing Juarez fled to other sides of the building, while others went on top to watch the battle.
>
> A bullet pierced the car of an American Army officer that had been parked on the El Paso end of the International Bridge, and some bullets flew ten or more blocks into the city.
>
> The shooting became more desultory as the rebels slowly spanned the entire city. Just before noon General Moseley crossed the International Bridge and conferred with the Federal commander, General Ramos, asking permission to cross the Federal lines to warn Gen. Miguel Valles, commanding the rebels, against firing across the river.
>
> General Ramos suggested to the American general that the Federal position was such that it seemed hopeless to continue the battle, and that he would be willing to quit if the rebels would cease firing and consent either to grant guarantees of safety or permit the Federals to be interned on the American side.

(*Continued on page 47*)

CREATORS OF THE MODE

SPORTS ENSEMBLE BY RÉGNY . . . . CAR BY HUPMOBILE



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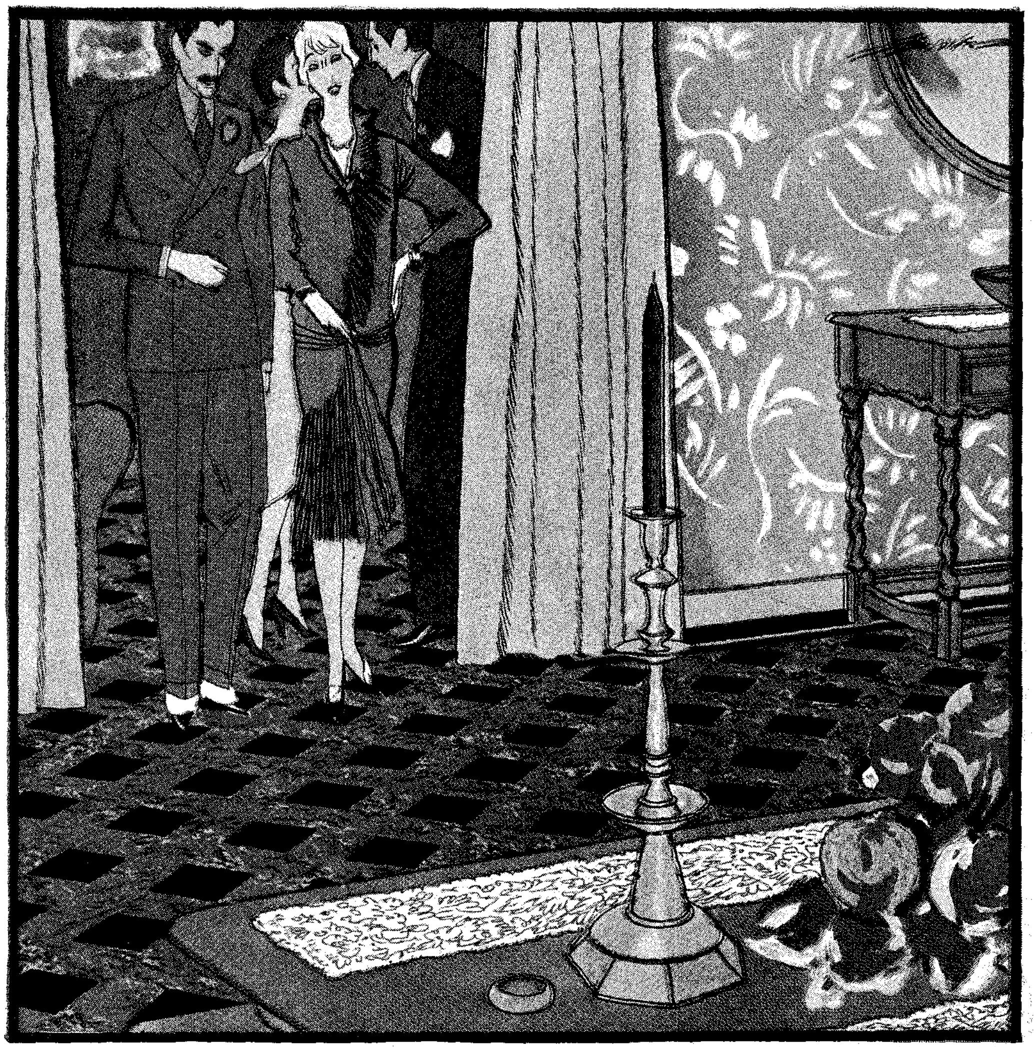

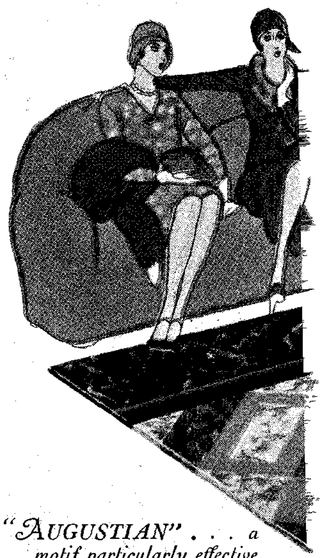

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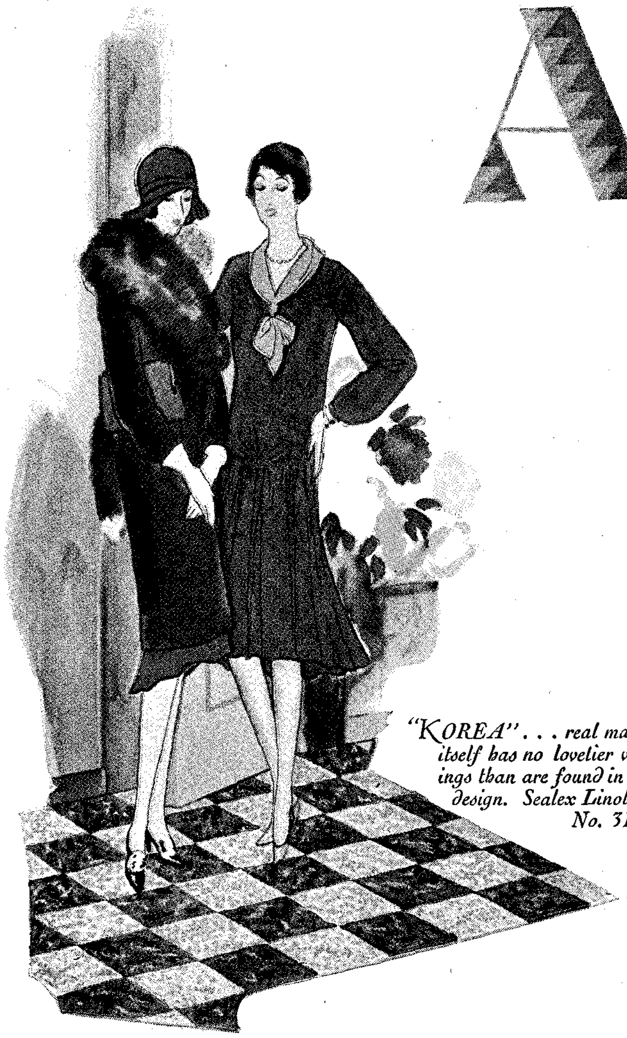

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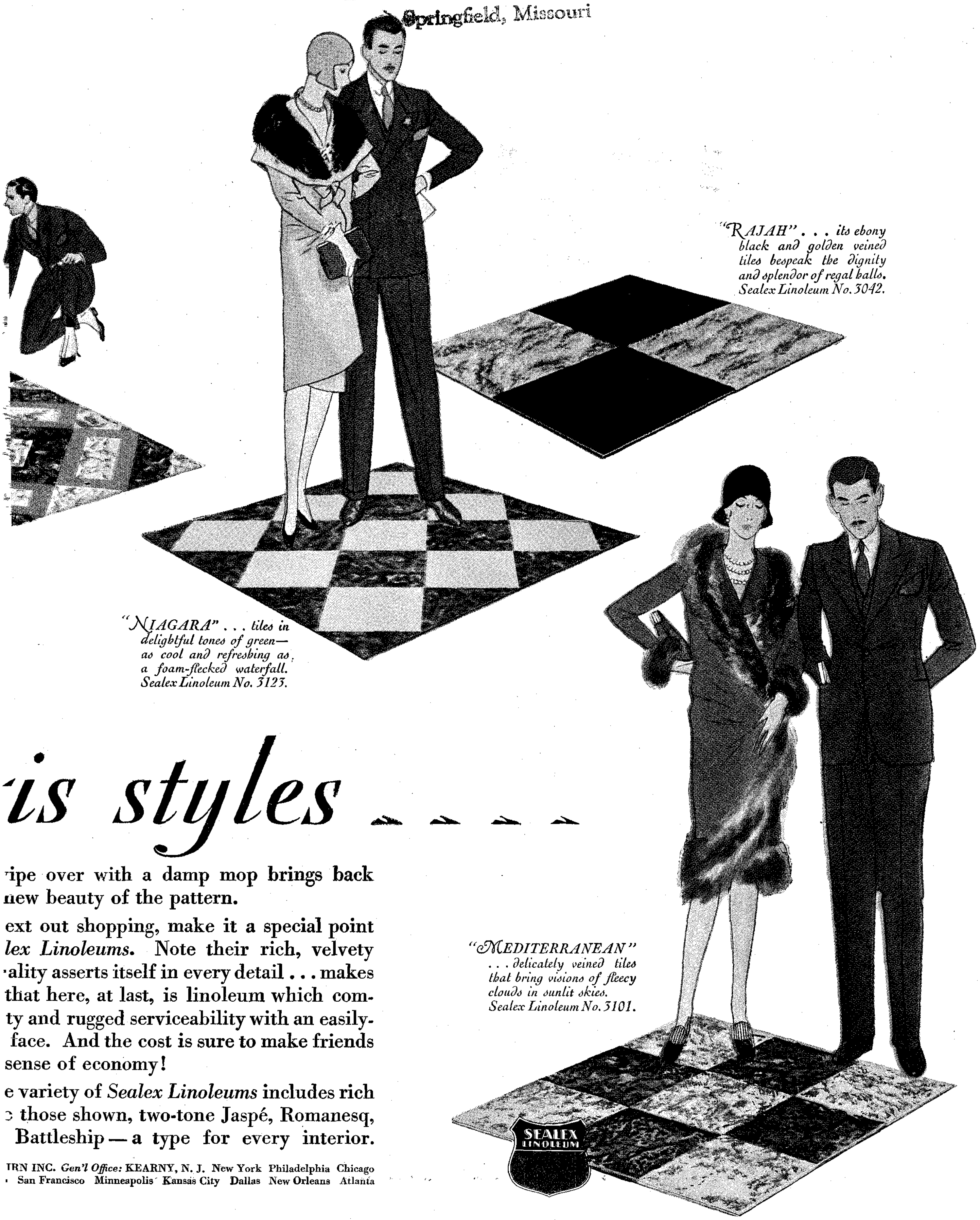

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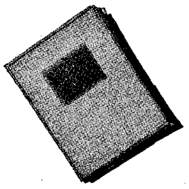

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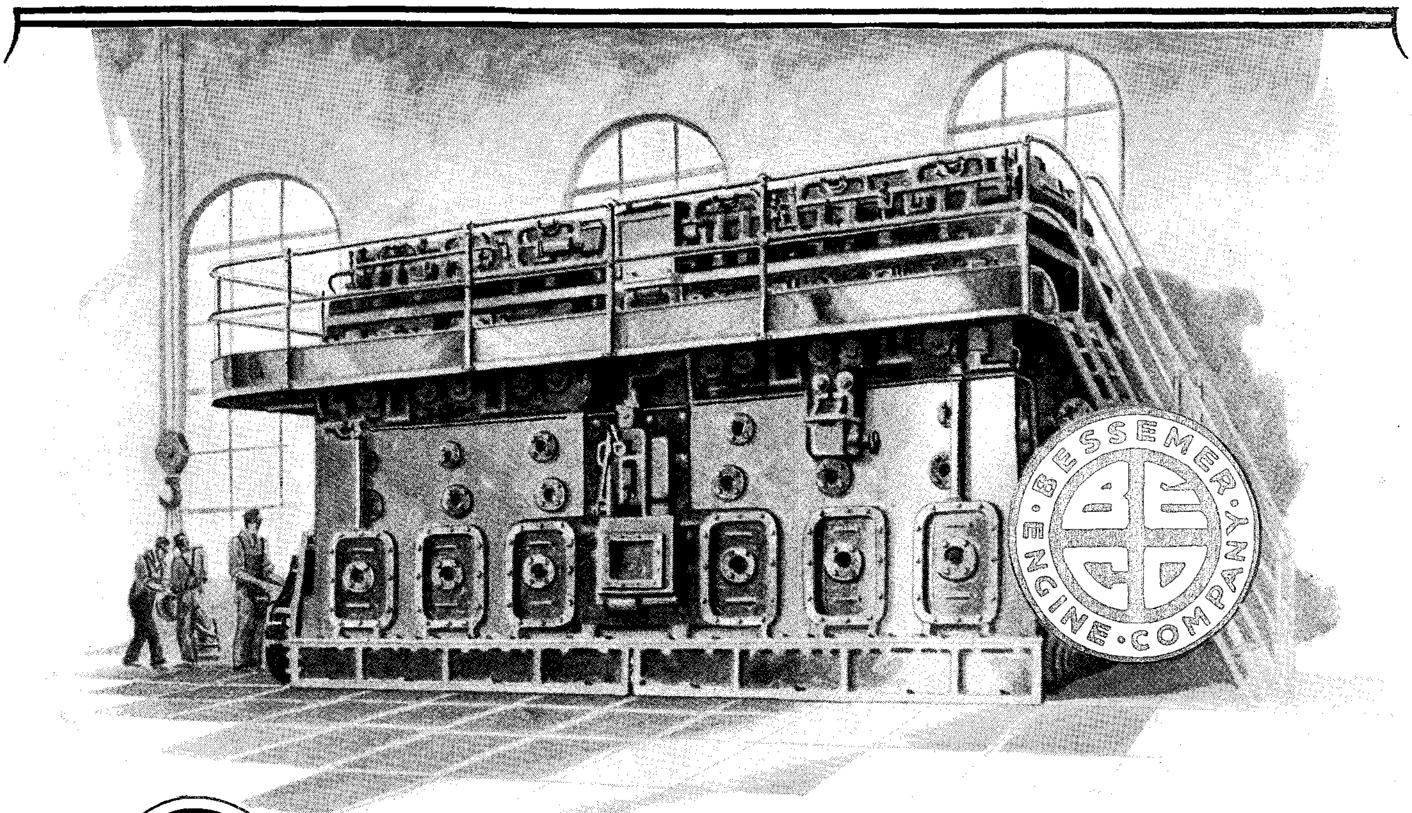

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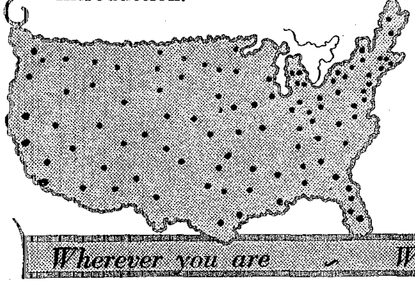

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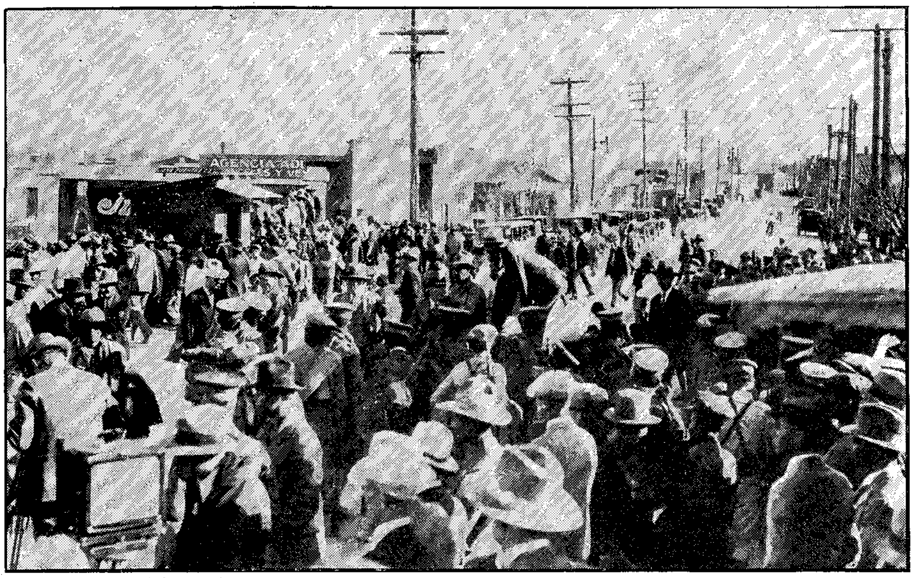
(*Continued from page 42*)

> General Moseley then walked to the rebel headquarters in the Mesa Hotel, where he met General Valles, who accompanied him to the Custom House, which the rebels took after a brief skirmish late in the morning. Here the details of capitulation were discust and a truce called.

Bullets cracked only half a mile from where Mr. Aikman wrote his *Times* article. And westward people have had "all the big war thrills of dodging into their cellars to escape an air raid." Says this war correspondent further:

> Out in Calexico and San Diego, on the California border, staid citizens have been polishing up ancient family opera-glasses and picking out their favorite hills from which to observe anticipated battles for the possession of the Mexican towns of Mexicali and Tia Juana. Down toward the eastern end of the border at Laredo, Texas, the air has been full of alternating rumor currents, promising simultaneously the shipment of Mexican Federal troops through that port to attack the rebels from the rear in northern Chihuahua, and an attack on Mexican Nuevo Laredo from rebel forces operating somewhere vaguely southward.
>
> Besides the pleasure of watching real military engagements from potentially safe points of vantage, like the roofs of office buildings and high points of residential districts, the border delights in the experience, naturally rare in a nation of 120,000,000 people, of suddenly becoming a center of interest. The whole border population perennially cherishes expert opinions on Mexico and Washington's Mexican policies, and suddenly this "experting" becomes interesting to both strangers and neighbors. The man who recently sold an automobile to one of the Sonora revolutionary leaders, or who overheard a cryptic disagreement between Calles and Obregon five years ago, or had the "low-down" on this revolution's outbreak last Christmas, or whose son goes to school with the son of a revolutionary chieftain in Los Angeles, suddenly becomes a local oracle.
>
> At the turn-over of Chihuahua for the revolution, El Paso began to thrill again with the anticipation that some long-overdue revolutionary excitement was at last coming to it. The city debated whether the Federal garrison at Juarez, across the river, would fight as enthusiastically as it might have discust the chances of a big-league team to break into the world's series.
>
> For a whole day, while General Limon and Mayor Gallo of Juarez strode arm in arm up and down in front of the military barracks trying to argue each other into an agreement on the city's attitude, El Pasoans could be seen passing and repassing at a respectful distance, muttering, "Look, they're chinning it over," between mutters sometimes seeking out their favorite bartenders in the Juarez post-Volstead restaurants to find out if these gentlemen by some process of mystical divination had any really authoritative ideas of what the chinning-over was about.
>
> In due time the absorbingly confidential conversations resulted in the Mayor's arrest by the general, and, while the American city buzzed with exciting tho totally unwarranted rumors of the whole municipal staff's execution, the Battle of Juarez began. It was not, as battles go, impressively a major engagement. There was a little shooting in the hills on the outskirts in the afternoon, and next morning a dawn rush by the rebels into town, after which the business of cleaning out snipers in the town's leading hotel and a few private houses was pursued until almost 10:30 o'clock.



International Newsreel photograph

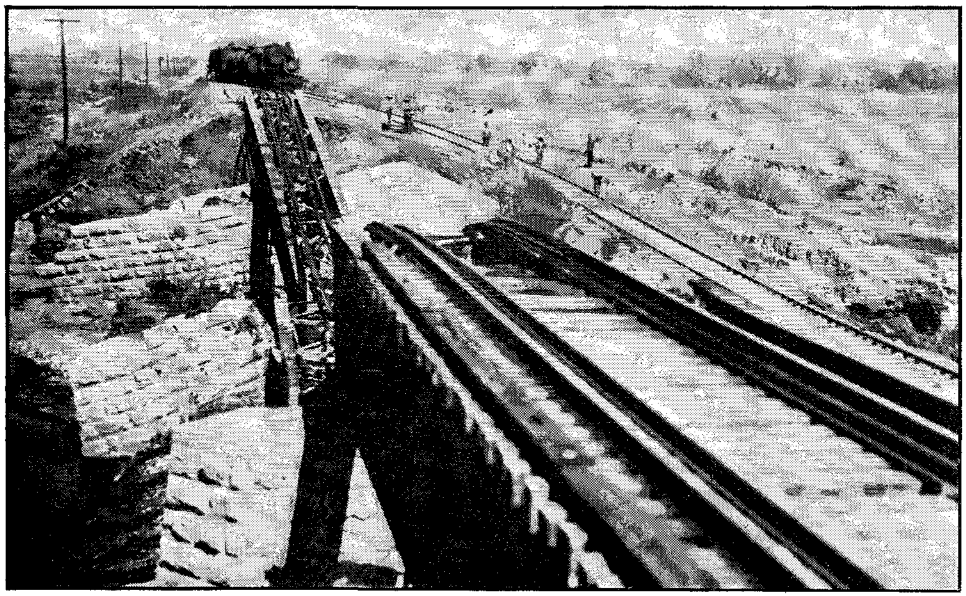
FANS IN THE BLEACHERS ENJOYING THE BATTLE OF JUAREZ

With cameras set up in the streets, innocent bystanders competing for points of vantage, and the cafés doing a rushing trade, the warfare wore almost a carnival air.

> But El Paso made the most of it. Three miles away from the firing the top of the American city's scenic drive on Mount Franklin bristled with opera-glasses. Downtown the roofs, higher windows and ledges of the leading hotels and office buildings were black with the heads of office forces and "friends of the management" courting eyestrain and being rewarded by the sight of clusters of smoke puffs on an average of once every five minutes. Boys from the Texas College of Mines volunteered as assistant reporters and tried to get jobs as stretcher-bearers, and returned with traces of the swank of finished warriors. Stenographers were too jumpy to take dictation, especially after the news got around that a bullet had smashed a plate-glass window in a downtown automobile showroom—but for that matter, most bosses were far too much interested in the return of the border shooting season to give any attention to business.
>
> When it was all over and the International Bridge opened again under victorious rebel auspices, El Paso went over the river *en masse* to inspect the damage.
>
> As a post-Volstead drinking haven, Juarez did not appear to have any more week-end customers than usual, but Saturday and Sunday the main streets of the town were an almost continual line of automobiles full of Texan passengers looking for bullet holes and smashed windows.

Along with its constant fame in the press dispatches over a period of years, the border has been flooded with a pleasantly lurid folklore, we learn as we read on:

> There was the story, for instance,



International Newsreel photograph

REBEL DYNAMITE MADE HAVOC OF THIS RAILWAY BRIDGE NEAR TORREON of the lone Chinaman who survived Villa's massacre of his fellow-countrymen at Torreon by playing dead among the corpses. Somehow the *Villista* physician had failed to detect the life in him, and on the way out to the cemetery he touched the driver of the dead-cart on the elbow. "Hey, you can't disagree with a doctor in Mexico," the driver is supposed to have said while he confirmed the physician's verdict with a pistol shot.

There was the legend of the agreement during the Pershing expedition against Villa that Carranza troops would be recognized and not shot at by the Americans so long as they kept one trouser-leg rolled up. It went hard sometimes with certain *Carranzistas* when, in the excitement of campaigning, the crucial trouser-leg rolled down. The macabre tale floated over the Chihuahua border of the boy officer who was captured by the *Villistas* from the Carranza army. His older brother was an officer in the Villa detachment, and when the youngster of the family heard of his impending execution, to the elder's horror, he broke down and cried.

P. & A. photograph

THEY SAY THEY'D RATHER FIGHT THAN EAT

But whether these typical rebel soldiers know or care what they are fighting for seems to be an open question.

The prestige of the family was in danger through all the *Villista* army, and the older brother visited the weakling in the stockade.

"Look here," he whispered to him, "I've got it fixed. I can't get you off officially, but it's understood with the firing squad that when they come to you they'll use only blank cartridges. You fall down as if you're shot, and then when night comes you beat it for home."

The *Carranzista* brother's attitude changed instantaneously. On the way to the place of execution he sang, joked, gave away cigarets and *tequiea* as a true Mexican fighting man should. The firing squad received a gallant gentleman's wisecrack for their pains as they lined up to do their last offices, and then—there were no blank cartridges.

If a war is to be considered as a theatrical spectacle, it must have its dramatic critics—and this revolution across the Rio Grande is supplied with them. Two—each with a background of experience which qualifies him to speak—come to hand immediately. They are Barney Gallant, now a New York night-club proprietor, who was spokesman for Carranza during the revolution which made Carranza President of Mexico, and Major Edward S. "Tex" O'Reilly, who fought through three Mexican revolutions, took part in two in Central America, and was once drill-master of the Imperial Chinese Army. Lemuel F. Parton, in a copyrighted article for the Consolidated Press, tells us of Gallant's reminiscences of colorful persons and events:

In 1914 John Reed, brilliant journalist and adventurer, whose body now reposes in the Kremlin, figured neatly and correctly the historical certitudes involving Torreon. Victoriana Huerta was defending, Pancho Villa was attacking. Reed stole a gasoline hand-car, rode 250 miles to Juarez, and telegraphed to a New York newspaper the correct and detailed story of the capture of Torreon by Villa thirty-six hours before it happened.

Villa had told Reed what he was going to do, and he did it. First, he filled his shirt full of three-inch gas-pipe bombs, made by plugging a piece of pipe with dynamite, putting a nipple on the end, and inserting a three-inch fuse. Distributing similar bombs to his followers, he yelled: "*Andale, muchachos!*" (which, roughly translated, is "Up and at 'em, boys!"), and led his soldiers across the mile causeway approaching the town from the north. They lighted the bombs with their cigarets and blew Huerta and his soldiers out of their stronghold, covered as it was by Federal machine-guns in the hills. Reed put all this in the past tense, and it came true.

Everything
As Usual

CENTRAL
CAFE

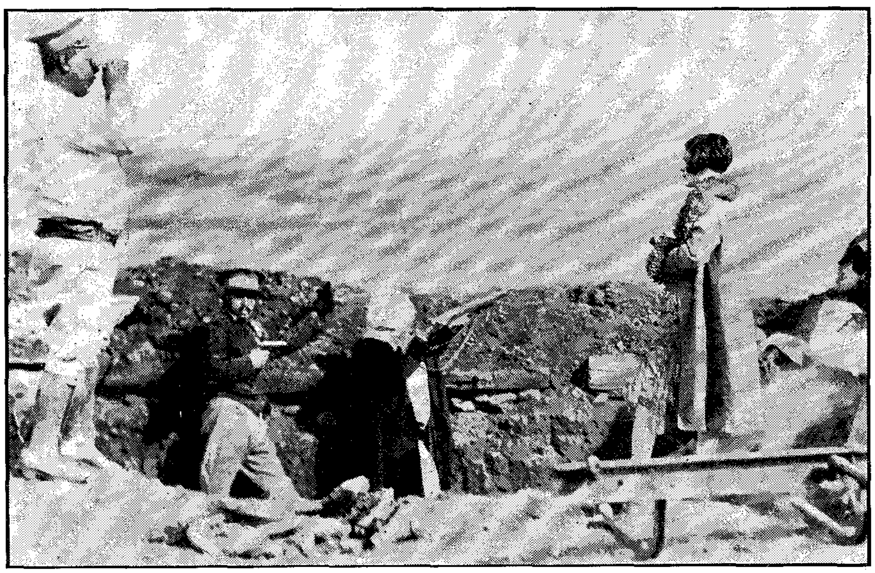
Juarez, Mexico
S. G. Gonzales, Prop.
—Adv.

A FRIENDLY TIP

This ad in the El Paso *Times* had the effect of reassuring tourists across the international bridge.

Mr. Gallant's club in Greenwich village, we are told, is a rendezvous for a few once youthful adventurers who found zest and amusement in the doings of Señor Villa and his fellow patriots. The revolution seems tame to them. They recall La Coronela, of whom Mr. Parton writes:

La Coronela, fighting Amazon who led an "army" of 400 men, was properly La Señora Concepcion Vazquez Viuda de Flores, the widow of General Flores, from whom she inherited her army. Fighting with the insurrectos, she and her army of 400 were a devastating host. Strong as any man, of splendid physique, she swanked gloriously all through the revolution at the head of her troops.



International Newsreel photograph

BOB-HAIRED PATRIOTISM DOES ITS BIT FOR THE FEDERAL CAUSE

Rumor whispers of a loyal "battalion of death" on the Russian model, but it simmers down to this evidential coup of the news photographer.

Cool nights – – rainless days this summer – – *in Southern California*

"HOW do people *sleep* in Southern California in summer?" is the question asked by those who have enjoyed California's balmy winter days. The answer is, "Under blankets, ten nights out of eleven in June, July, August and September."

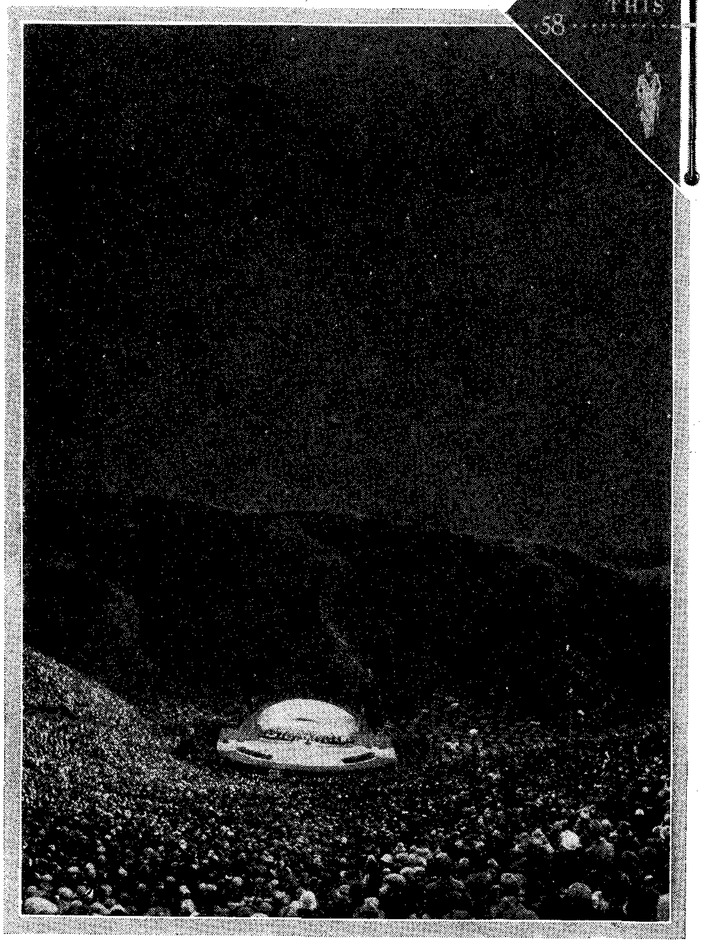
There are not the same temperature variations here between summer and winter as elsewhere. Summer days are cool, comfortable and free from humidity. Muggy, sultry days are practically unknown. The secret lies in the prevailing westerly winds that blow across the cool Pacific. By sun-down, even in July and August, there is usually a touch of chill in the air, and light wraps are worn in the evenings.

These cool, rejuvenating nights and sunny rainless days in this captivating country offer the supreme summer vacation opportunity of your lifetime.

Scenic grandeur, historical interest, mountains coming down to meet the sea, fine ocean bathing, mile-high lakes, Old Missions, palm trees, orange groves, canyons, lovely fertile valleys, beaches,—are all connected by 5,000 miles of splendid motor roads and 1,100 miles of trolley lines. Every interest point is quickly available.

Here are famous hotels, gay restaurants, theatres and moving picture studios where you see famous people you have read about. Golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, hiking, horseback riding—all the summer sports—all at their best—with practically no rain all summer to interfere.

"Symphonies under the stars" at Hollywood Bowl



DAYS LIKE THIS
76

Luring beaches with mountain backgrounds

The City of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, and its gay theatres, clubs, and restaurants, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities. Los Angeles County alone produces agricultural products valued at $95,000,000 annually and its oil industry is rated at a billion dollars.

Summer is the native Southern Californian's favorite season. Come and see why he enjoys it. Come *this* summer. While here you may see the entire Pacific Coast at small extra cost. Special summer rates make the trip particularly attractive.

Mail the coupon today. We will send you "Southern California Through the Camera," a new book containing 73 pictures in gravure showing the magnificent scenery, sports, musical and social events that await you here.

Southern California

"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 4-A
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside ☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura ☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name..

Street..

City...State..................

Pierce-Arrow owns this

Known to No Other Motor Car —American or Foreign

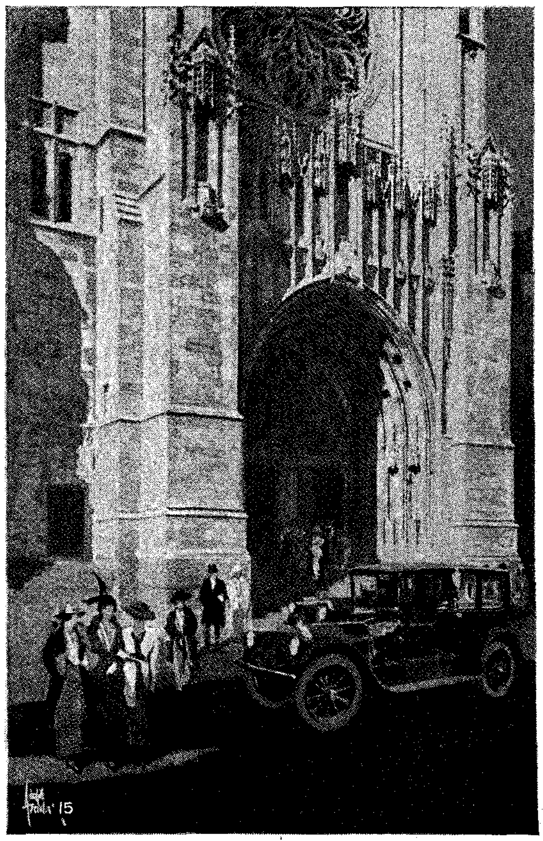
PIERCE-ARROW goes back for nearly three decades—and finds ownership among distinguished people from the very beginning.

In 1901, the name was one of social importance. In 1929, Pierce-Arrow means even more. It has the honor of a rare quality sustained over the years.

Pierce-Arrow, this season, chooses to portray the lineage of its new Straight Eight. And no other automobile can exhibit a family portraiture so patrician.

There has never been a car which so remarkably combines bigness and power and fleetness with slenderness and luxury and grace.

Arriving at the psychological moment, this new creation of Pierce-Arrow forever obsoletes the bulky and the cumbersome—and opens a new chapter in fine car history.

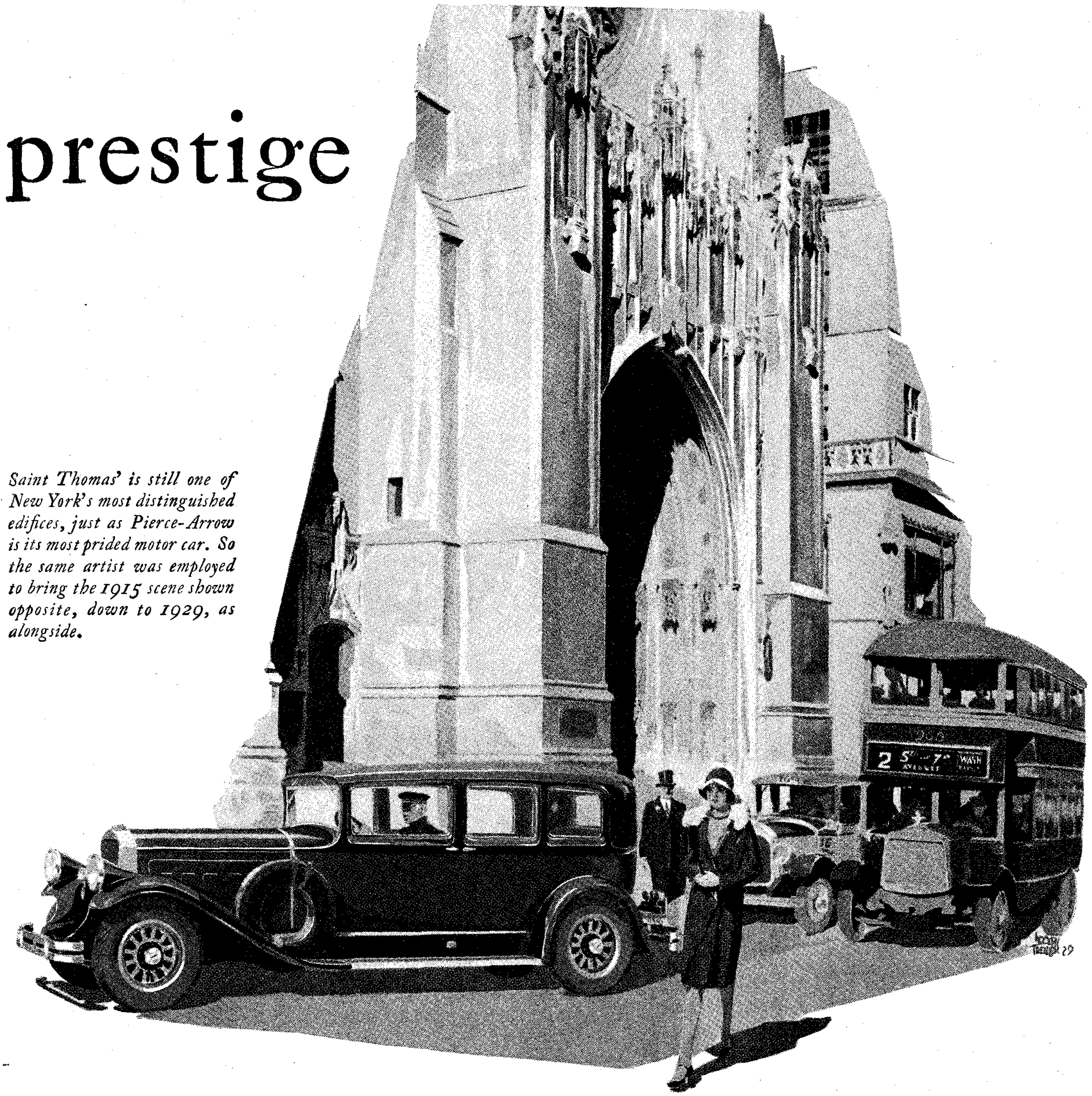


In 1915, Adolph Treidler portrayed this scene as one that set apart New York's Fifth Avenue as the world's most fashionable thoroughfare. The church is Saint Thomas'. The car is Pierce-Arrow.

PIERCE

prestige

Saint Thomas' is still one of New York's most distinguished edifices, just as Pierce-Arrow is its most prided motor car. So the same artist was employed to bring the 1915 scene shown opposite, down to 1929, as alongside.



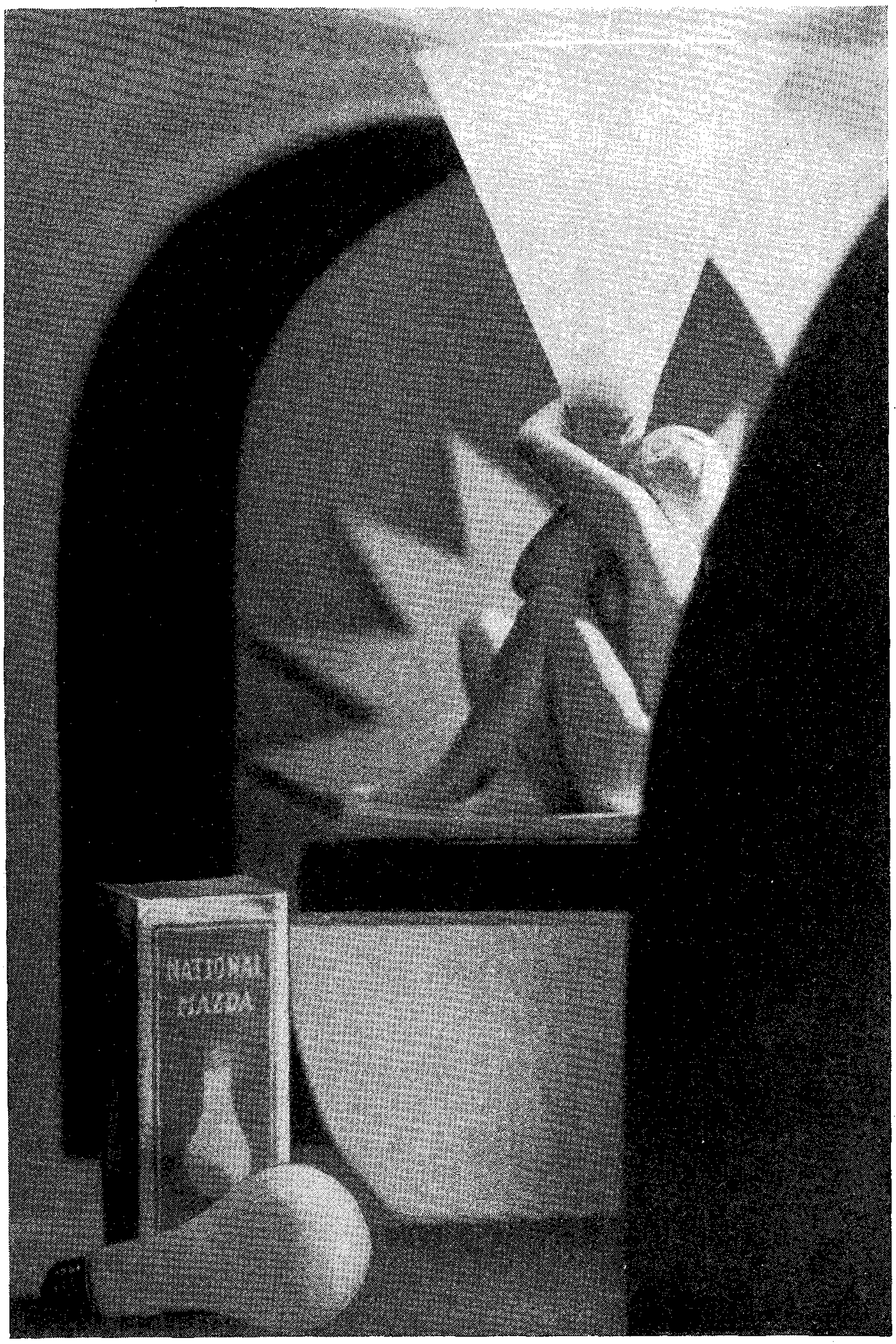
A Straight Eight by Pierce-Arrow

125 Horsepower Engine ➹➹ 85 Miles per Hour ➹➹ 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel-bases ➹➹ 59½-inch Rear Tread ➹➹ 72-inch Over-all Height ➹➹ Ample Head-room ➹➹ Wide Doors ➹➹ Pierce-Arrow Coachwork ➹➹ Non-shatterable Glass ➹➹ Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge. Bodies by Pierce-Arrow ➹➹ Pierce-Arrow in every part! *Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to fine motor cars.*

FROM $2775 TO $8200 AT BUFFALO

The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

ARROW



The modern trend in decoration ▲ in art ▲ in architecture ▲ finds complete and satisfying expression in the beauty and simplicity of the inside-frosted National *Mazda lamp. ▲ ▲ ▲

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

*Mazda—the mark of a Research Service.

NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

SOLDIER MONKS WHO WILL FIGHT WAR

THE Colonel held out his sword to the Crown Prince, his superior and friend. "I will have no more part in the barbarous work," he declared. This German Army officer had distinguished himself in the World War, but ceaseless slaughter had sickened him and he defied the heir to the throne of Germany. Court martial and a firing squad loomed ahead, but he was saved by family influence, to be interned in a sanitarium. Now, we read in a copyrighted Berlin dispatch to the New York *Evening World*, this officer and 200 of his fellows have entered a Franciscan monastery in the Principality of Hohenzollern. They will devote their lives to religion and work for peace. Reading on:

Most of the Franciscan novices are scions of wealthy and noble families who fought with distinction in the imperial Armies. War experiences left them in such a shattered mental and moral condition, they claim, that to preserve their very sanity they have renounced society and have retired from the world.

Henceforth they propose to devote themselves solely to works of charity, and to the propagation of the ideals of peace and human brotherhood according to the conceptions of St. Francis of Assisi, the founder and patron of the order to which they now belong.

Altho their lives will be chiefly devoted to spiritual interests, they will take an active part in humanitarian movements that look for the abolition of war and its horrors. Observers see in the action of the ex-Army officers but another manifestation of the wholehearted and deep-founded desire for peace among the German people. When 200 young men, most of them belonging to the Junker class, will go to the extent of giving up all worldly advancement in order to serve the cause of peace, religion, and justice, it shows that there is a strong undercurrent of sentiment running in the right direction in Germany, say these men.

Instead of drilling and attending reunions of the militaristic Stahl-Helm, these young men, who were looked upon only a short few months ago as potential sabre-rattlers and spur-clinkers in their native surroundings, now rise at three in the morning to attend matins. They spend their days in pious meditation, literary work, and attending to gardens and meadows.

Many of them have confessed that they were on the verge of breakdown following an ineluctable remorse over participation in the war, and that the solitude and tranquillity of a monastery looked to them as the only means to escape the gnawings of a harrowed conscience. Going to the gate of the monastery, asking for admittance, several told the prior that they had come to do penance.

The prior, who was interviewed by a representative of the paper, declared that without an exception these men have proven to be in earnest, and that nearly all had found peace of mind and a new desire to live.

PUNISHING COUNTERFEITERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

WHAT a row there was when the passer of bad money was discovered! Punishment was direct and speedy; and it fitted the crime. The South Sea Islander, we learn from Jack McLaren, the traveler, in the New York *World* Magazine, had traded off on his unsuspecting friend a shell armlet with a flaw; and when this flaw was discovered, through the breaking of this piece of native money, the offender settled the matter only by making a new one. Passers of bad money are as much disliked in the South Seas as anywhere else, observes Mr. McLaren, who tells us of the various objects that pass for money on these remote islands. Shells, tobacco and similar objects are used; and they are so bulky, the writer says, that his cash box while he was among the natives, was a large trunk. Swindlers in those lands are as common, apparently, as they are here, and cautious natives are ever on guard against them. One swindle, we read, was even less successful than that already cited. Thus:

> Coveting a particularly gorgeous head-dress for which the owner—a chief—had refused all offers, a young native announced he would give for it an armlet of such remarkable size that it could be worn above the knee, let alone the elbow. Engaged by the prospect of possessing such a wonderful armlet, the chief promised to sell the head-dress for it.
>
> But all that the young native did was to produce an armlet of merely ordinary size and explain that he had meant the knee of a child—having said nothing about the knee of a man. He demanded that the chief hand over the head-dress forthwith, as befitting a man who kept his word. But all he got was a clip over the ear from the chief and such a trouncing from various warriors standing around that he fled into the surrounding jungle and hid there until matters somewhat calmed down.
>
> In another island there is a shell money called *sapi-sapi*—tiny red shells with holes bored in them so that they can be strung together. A hundred of them are equivalent to about $5 worth of goods, and they are quite a regular currency. They are exceedingly decorative in the mass, and I once made a kind of bead door-curtain of them—a circumstance which caused the natives to think I was a very wealthy person indeed. But as the curtain gradually, and mysteriously, grew thinner and shorter I was compelled finally to take it down. The temptation to nip off an occasional "coin" or two had proved too much for my house boys.
>
> There was once a would-be clever white trader who had large numbers of exact celluloid imitations of these shells made in Europe and sent to him in the islands, where he set out to pass them off as real. It was a dirty trick, and at first the natives fell for it; but they soon discovered the deception—and one morning the trader was found clubbed to death. They were mostly cannibals in that district, but it was considered that a man like that was too mean and despicable for eating; so they were content merely with killing him. Cannibals are rather discriminating people, you know, as regards their food supply.

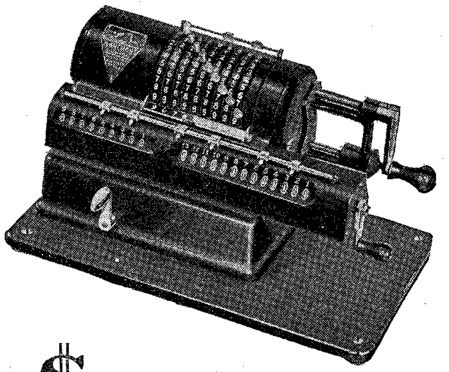
Tobacco is widely used as currency. Indeed, we are told, without it one could hardly manage at all, because:

> It serves as a kind of small change with which to pay for food, for the day-by-day labor of porters, for tips and presents—in short, for all the small occasions of trade. No matter how well off one might be, to be tobaccoless in the South Seas would be as awkward as having only a $100 bill for street-car fare. The tobacco is made up in sticks of twenty-five to the pound weight, and is rank and black. The size and weight are fixt by government regulation.
>
> Blankets, bales of cloth, hand mirrors, beads, axes and all manner of haberdashery and ironmongery oddments are also used as money. With such things I have paid my fare on a long-distance canoe journey, bought pieces of land and paid for the building of a house, materials and all. And a good house it was, too, tho made of thatch, having three large rooms and a wide veranda all around.
>
> Once I bought a child with them. It was at Cape York, far-north Australia, the scene of my book, "My Crowded Solitude," and the child was a motherless native boy. Declaring that he couldn't be bothered to look after a child, his father had decided to kill the little chap, and it was to save him from this that I purchased him. I called him Fitzherbert, reared him as carefully as I could, and grew to love him. He is still alive and flourishing. I regard the buying of Fitzherbert as the strangest use to which any of my hoards of outlandish currencies have been put.
>
> In far-inland New Guinea the thing most widely used for money is salt—just ordinary table salt. Because of the distance to the coast and consequent lack of salinity in the air, the natives of those regions crave salt as they crave little else. Very often when they are unfriendly to the stranger, it is the only thing which will induce them to work for him, to carry his goods, to supply him with food.

"Naturally, currencies such as these I have mentioned are confusing and generally unsatisfactory," says Mr. McLaren, adding that "one never knows quite where one stands in the matter of values, and much wearisome argument is entailed. Quoting further:

> So it was that at one trading station I established I decided to put a more businesslike system into practise. From a number of empty kerosene cans I cut a quantity of disks about the size of a dollar, each of which I die-stamped with an X. Then after destroying the die, in case any one should find it and start coining on me, I explained to the natives that the disks were coins, or tokens, with which I would pay them for the copra and other goods they brought me, and with which they could purchase their needs from my store. Then I fixt fair prices—how many disks I would pay for a bag of copra, and the corresponding disk-value of the goods in my store—and the scheme was started. I felt that in thus elevating barter to the realm of commerce I was something of a benefactor of the isles, and was proud of myself.
>
> It was not a great success, however, one reason being that to the natives trading was more a matter of exchanging presents than it was of buying and selling; another, that they distrusted a medium of exchange which had no intrinsic value. Trading fell off so that I was forced to abandon my grand scheme and revert to the picturesque but cumbersome methods of the past.

Why take chances on your figures?



$125

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Now everyone can be *certain* of accurate figures,—and save time too. Here's a *complete* figuring machine, not only adds, but multiplies, divides and subtracts—all for $125 (terms if desired). Performs all calculations, yet so simple to operate that *anyone* can master it in 10 minutes. No mental work. No checking and re-checking. Portable—slips into a handbag or the file drawer of a desk. Efficient and durable. Carries standard Marchant guarantee. Mail coupon for full details.

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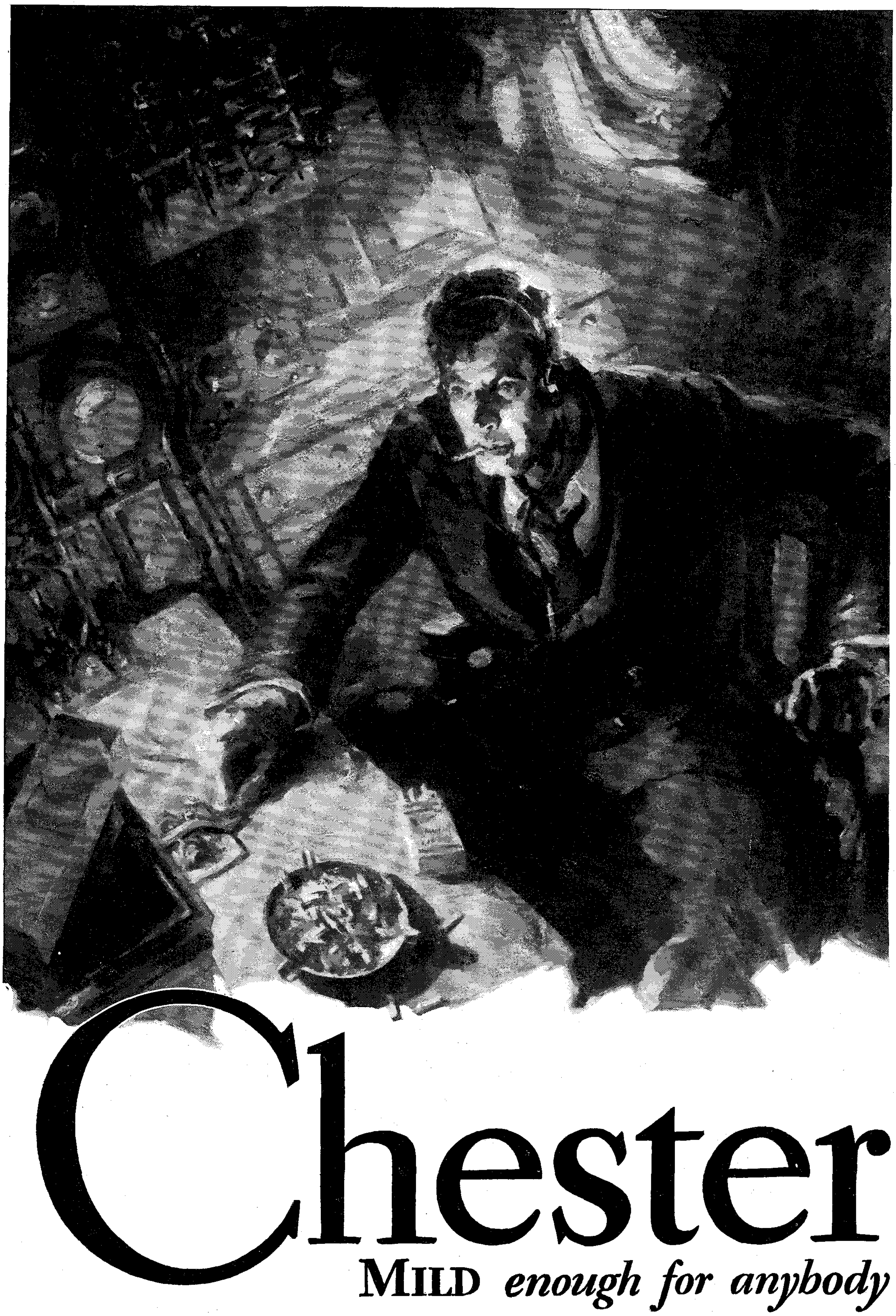

Chester
MILD enough for anybody

What a cigarette meant there

Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

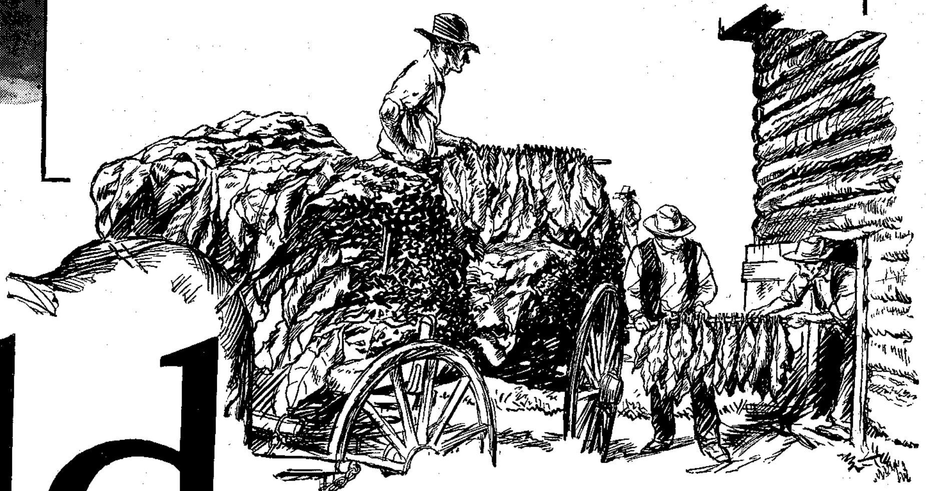
What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing-barn— the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later ageing and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

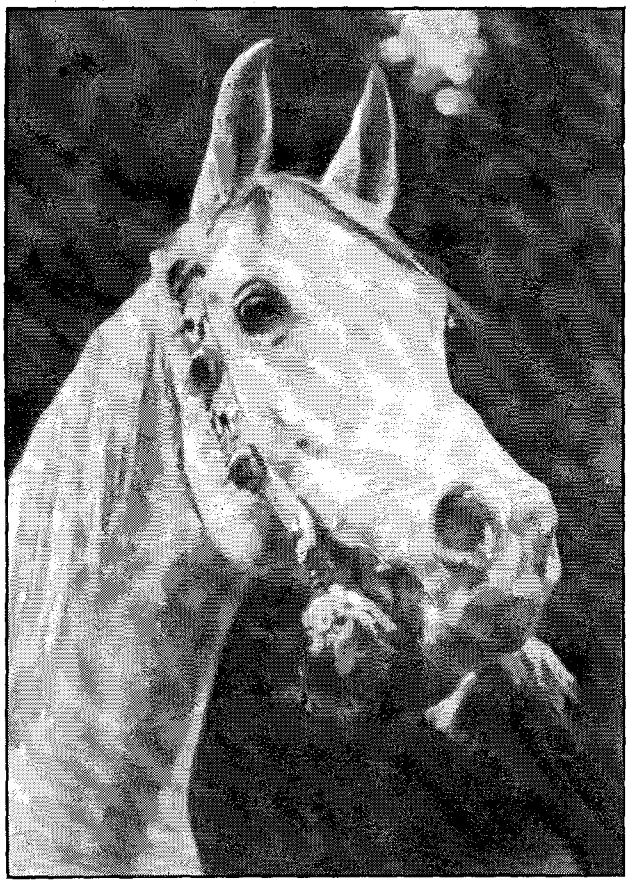
field

. . . . *and yet* THEY SATISFY

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

SHALL AMERICA SAVE THE NOBLE ARAB STRAIN?

THE YOUNG SON OF THE SHEIKH Mishaal ibn Faris conducted the horse-loving traveler to a tent, and showed him "a very beautiful bay mare." Having duly admired her, the stranger, whose mission it was to buy Arab steeds of the purest descent for Western breeding studs, broached the all-important question of the mare's pedigree. "Is she *asil?*" he inquired, meaning noble—that is, a pure-bred daughter of one of the strains descended from the five noble mares which, under a harsh test, won the benediction of the Prophet by obeying the trumpeted summons to battle in preference to quenching their own burning thirst. Now a Bedouin, it seems, will never lie about a mare's pedigree, even to make a sale. Quaintly as this may contrast with "hoss trading" traditions in certain other countries, it is set down as a sober fact by Carl R. Raswan, who writes of the Arabian horse, under the title "The Drinker of the Air," in *Asia* Magazine. For eight years, Mr. Raswan tells us, he traveled among the nomad tribes who breed those precious strains to which English and American thoroughbreds owe their finest qualities, and examined thousands of horses, buying with discrimination the best obtainable specimens of *asil* ancestry. In answer to his question as to the beautiful bay mare's pedigree, the son of the sheikh confessed his ignorance. "He could not even reveal the strain-name of the mare," relates Mr. Raswan, continuing:

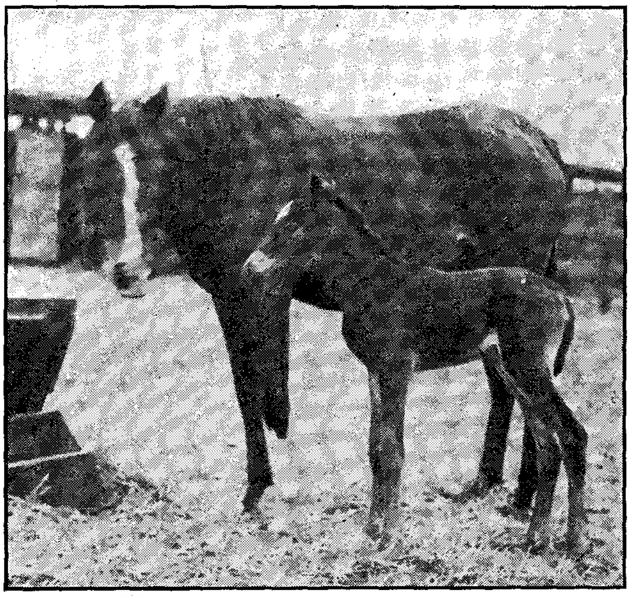


Copyright by Carl R. Raswan. Photographs from *ASIA* Magazine

AN ARAB'S HEAD TELLS AN ELOQUENT TALE

To the eyes of those "fanatics" who breed for purity only, and who understand the Arab saying, "Weal is knotted in the forelocks of noble horses until the day of judgment."

> I wanted to buy her. She was priced at only sixty gold pounds, and she was worth six hundred at least. I was willing to give more than sixty pounds for her, but I needed her pedigree to be able to register her later in America.
>
> Neither the sheikh, however, nor anybody else would testify to her breeding. "But she is a Saklawiyah," I said. Anybody who knew Arabian horses could see that she was a Saklawiyah—a typical one, too. But was she Saklawiyah-Jidraniyah, as she appeared to be, or something else? They would not testify to her strain and family name at all. They would say only that she was "taken" in a *ghazu* against the Amarat Anaza, and that her owner had been killed. The new owner explained: "The traders from Central Arabia buy our Shamaliyah mares and those of unknown origin because they look only for fast horses, and we do not need to give them any pedigrees except those for our own young colts, which we truthfully know."



Copyright by Carl R. Raswan

A TINY HEIR TO GLORIOUS DESERT TRADITIONS

This baby was only two hours old when photographed thus with its fond mamma, an Arabian brought to America by Mr. Raswan in 1924 and acclimated in California.

> The mare was then offered to me as a gift, but I had to explain that, according to government requirements and the regulations of stud-book officials, I could not export her to my homeland for breeding purposes without a certified pedigree, and that I should be doing her an injustice to take her along like an ordinary horse. At this they all exclaimed, "*Wallahi*, she is *asil!*" But this testimony to her authentic blood was not sufficient in regard to her strain, and reluctantly I had to go away without her. Three months later, as it happened, an Amarat arrived at Sheikh Mishaal's camp to receive the blood-price for his dead relative. Then only was it revealed that this mare was a Saklawiyah-Jidraniyah, and, when word to that effect was conveyed to me, I was six hundred miles away among the Ruala Bedouins.
>
> To the Bedouins the horse has one great purpose. She (the collective name for "horse" is *faras*, meaning "mare") is esteemed according to her usefulness in war and on raids, and in general she alone is used for riding. Yet the strain is named for her, and the strain-name inherited from her. Inasmuch as it is a trait of the Arab to carry tendencies to extremes, an Arab sire will fix and intensify in the offspring the characteristics of the dam. Hence the greatest care must be taken in the choice of a mare for breeding purposes. If she is blest with an even temper and all-around good qualities (including height, since it is she and not the stallion that gives the height), the Arabian sire will increase these qualities in the foal to such a degree that subsequent horse generations up to fifteen will benefit from this one influence.

Yet the Arabian mare, tho priceless in the eyes of the

Bedouin, is expected to undergo the most trying ordeals, relates Mr. Raswan. "In camp she wears a pair of wooden hobbles or, when an enemy may be near, patiently carries a heavy iron chain, fetters and lock around the front pasterns." Furthermore:

For days and weeks she follows the *dhalul*, or racing-camel, on a raid, tied to the cinch of the camel's saddle and ready to carry her master, if the enemy is sighted, at a flying gallop into the fray. She may have to walk for eighty miles daily or to go at top speed for twenty miles or more. Even in the foaling season, which begins in February, she is ridden to her last day, and, if her time comes in the midst of a fight, her owner retires with her temporarily to a quiet place. She gets little rest after foaling and sometimes so little food—perhaps not even a handful of barley or dates twice a day—that she lacks sufficient milk for her young one.

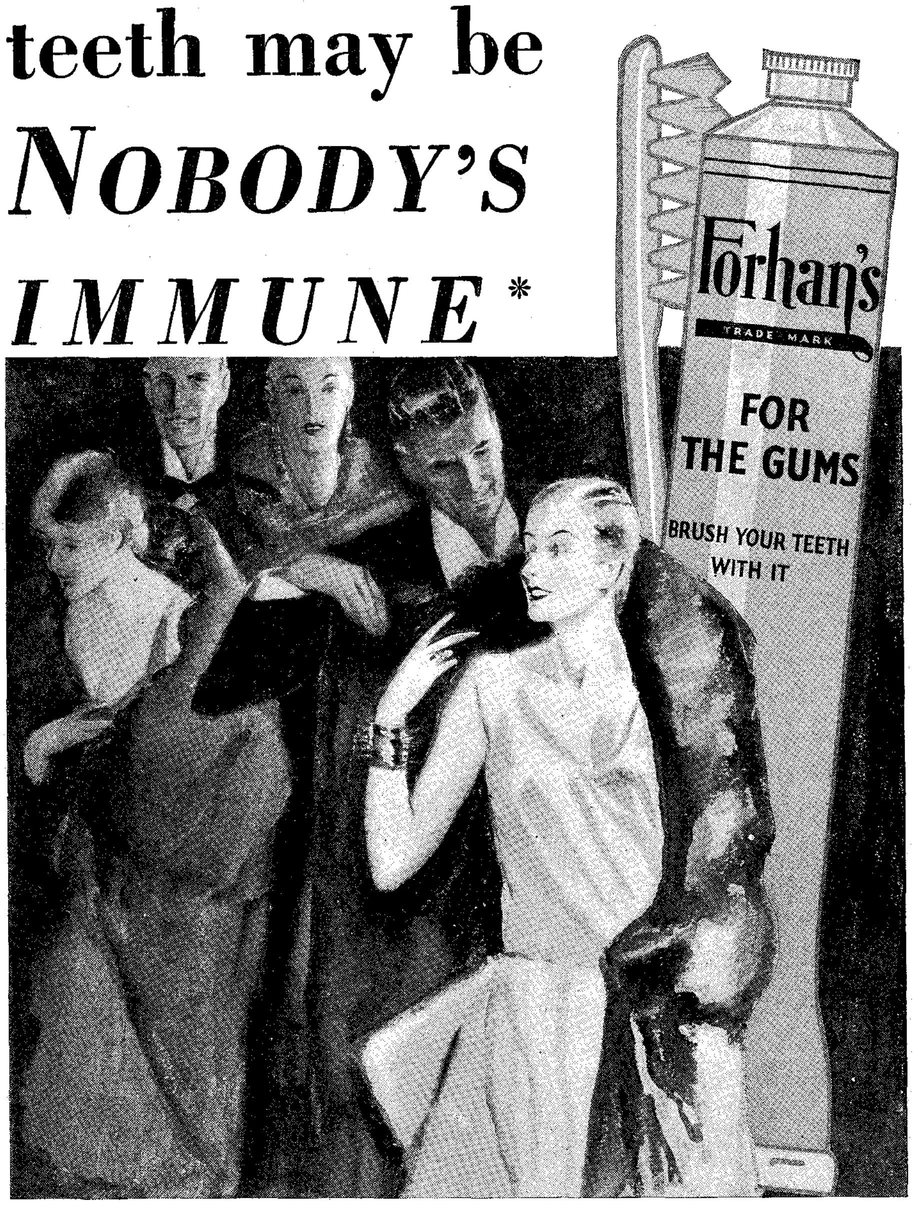
The Prophet forbade mutilation of the teeth, ears, and forelock of the growing horse, but he did not forbid the gelding of a stallion. The Bedouin's custom, however, is never to castrate his colts. He sells what he does not wish to keep, usually when they are a year and a half old. Fillies he does not sell, except for financial, political, or friendly reasons. He will sometimes lend a mare to a warrior and receive half of the spoil, or he will sell her to various others and share in her offspring. One man may own her "near fore leg," another her "off hind leg," and so on, and in succession, then, the different men will claim the foals that are born of her. But I have seen Bedouins mutilate mares in order to make them seem less desirable to would-be purchasers or to enemies.

Once in a Fidaan Anaza camp, before the World War, I saw a Bedouin use a most curious method of detracting from the value of a perfect mare that he did not intend to sell. He forced her to touch pork, in the presence of some city Arabs from Deir ez-Zor, because the Turkish provincial officer, known to be very "religious," had an eye on her and had sworn to get possession of her. The witnesses, in Oriental fashion, carried the news to the Turkish officer that this animal ate pork to retain her beauty and power of endurance, and thereafter the Bedouin and his "infidel" mare lived in peace.

Mares of purest blood can still be obtained in the desert, as I discovered again last year; but how to acquire them is not a simple question of money. They are usually typical, small Arabs, not above 14.2 hands high, and they do not as a rule find favor in the eyes of us Occidentals. They have the most perfect and characteristic head marks, but are often in a pitiable condition from overuse and the hard, rough life in the desert. An American friend of mine, visiting with me an Anaza camp and hearing me rave about such a specimen, gave up in despair and said: "Keep your antiques for yourself! I have seen what I want in Damascus, Hama, and Deir ez-Zor." Perhaps herein lies the reason why so few pure and outstanding Arabian horses have been exported. Those that can be bought are the good-looking and well-nourished ones left in the camps because they are useless for raids.

To be able to buy a mare of high physical and mental quality is good luck indeed; for to possess her is to own a treasure. But, tho she may be worth many thousands of dollars, a Bedouin would rather give her to you, if you were his friend, than part "dishonorably" for money with the best

No matter how white teeth may be NOBODY'S IMMUNE*



*4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea

DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc . . . A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Brush your teeth, of course. But also brush gums vigorously with Forhan's for the Gums. It safeguards teeth and health. It helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

When you have used Forhan's for a few days you will see an improvement in the appearance and health of the gums. Also you will note that this dentifrice cleans teeth and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Pay a semi-annual visit to your dentist. And start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this health habit. They'll thank you in later years. For it is the most sensible way to care for teeth and gums and so protect precious health. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums. Use it faithfully.

New . . . *Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant*

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

HOUDAILLE

27 YEARS OF PIONEERING

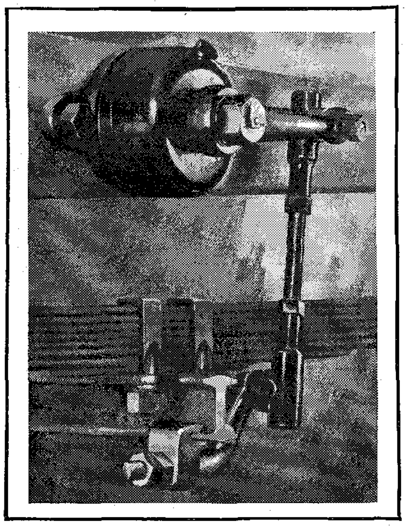
THE comfort and convenience of modern life has not come by chance. The Pioneers who blazed trails, harnessed streams, planned cities and linked them together with bands of steel rails, merely paved the way for scores of other pioneers, whose genius and fortitude have contributed a thousand devices for comfort, convenience and easier living.

Such a Pioneer was Maurice Houdaille.

When the first "gasoline buggies" appeared on the streets of two continents, Maurice Houdaille of Paris, even then an eminent engineer, made three simple deductions:

1. *A motor vehicle could not be driven at great speed over average roads . . . with either comfort or safety, without a shock absorbing device.*
2. *That the device must be able to absorb both the upward and downward thrust of the shock.*
3. *That it would have to be built on the hydraulic double acting principle.*

Houdaille's 27 years of *Pioneering* developed the Houdaille hydraulic double acting shock absorber that made supreme riding comfort available for motor cars of all sizes and makes.



Prices $50, $75 and $100 plus installation
Slightly higher west of the Rockies
and in Canada

Houdaille *Pioneering* taught the automobile industry (after many experiments with other types of devices) the necessity for hydraulic control.

Houdaille *Pioneering* had its effect in convincing the engineers of Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Cunningham, Stearns-Knight, Jordan, Ford, Nash Advanced Six, Chrysler Imperial, Studebaker President and Graham-Paige, to specify Houdailles as standard equipment on these cars. No manufacturer having adopted Houdailles as standard equipment has ever given them up.

Houdailles left the experimental stage many years ago. By virtue of every test of service and accomplishment, they are the world's greatest shock absorbers.

Houdaille is proud of having contributed 27 years of *Pioneering* to enable you to enjoy the smoothest ride over the roughest roads to anywhere.

If you are not enjoying supreme riding comfort . . . drive around to a Houdaille Service Station or to your own car dealer, and have a set installed immediately.

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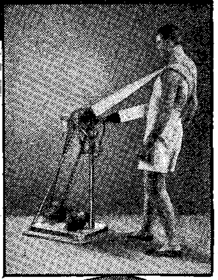
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

HYDRAULIC DOUBLE ACTING SHOCK ABSORBERS

HEALTH and BEAUTY in 15 minutes a day



TEDIOUS dieting, backbreaking exercises no longer necessary! For an ingenious new device, the Battle Creek Health Builder, enables you to keep gloriously healthy—pleasingly slender—without any effort on your part!

The Battle Creek Health Builder, designed by a world-famous physician, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion, and reduces superfluous weight. Used daily in countless private homes and by numerous physicians in their practice, the Battle Creek Health Builder is a safe, simple, scientific method of reducing weight and keeping vigorously healthy. It is made in three models to suit every need—every pocketbook.

Endorsed by Famous Beauties

Famous beauties, stars of stage and screen, social leaders everywhere use the Health Builder daily. One user says, "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to everyone who is interested in keeping radiantly healthy and in retaining a beautiful figure."

Send for FREE Book

Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the Battle Creek Health Builder in operation—with complete series of home exercise treatments. Write today!

MAKE THIS TEST!

New Home Demonstration Offer

Try the Battle Creek Health Builder for ten days in your own home. See for yourself its amazing efficiency. No obligation—mail coupon for details.

The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit!

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Please send me the Free Book, "Health and Beauty", also full details of Home Demonstration Offer.

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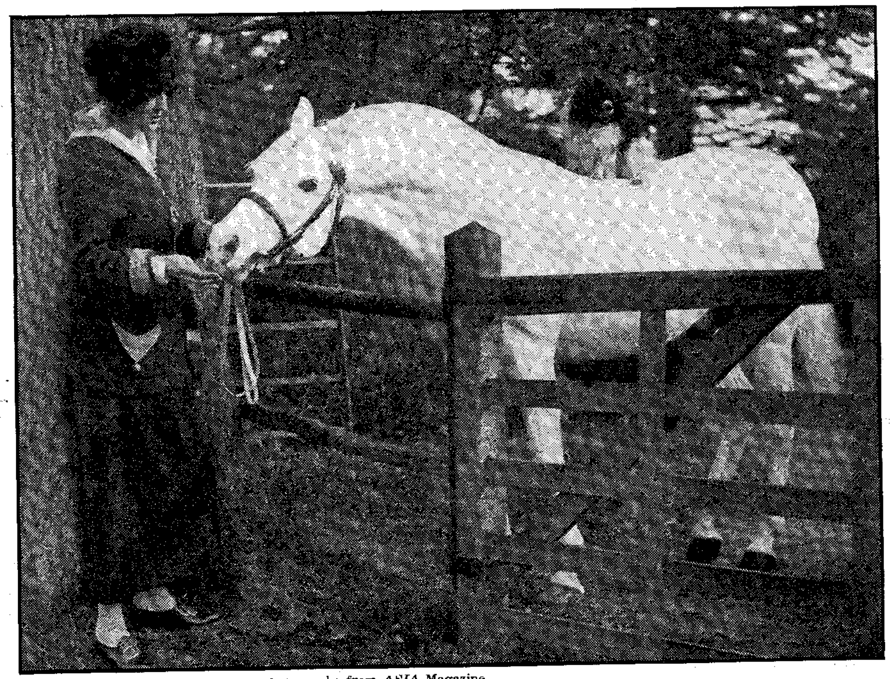
Address ....
City .... State ....

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

he has. His mare has brought him honor only. She has knelt down beside him when he was wounded, so that he could mount easily. She has watched over him while he slept and roused him at the approach of man or beast. There are no names too sweet for her, no comparisons too good. He may be poor, but in the council of the sheikh his mare is so respected that his friends rise when he enters, in tribute to her, the war-mare of renown. When they pass her, they put their hands on her forehead and call her blest.



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SHE "HOLDS THE RAREST HORSEBLOOD OUTSIDE OF ARABIA"

Lady Wentworth is pictured at her stud in England with a glorious animal described as "the last historical scion of the stud of Prince Potocki (destroyed by the Bolshevists), the pure white Arab stallion Skowronek, whose fame reaches over the world to-day.

I do not mean to imply, by all I have said about the mare, that the stallion is unimportant. Among fanatically orthodox breeders he is chosen from the same strain, if possible, as the mare; that is, a Kuhailan stallion for a Kuhailah mare, a Saklawi stallion for a Saklawiyah mare, and so on. However, since this is almost impossible, the various tribes have preferred strains, from which they select stallions to be mated to mares of any of the choice strains. Serving a mare is free. "We do not sell the love of our horses," say the Bedouins. A breeder who allows his mare to be covered from a stallion of the same strain only has to do much inbreeding, yet without damage to the offspring. The Arab in the desert may be considered as pure in blood as the wild lion or the zebra, both of which closely mate without bad results. To the Bedouins inbreeding is the highest test of pure blood in Arabian horses, since by this means the characteristics of the particular strains are preserved strikingly and brought to greatest perfection in the progeny. Personally I belong to this class of breeders.

The chief criticism that one hears of the Arab horse is, "He is so small," yet he is a greater weight-carrier than larger horses and develops greater powers, declares Mr. Raswan, and he proceeds to cite an American example of what Arab horseflesh can do:

> One of the finest endurance records known in this country was made by Razzia, a chestnut Arabian stallion, foaled in 1907, whom Captain Tompkins, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., rode in an official test on October 30, 1913, from Northfield, Vermont, to Fort Ethan Allen and back—104 miles in 15 hours and 30 minutes. The Arab is distinguished by longevity as well as endurance. He lives to be about thirty-four, twelve years longer than other breeds. Also, instead of the "washy" substance often found in larger horses, he has firmness and elasticity in the tendinous and fibrous contexture, and he gains in size up to 15.1 hands, when bred in Europe or America, without losing the compress quality of his heritage as a desert animal. Nevertheless, his size really counts for little, since, as I have said, the mare gives the height. How often has a 16-hand cross-bred horse been produced from an Arabian stallion of 14.2 hands! If the size of the Arabian stallion mattered, we could not have seen reproduced with Arabian stallions of the same size Welsh mountain ponies, hackneys, thoroughbreds, and other breeds.
>
> Modern European interest in horse-breeding, which has become an American interest, too, was brought about by a kind of revolutionary incident in the tribal life of Central Arabia, the beginning, that is, of the great migrations of the Anaza and Shammar Bedouins, after the middle of the seventeenth century, to the northern pastures. This movement extended suddenly as far as the middle Euphrates and to the very gates of Damascus and even Aleppo. In 1715 the Darley Arabian, a stallion imported to England some years previously from the Anaza Bedouins in the neighborhood of Aleppo, produced Flying Childers. The first volume of the English *Stud-Book* was not published until 1808, but, from the time of the Darley Arabian

on, there was an attempt to collect and preserve pedigrees and records. The foundation of the English thoroughbred race-horse rests solidly and historically on the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb. All hackney pedigrees as well trace to the son of the Darley Arabian, who was the speediest race-horse of his time, since it was Blaze, son of Flying Childers, who, bred to a Norfolk mare, produced Shales, the first typical hackney, about 1755.

Mr. Raswan advocates the breeding of the Arab horse, as he explains, "not to have him take the place of established types that have been created for special purposes, but in order to perpetuate his own type and special qualities of health, power, endurance, gentleness and beauty, and to save his rare blood, which is disappearing fast from the earth." And he tells us further:

> The *asil* Arab is indeed dying out, not because he either does not reproduce or is killed off, but because his blood is continually and increasingly contaminated by careless breeding. There are in existence a million and a half or more of so-called "Arabs" or "Orientals," but, in addition to the hypothetical eight hundred first-class Arabs left in Arabia, there are not more than fifteen outstanding individuals on the continent of Europe, sixty in England, forty in America and seventy in the rest of the world—fewer than a thousand all told. The Bedouins themselves, fated as they are to endure modern upheavals and the demoralizing impact of the West, can not preserve the authentic blood. Nor can the present Arab studs do so, since their future is not guaranteed. The outstanding studs during the past century were in Egypt, Hungary, Russia, and England. They have disappeared, except for the one containing the marvelous remnants saved at Crabbet Park by Lady Wentworth out of the two studs owned by her mother, Lady Anne Blunt, in Egypt and England. Crabbet Park includes also, besides the choice of the disposal sale of the Khedive's stables and of the world-famous stud of Ali Pasha Sherif, the last historical scion of the stud of Prince Potocki in Russia—the pure white Arabian stallion Skowronek. The name of this horse reaches over the world to-day, especially into Arabia, whence the Bedouins and other Arabs have traveled as on a pilgrimage to England to kiss his forehead and bless him and his owner. Yet, tho Lady Wentworth holds the rarest blood outside of Arabia, it is not absolutely certain that Crabbet Park will not some time in the future fall into the hands of unskilful or indifferent breeders. The United States, therefore, seems to be the place in which there is most lively hope of saving the Arab breed, since some of the best blood is available here, tho scattered, and there is an interest in the enterprise not only among breeders but in the American Remount, which has placed proved Arabian sires in horse-producing states all over the country for the benefit of civilians.
>
> Data in plenty could be cited to support my view of America as, for matter-of-fact reasons, the logical future home of the *asil* Arab, but my purpose here has been, not to state or argue a thesis, but rather to present the Arab as, let us say, a source of esthetic interest—a work of art no less precious than are those masterpieces of painting and sculpture and poetry which

The strain of UNDERWEIGHT

Resist its handicaps with this delicious food beverage at bedtime

THE late winter cold that hung on . . . is it making your Spring miserable? Are you tired out, usually, after work . . nervous . . unable to sleep?

If you are thus handicapped—weigh in today! Your low resistance that brings on these conditions may be due to *underweight.*

That is what authorities now tell you. Give your body strong, firm tissue and natural, normal weight to *build* resistance against these handicaps.

In Horlick's Malted Milk (natural or chocolate flavor) a delightful way to do this has been found.

How it builds you up

First—actual tests show that the pure, full-cream milk and nourishing grains in "Horlick's" contain the vital food elements—protein, carbohydrates, fat, essential minerals, even the valuable vitamins. These alone can build tissue and weight.

Second—the action of the malt enzymes makes these food elements digestible *at once.*

Taken upon retiring, preferably hot, "Horlick's" will help you relax and thus induce the sound sleep so essential in itself to "building up."

Horlick's
Chocolate
MALTED MILK
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

Thousands tell of wonderful results from "Horlick's" at bedtime—weight gains, new energy, sound sleep, steady nerves, freedom from colds. You too will enjoy keeping fit with this inviting beverage. Weigh in and start at once to take "Horlick's" every night before retiring.

If you are overweight, take "Horlick's" at lunch time in place of heavier foods. Then you get ample nourishment with fewer calories.

Let us send you a generous sample to start with. Your choice of flavors—natural or chocolate. Just clip the coupon below and mail it today.

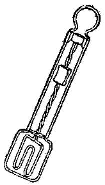
Or buy a package from your dealer. Insist on "Horlick's," the original and genuine. It is economy to buy the best. Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. I-4, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted.

For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk in a pitcher or glass, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.



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☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

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THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

HORLICK'S

UNITED STATES SENATORS SILVER FLEET ON STEPS

Republican and Democratic Leaders Extend Official Welcome

Senators and Congressmen Sign Book of Good Will Greetings

15 Cars and 19 Pilots Pause on Demonstration Tour to Receive Greetings of Nation's Law Makers

Fifteen gleaming silver cars rolled up before the steps of the Nation's Capitol in Washington . . . Nineteen smartly uniformed pilots hurried into line before their shining hoods . . .

A courier hastened up the steps . . . disappeared through the great portal. .

Then . . . at the door . . . a group of men. Senators, Congressmen . . . lawgivers to the Nation. From below, a command.

The Silver Fleet stood at salute before the Congress of the United States.

* * *

Fittingly, the Silver Fleet . . . on parade before 120,000,000 people . . . was received in Washington by the elected representatives of the Nation.

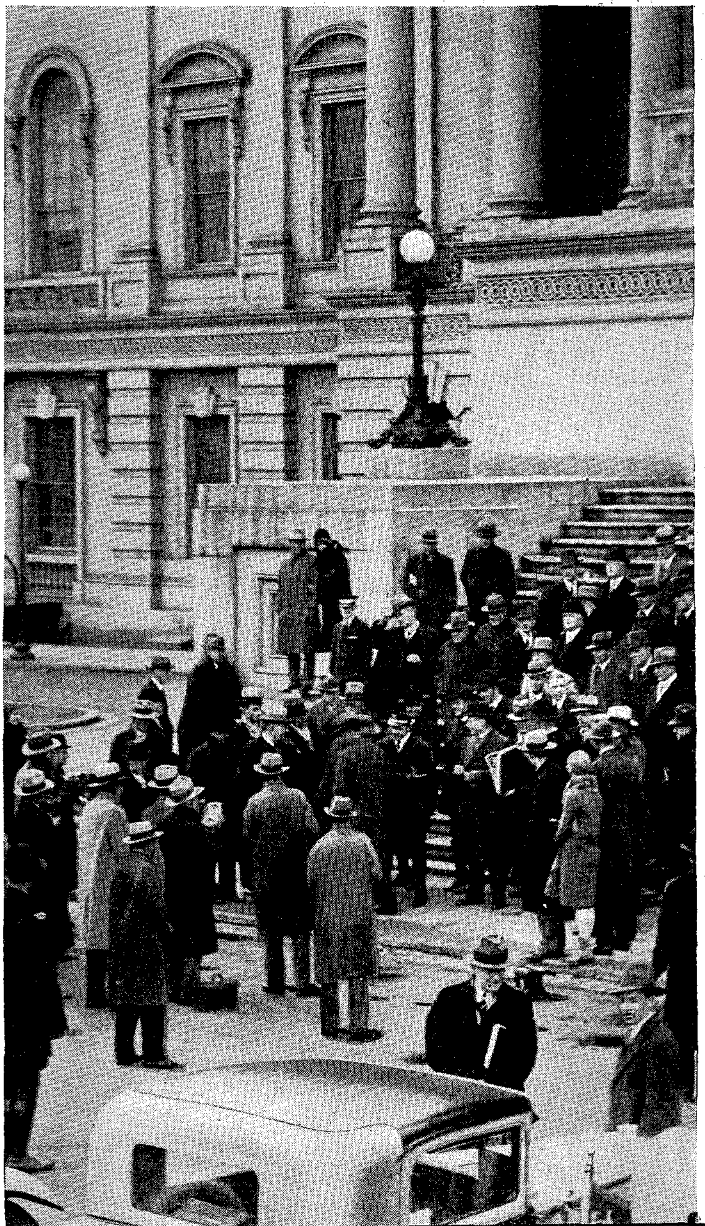
Congressman Tilson and Congressman Garrett, Republican and Democratic floor leaders signed the good will book. Senator Capper of Kansas and other members inspected the fleet . . . asked interested questions . . .

Then, while cameras clicked and news reels ground, the last signature was added, the last inspection made.

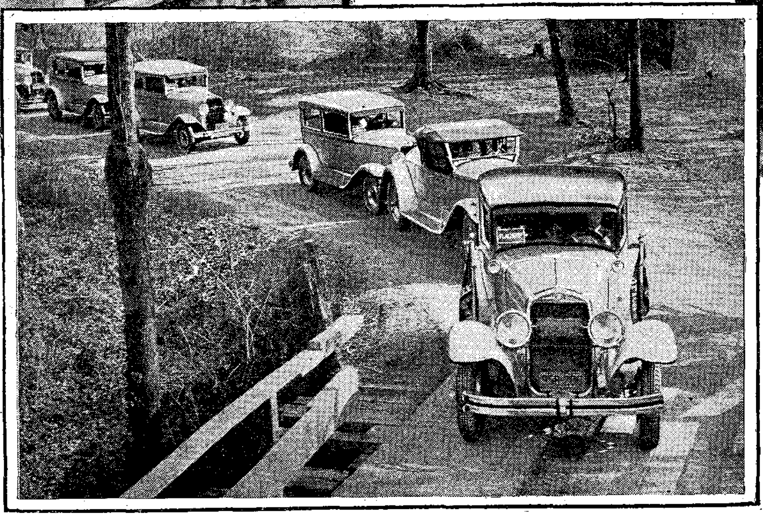
Pilots slipped again behind wheels . . . motors hummed.

A double blast from the Flagship siren . . . and the Fleet wheeled away . . . down Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with crowds to watch another notable procession.

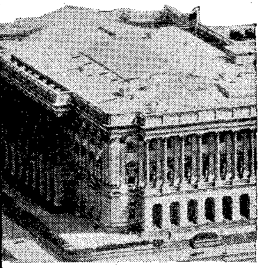
From the broad avenues of Washington the Fleet heads South. Across Vir-



SOLONS GREET ADVENTURERS. *Here's a view of some of the senators and representatives who greeted the Silver Fleet on Washington visit. Photo taken at the foot of the steps of the Capitol.*



HEADED FOR DIXIE! *Photograph at the right was snapped as the Fleet rolled out of Washington and headed South for Florida.*



CAPITOL FROM THE AIR. *Passengers in Goodrich plane which accompanied Fleet to Washington got this view of the Capitol. Members of both houses of Congress attended ceremony on the steps of the center wing.*

AND CONGRESSMEN GREET OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL

ginia, the Carolinas, Georgia. Over the marl roads of Florida's coast line. Through a gulf-state winter. Across the dry Southwest. Into a California spring . . .

On these cars are tires such as you can buy any day in the week . . . four ply, six ply, de luxe . . . run-of-the-pit casings identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you . . .

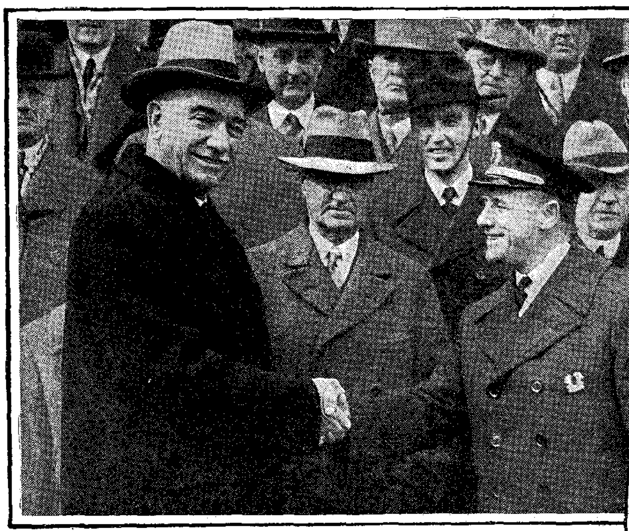
The pilots are facing months of hardship, simply that you may see how Goodrich Tires perform on cars such as yours.

To demonstrate to you the unsurpassed dollar value of Goodrich Tires. Their rugged stamina . . . their great wearing power . . . their sure-footedness on any road . . . their enduring quality in the face of great obstacles.

So follow the Silver Fleet as it goes. Watch the dramatic record it unrolls. See tires just like those on the Fleet in the store of your own Goodrich Tire dealer...

Find out when the Fleet will reach your section of the country . . . And be on hand!

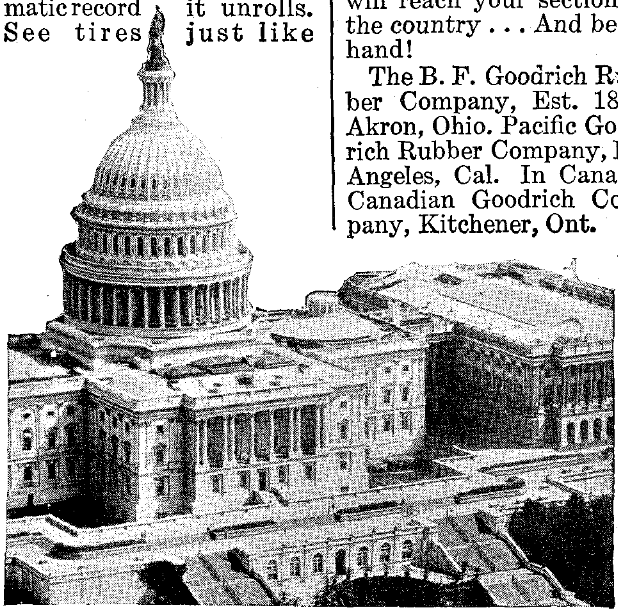
The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

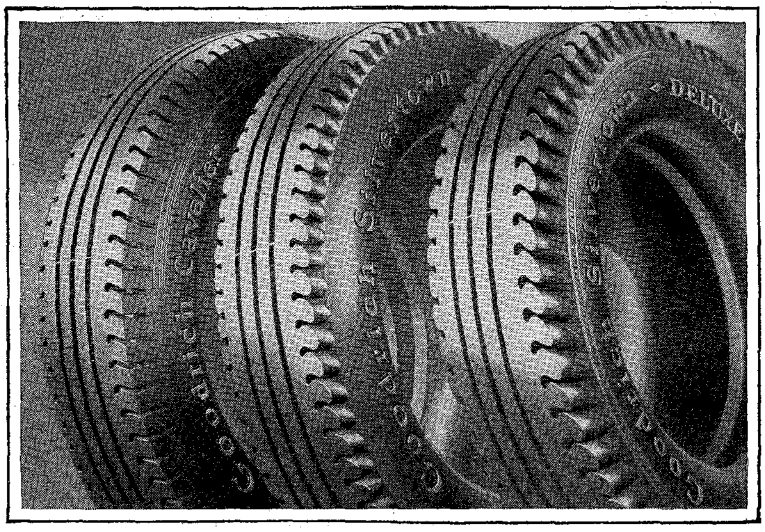


NO POLITICS IN THE FLEET! *Congressman Tilson, Republican floor leader, greets Commander Schaeffer, while Congressman Garrett, Democratic leader in the House, looks on. A non-partisan welcome from leaders of both parties.*

SENATOR INSPECTS FLEET. *(In oval) Senator Capper from Kansas inspects the 15 silver cars of the Silver Fleet with Lieut. Schaeffer.*

FLIES TO GREET FLEET. *Commander Schaeffer and his pilots were waiting to receive Congressman Davey of Ohio when he arrived by plane at Bolling Field to take part in welcoming ceremony.*





THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements (right to left). **Silvertown De Luxe,** for superlative style and outstanding mileage service. **The Famous Silvertown**—the standard quality tire of the Nation—the choice of millions of car owners. **Goodrich Cavalier,** a new low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers and keen buyers.

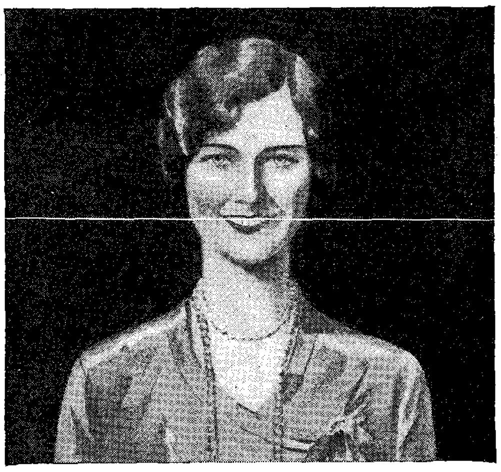
Goodrich Silvertowns

Don't trust to

ANTIQUATED METHODS

to protect beautiful teeth and gums

TODAY WE KNOW THAT FIRST YOU MUST GUARD THE DANGER LINE FROM ACIDS



WOMEN who suffer from slow poisoning by decaying teeth and infected gums may not be actually ill. But they may find charm and beauty waning. For, lack of vitality soon makes faces old.

Indeed, we know now that radiant health has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay. Physicians and dentists tell us that thousands fall victims to heart and nervous disorders, rheumatism, premature old age through tooth decay and gum infection.

And so often, these ills result, not from neglect, but from erroneous methods of mouth hygiene. For, we know now, that just cleaning the exposed tooth surfaces cannot bring full protection. . . .

It is recognized today that the most serious dental troubles begin at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. In the tiny V-shaped crevices there, acids attack the teeth and irritate the gums. And these crevices, particularly those between the teeth, are beyond the reach of any tooth-brush.

Upon the advice of dental authorities, the Squibb Laboratories developed a dental cream that cleans perfectly . . . and also protects the teeth and gums against acids.

Physicians and dentists long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing those acids which attack the teeth and gums. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize the mouth acids and give protection long after use.

Don't risk your health and charm another day. Consult your dentist regularly. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains no astringent, no grit, no abrasives—nothing that can injure the most tender mouth. Use it on the gums. Then you may be sure that your teeth and gums are safeguarded. At druggists—40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it one of the most valuable products in your medicine cabinet.*

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER.

Squibb's
Milk of Magnesia

Squibb's
Dental
Cream

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, WCFL, *for the Priceless Ingredient Message by eminent authorities on the preservation of health. Broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

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SQUIBB'S

Dental Cream

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

the world will not willingly let die. I think it neither bold nor challenging to credit the noble Arabian horse with perfection. To this, indeed, beyond all other creatures that man has subjected to his hand, has it been given, because of a beauty that is spiritual as well as physical, to take possession of man's soul.

American breeders who accept this romantic challenge will be interested in the many legends of the Arabian horse related in Mr. Raswan's article, which is the first of a series. One of the most ancient of these is to the effect that the whole breed is descended from a mare that God presented to Ishmael, the father of the Bedouins, as compensation for his having been disowned by his father, Abraham. How much beauty a Western horse-lover may find in an Arab steed may be gathered from Mr. Raswan's lyrical description of one specimen:

> As I was trotting along an irrigation canal in Lower Egypt, two riders loomed above the horizon. I soon saw that one was a *fellah*, on a donkey, and the other a Bedouin, on a light chestnut stallion of such quality that I could compare only three horses in the world with him—those three that I had seen in the Khedive's stables. I was in the presence of an *asil*, or noble, animal, of purest breeding. There was no doubt of that. His head, with its pyramidal, antelope profile, was fairly short. He tossed it up and down and neighed briefly in high spirits a few times. As his mouth, with its small, firm lower lip, played with the bright-colored tassels of his halter, it revealed teeth of gleaming ivory. His large, thin, wide-open nostrils were like petal tips of a rose or like delicate pink shells. Above the dark fire of his eyes, with their long, shining black lashes, rose high and shieldlike a bold, expressive forehead, bearing a silvery-white new moon, and between the horns of the crescent an irregular mark, also silvery-white, like a star. His head was wide between the jaws and had the concave indenture of the whole nasal bone whereby distinguished ancestry is recognized. The curve of the windpipe culminated in a wonderfully arched throat. The contour of the neck resembled an elongated wave, from which floated in brilliant ripples the silken, silvery-red mane. His small, straight, inward-pointing ears quivered like "lilies trembling in flowing water." His whole body swayed, lithe and slender, with supple strength. His breast was deep and majestic, and his sloping shoulders had the characteristic "swimming movement." His back, short, wide and distinctly seamed, was ideal for the saddle. The muscles of the level croup were strong, the secret of his ability to "soar" and "poise," as the Bedouin says. The long tail of fine hair, carried high in a perfect arch, fell to the ground like a heavy, silvery-red veil, tapering and growing lighter at the tip. His thighs, like those of an ostrich, were muscular; his legs, light, but cleanly modeled and firm, with elastic pasterns long and strong, and black hoofs as hard as rock. He was of flawless proportions and balance, about fifteen hands high, neither large nor small but above the average Arabian horse."

HOW AMERICA'S FAVORITE LOST IN A GRAND NATIONAL UPSET

LIVERPOOL was bulging with 300,000 visitors. America was well represented. Americans came in motor-cars with the Stars and Stripes flying from radiator caps. They dropt down out of the sky in airplanes from Paris and London. And all the Americans were millionaires, or so, at least, many of the English thought them, we learn from Raymond Gram Swing in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*. But only a few of the Americans were so wealthy. Most of them were racing fans no richer on the average than their British friends. It was an enthusiastic crowd that broke into lusty, deafening cheers as sixty-six horses thundered down the "most difficult steeplechase course in the world," as the New York *Times* calls Aintree course, near Liverpool, where the Grand National, the great upset race, has just been run. And it was a sportsmanlike crowd, too, altho many hearts and more pocketbooks were broken when once more this contest justified its reputation as "anybody's race." The American favorite, J. H. Whitney's Easter Hero, came in second, and an unknown English horse, Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's Gregalach, a 100 to 1 shot, won. The Aintree course is hard and, seemingly, the only sure thing about the Grand National is that the "sure winner" before the race is likely to be in a lower place when the race is over. Even such a rank outsider as a coach-horse's offspring has been victor, we learn as we read this Associated Press article:

> Hot favorites valued at thousands of pounds have failed to complete the course, while rank outsiders taken from between the shafts of a cab have romped home. The National is a "sporting" race, in that the result is always in doubt until the last fence.
>
> In 1845 the race was won by a horse so little fancied that he was not even mentioned in the betting.
>
> In 1850 the winner was the offspring of a coach horse. While riding in the coach a breeder near Shrewsbury was struck with the mare's action and purchased her on the spot. Abd-el-Kader was the result, and this horse won the classic steeplechase twice running.
>
> Another national winner, The Lamb, was heavily backed for the race. The support he received, however, was due to superstition rather than confidence in his ability, for just as a train of excursionists reached Liverpool a lamb jumped out of a truck and raced down the track, avoiding all attempts at capture.
>
> The "tip" resulted in hundreds of pounds being put on the horse, and he romped home to victory!
>
> No National winner had a more romantic career than Rubio, successful in 1908. Rubio came over from the United States and changed hands for $75 at Newmarket. But he was so little liked that he was lent to the proprietor of an inn at Towcester and drew the bus to and from the station.
>
> After some time he was tried at racing again, and after winning one or two small events romped home an easy winner in the National at 66 to 1. His jockey, H. B.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Bletsoe, was riding in the National for the first time.

Grudon's year will be remembered for the circumstances in which the race was run. A snow-storm on that particular afternoon was not to the liking of the horses. Somebody connected with Grudon had a brain-wave, and it was decided to put butter on his hoofs, the object being to prevent the snow caking. The application of the greasy substance had the desired effect, Grudon won.

Aintree Course is different from anything in America, Mr. Swing tells us, as we return to his account in *The Evening Post:*

> The field runs almost directly away from the stands from the starting corner, and on such days as that of this year's race, the horses are obscured from view by fog after the first half mile.
>
> Gradually fading views of the horses and their riders may be obtained from the stands with a pair of strong glasses on clear days, but when the mist hangs low, no one knows what takes place at the most difficult jumps until the surviving starters swing around the big curve onto the half-mile stretch and race for the spectacular hedge and water jump directly fronting the stands. Another circuit and the race is over.
>
> The Grand National nearly always results in injury and sometimes death to some horse or rider. One jockey has been killed and many horses maimed so severely that they had to be destroyed.
>
> It's a rough-and-ready course, with thirty jumps altogether. Sixteen of them are high thorn hedges with deceptive ditches, water jumps and natural streams. Fourteen of the sixteen obstacles are repeated.
>
> The famed Becher's Brook Fence is the first big hurdle. Countless jockeys have come to grief on this fence, five feet high, three feet wide, with a brook on the other side five and a half feet wide. This obstacle, however, is no more dangerous than Valentine's Brook or the Canal Turn, two other difficult spots. Before coming to Becher's Brook Fence the field has only five hedges about four and a half feet high to test it.
>
> The Canal Turn has an evil reputation, and it is borne out by the ugly death snare on the other side in the shape of a big ditch which many times has been filled with horses that failed to clear it.
>
> Moreover, when making this jump riders must be careful to make a swift turn to the left. Undoubtedly it offers more hazards than any other jump of the course.
>
> Racing fans will recall that it was here that John Hay Whitney's Easter Hero jammed sideways in the hedge last year and nearly forced all of the entrants to the ground with him. To-day, the ditch has been filled in, but there's plenty for riders to worry about at the old Canal Turn.

The success of race-horses starting at the long odds of 100 to 1 is becoming almost epidemic in England, according to Robert W. Champion in a copyrighted cable to the New York *Herald Tribune.* Just a few days before Gregalach's victory at Aintree, a horse named Elton, at the same odds, came in ahead in the Lincolnshire Handicap. Turning once more to Mr. Swing's *Evening Post* account, we continue:

For the second time in ninety years, a 100 to 1 outsider won the Grand National of four and one-half miles, and thereby saved Great Britain's greatest steeplechase honor for a British owner.

Gregalach was the winner, bringing to his triumphant owner, Mrs. M. A. Gemmell between $60,000 and $75,000. Both these names were virtually unknown in the racing world until the chestnut gelding, taking advantage of his lighter weight, sped past the tiring favorite, Easter Hero, American owned, and flashed across the finishing line six lengths ahead.

Easter Hero's defeat was heart-breaking, not only for his owner but also for tens of thousands of British who backed him with bets large and small. Unquestionably the fastest steeplechaser in the world, he can still maintain his prestige in spite of defeat.

Easter Hero had the ill fortune to encounter unusual difficulties. Wrote Mr. Swing on the day of the race, after the finish:

> In the going on yesterday's track he could have won. But last night the track was soaked by a heavy downpour of rain and moistened again to-day by showers. In good going he could have carried his heavy handicap without wearying, but in the heavier conditions under foot the strain was too great. He carried seventeen pounds greater weight than Gregalach.
>
> Easter Hero showed obvious signs of weariness after the jump at Valentine's Brook on the second round of Aintree Course. Before that he had led without effort, and, jumping with that easy, almost dangerous, carelessness with which he skims the high fences, he appeared unbeatable. His Jockey, I. Mahoney, said after the race that Easter Hero twisted a plate just before Gregalach challenged his lead two jumps from home.
>
> In the early stages of the race, Sandy Hook was making the running with Easter Hero.
>
> This, of course, was after Ballyhanwood had got away for a good start and shown the way to the first fence. Easter Hero's speed told almost at once and he took the race in hand, followed by Sandy Hook, Lloydie, Great Span, and Grakle. Beech Martin drew up and on the first tour of the two-mile track, Sandy Hook and Beech Martin were second and third to the favorite.
>
> By this time less than half of the sixty-six starters were still in the race. The devastation of the barriers already had winnowed out the preposterously large field. Some of them had refused to take the first jump, among them Master Billie and Runnymede.
>
> Easter Hero was in the lead until he came to the next to the last jump. There Gregalach went out in front and drew away from the American-owned horse to win.
>
> Because of the soggy underfooting brought on by two days of rain, the crowd, less than ever before, was not one of heavy bettors.
>
> Small bets were the rule. It could not be otherwise with such a field and the going so uncertain. The paradox of last year when only two horses finished and the winner scored easily was still too vivid in the memory of race followers.
>
> The race represents about $60,000 to the winner. Some holder of the lucky ticket in the National Sweepstake organized by the Liverpool Stock Exchange will get $60,000, too.

Of the many who had bad luck at the

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

race, we find only this one specific case, in the New York *Times:*

> The most disappointed man was a Scotsman from Glasgow, who walked down the Aintree course whistling the old Scottish air "Gather, gather Gregalach" and didn't know a horse by that name was in the race until he heard the book-makers frantically calling his name as he challenged Easter Hero at second to the last hurdle. He would have been about the only man to back the winner.

OUR SPORTS SLANG IS "QUITE ENGLISH, Y' KNOW"

TO "Kid," "faker," "pink of condition," "fan," "cake-eater," to "pony up," the "fight is in the bag," "lucky break"—where did we get these terms, familiar to every sports-page reader? They have become so common, says William Henry Nugent, a sports writer, in *The American Mercury*, that philologists, amateur and professional, mistake them for Americanisms. But, we learn as we read, they come from England, which the writer assigns as the home of modern sports jargon. Even in England, says Mr. Nugent, "critics write letters to *The Times*, that we are corrupting, that is, Americanizing, the mother tongue. Few seem to know that many of these words are making a return trip to their place of origin. For it was the British who taught them to us when they gave us our first lessons in sporting journalism." "Chinaman's chance" is an example of these familiar phrases whose ancestry the writer traces.

> It has nothing to do with an Asiatic. It dates from the 1820's, when a writer in *The Weekly Dispatch* of London called the light-hitting Tom Spring, whom he thought likely to break in a long fight, a "china man," that is, a porcelain man. "Palooka," now signifying a fifth-rate pugilist, derives from a pure Gaelic word. "Ham," a poor performer in any line of endeavor, especially on the stage or in the ring, began as an abbreviation of amateur to "am," which the cockney foot-racers and pugilists of the 'seventies pronounced "h'am."

The father of sports slang, we are told, was Pierce Egan of *Life in London and Sporting Guide*. This later became *Bell's Life in London*, and was edited by Vincent and George Dowling, who were also influential. Reading on of Egan:

> Born in Ireland in 1772, he died in England in 1849. As a compositor on *The Weekly Dispatch* in London, he sought recreation on his days off at criminal trials, and hangings of important rogues, horse-races, cock-fights, dog-fights, and prize-fights, and, writing what he saw, modestly laid the sheets on the editor's desk until he was asked to join the staff. In 1818, he published his first volume of "Boxiana," based on Smeeton's previous work, and in 1829 his fifth and last. He dedicated one to the Duke of Wellington and another to

the King of England. Christopher North reviewed them in no less than eight full-length articles in *Blackwood's*. So popular was Egan that in 1824, Thurtrell, a murderer, awaiting death by hanging, regretted that he could not live a few days longer to enjoy reading his account of the Langan and Spring fight. Egan's serial in 1823, "Life in London, or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorne, Esq., and His Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, Accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in Their Rambles and Sprees Through the Metropolis," illustrated by the Cruikshanks, became the rage, and the heroes, Tom and Jerry, lent their names to all things from a drink to a drama.

Egan was the father of newspaper sports slang. Before his day, a journalist who knew the flash and cant idiom spoken in boxing and on the turf censored its terms when he wrote for the printer. Egan, an eager experimentalist, mixed into his articles words that he had picked up from the speech of vagabonds, jail-birds, bartenders, soldiers, and actors. Many of these words Samuel Johnson had excluded from the famous dictionary as "impure" and "not legitimate English," but thousands in the three kingdoms used them in their daily speech. Some that Egan adopted were silly, flat, and idiotic, and have become so archaic to-day that a reader needs a glossary to understand him, but others, colorful and vivid, live in the lingo of bums, I. W. W.'s, actors, gamblers, crooks, and sporting enthusiasts.

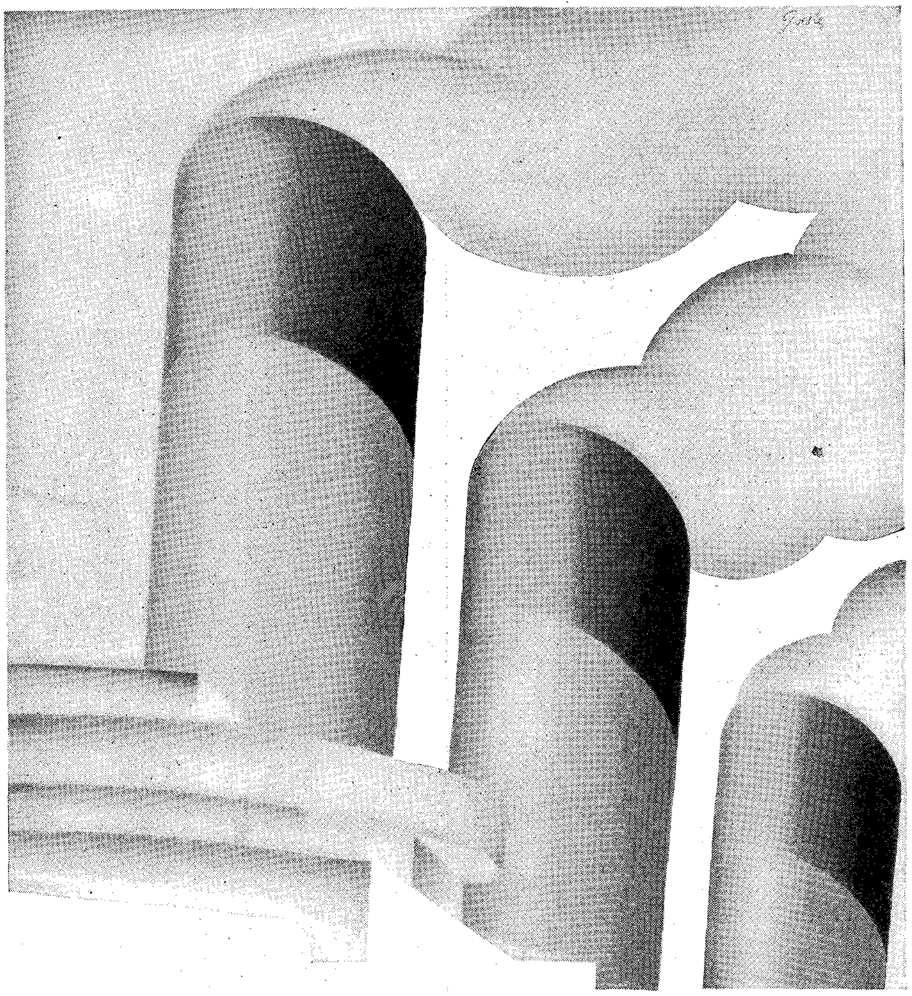
These terms may be found assembled in a half-forgotten lexicon that Egan compiled in 1823, the third edition of a work first issued by Francis Grose in 1785; we learn reading further:

Etymologists have traced some of the entries to the gipsies, the Jews, the Romans, the French, the Irish. The 1823 title reads in full: "Francis Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue as Revised and Corrected by Pierce Egan." Here is a typical entry:

"The Fancy: one of the fancy is a sporting character that is either attached to pigeons, dog-fighting, boxing, etc. Also, any particular article universally admired for its beauty; or which the owners set particular store by, is termed a fancy article, as a fancy clout, a favorite handkerchief, etc; also, a woman, who is the particular favorite of any man, is termed his fancy woman and *vice versa*.

"The fancy" was long a class name in England and America for followers of boxing. Baseball borrowed it and shortened it to "the fance," "fans," and "fan." I do not agree with Ted Sullivan, who asserts in his "Stories from the Diamond," that he originated it as an abbreviation of "fanatic."

Here are some other things in Egan's dictionary that have a familiar sound to-day: "to kid," "to fake," "to stall off," "where do you get that stuff?" "cheese it," "cut it," "to hike," and "to crab" (that is, "to prevent the perfection or execution of any intended matter or business by saying anything offensive or unpleasant"). A "racket" or "rig" was "a particular kind of fraud or robbery." To cheat was "to trim," "to sting." A dishonest man was a "sharp"; an honest man, a "square cove," a "flat." Money was "dust," "iron," "pony," "stephen," "darby." To "post the pony" or "pony up" meant to put up the coin. "Even stephen": even money. A "beam" was a guinea; a



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

"jack," a farthing. Terms of male disapprobation included "booby," "youkel," "stiff" (a dead one), "kiddy" (a young thief), "dummie," "collegiate" (a jail-bird, an inmate of Newgate prison, often referred to as the college), "gollumpus," "squealer," "sucker," "cake" or "cakey" (a foolish fellow), "fish" (a seaman), "lobster" (a red coat), "lame duck" (a defaulter at the Stock Exchange), "scab" and "yellow-belly."

Here are some synonyms Egan used in his boxing stories: Head—"knowledge box," "tea canister," "can," "block," "nob," "phrenology box," "pimple," "dome." Nose—"conk," "snuffer-tray," "beak," "snorer," "bugle," "smeller." Mouth—"gob," "mug," "potato trap." Eyes—"peepers," "squinters," "shutters," "blinkers," "lamps." A black eye was "a touch of the blue bag under the peeper." A blow might be a "zoe," or a "wisty-castor," or a "leveller." His dictionary of the nicknames for milling coves, that is boxers, included "Young Sky Blue," "Gas Hickman," the "Fighting Quaker," the "Old Ruffian," the "Young Pitch-pot Jack," the "Tremendous Little Gipsy," the "Birmingham Youth," the "Chelsea Snob," the "Clogmaker," the "Prime Irish Lad," and the "Nonpareil."

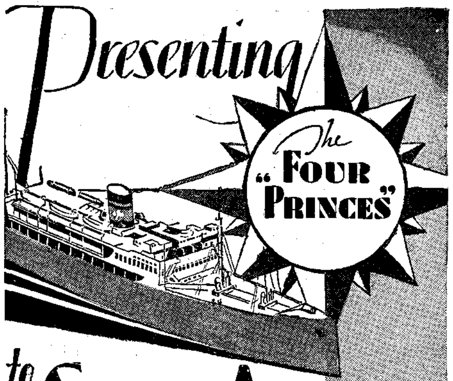
Bell's Life, carrying on the slang tradition, printed this bit in 1858 in telling how Tom Sayers defeated the Tipton Slasher for the championship of England:

"Sayers danced lightly out of harm's way, and then, stepping in, popped a tidy smack on the spectacle beam, and got away laughing. After dancing around his man, and easily avoiding several more lunges, Tom again got home on the snuffer tray, removing a piece of the japan, and drawing a fresh supply of the ruby. The Tipton, amazed, rushed in, missed his right, and also a terrific uppercut with his left, and Sayers again dropt in upon the smeller."

Bell's Life had disciples throughout the English-speaking world. *Bell's Life in Sydney* appeared in Australia in the forty's. Three weeklies in the United States before the Civil War, altho they did not borrow its actual name, borrowed everything else, and by reprinting millions of words from its columns during a half-century spread British sport slang here. These publications in turn served as models for the later newspaper sports departments.

Of early American sports journalism Mr. Nugent writes:

> Even before the Civil War some newspaper editors, tho they looked on athletics as the province of the weeklies, printed news of any event that aroused public interest. The New York *Herald*, from its establishment in 1835 until 1885, assigned Uncle Joe Elliott, superintendent of its delivery room, to double as a reporter of prize-fights and horse-races. Seated at the ringside, he dictated a story to a stenographer, who later transcribed the notes for a copyreader to cut down and polish. *Herald* pony-express riders, in May, 1847, carrying Elliott's story of how "Yankee" Sullivan vanquished Caunt the Englishman early in the morning on a dew-covered battle-ground at Harper's Ferry, galloped from the ringside to New York in time for *The Herald* to print the yarn only two days after the mill.



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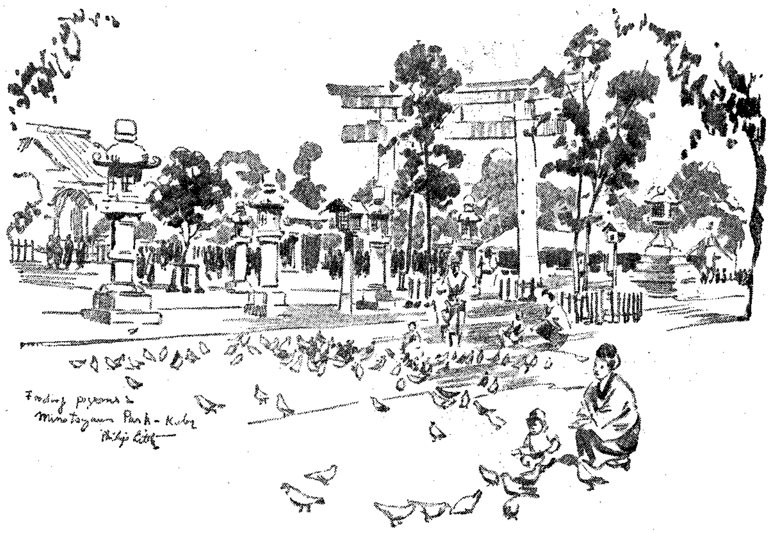
Less than two years later, Elliott, in relating how Tom Hyer had won the championship of America by flaxing out "Yankee" Sullivan in eighteen minutes at Rock Creek, Maryland, dispatched from Baltimore to New York the first prize-fight message ever sent over Morse's five-year-old magnetic telegraph. This epochal dispatch, plus other pugilistic intelligence, filled the entire front page next day. In April, 1860, *The Herald's* presses rumbled day and night for four days to provide an eager public with accounts of the "great international match" between the "Benecia Boy," an American blacksmith's helper, and Tom Sayers, an English bricklayer's laborer, a landmark in ring history. Bennett did not send a representative from the home office, but economically clipt his report from English and American exchanges.

IN A JAPANESE WRESTLING RING

LIKE huge pink frogs, crouching, the two fleshy, muscular men crept toward each other in the little ring. Their noses almost touched. Like two fighting cocks they watched each other, waiting for an opening. A false start, a fresh taking of positions. Jeers from the spectators. After many false starts and an ever increasing flow of derision from the sidelines, the wrestlers decide that they must get to business. One sees his opening, grapples with his opponent. He turns the latter's strength against himself, and over he goes. The Tokyo audience goes wild with enthusiasm, for it is Japan's great national sport, Myron Zobel tells us in *The World Traveler*. The contests are held in January and May, we learn, reading on:

> At these matches the huge champions, so unlike their fellow countrymen in brawn and stature, meet in a sand arena and grapple for a championship.
>
> If a single part of their bodies other than the soles of their feet touch the ground, they lose. If they are forced out of the tiny circle, they lose. It is game of skill and muscle. To turn the strength of an opponent against himself and force him to fall or crash through the ring by his own weight, that is the science of Japanese wrestling. Between the bouts, salt is scattered by the contestants to purify their blood and bring good fortune on their heads.
>
> What loins, groins, and bellies! What a spitting of water, blowing of noses, wiping of armpits, clapping of hands, and scattering of salt. What a score of serio-comic starts and grapplings before they really come to grips. And then a matter of at most one minute!
>
> The old-style head-dress of Japan is worn, and with it glorious aprons of white and gold, to mark the champions of the ring. The referees are drest like Gilbert and Sullivan Mikados, and sing their announcements as tho they were musical-comedy parts. They carry silver fans as their staff of office, and these are passed on to the new referees after every two or three events. Between the matches little boys, with wide brooms made of thin twigs tied together, sweep off the circle of sand, surrounded by its little mounds of earth to mark its boundaries.
>
> The wrestlers approach the arena from the east and from the west, for that is the manner in which the two camps are divided,

大統領号に御乗船下さい


Feeding pigeons in Minatogawa Park - Kobe

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HARRY A. FRANCK*

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

altho the members of the western camp of wrestlers are not necessarily men who come from the western portion of Japan any more than a baseball player on the New York Giants is an actual New Yorker.

The wrestlers are naked except for a circlet of purple silk adorned with fringes, which girds up their loins. They crouch at the arena side, kicking their legs and flexing the muscles of their arms amidst the awe-struck admiration of the onlookers. They remind one of Mark Twain's "jumping frog." Only, instead of buckshot, they are loaded with food and drink. Twelve bowls of rice and a half-dozen bottles of Kirin beer provide a light meal for a Japanese wrestler.

Eight or ten false starts precede the actual coming to grips. The preliminaries "often last for a quarter of an hour, while the actual wrestling takes less than sixty seconds," Mr. Zobel tells us, continuing:

The audience hisses, claps and jeers when the false starts exceed half a dozen. Otherwise no limit might be put to the delays, for there are no rules to govern the number of times a Japanese wrestler may arise from a crouching position and proceed all over again to scatter salt.

The salt itself is the Japanese symbol of good luck and purity. At the box office of every moving-picture theater there is a little heap of salt. The patrons rub their fingers in it as they buy their tickets. Perhaps it is thought to have a prophylactic value. And these huge wrestlers are superstitious people. The salt flies in showers at each bout. When the matches are over the sand of the arena is white.

The four judges, who sit in the four corners of the ring, are old champions. Close matches are decided after a consultation with them. The winner then crouches at the side of the ring and the referee waves over him his wand of office.

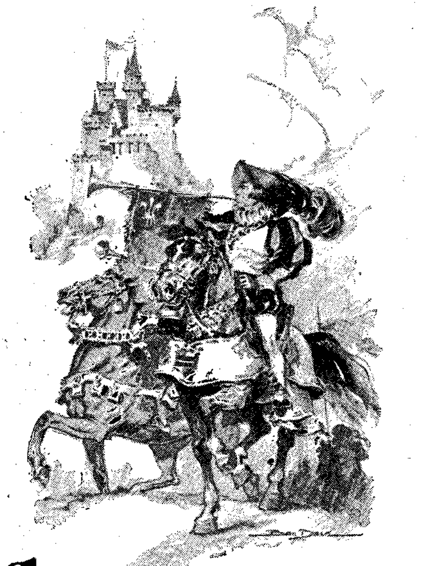
Life-sized photographs of the champions of preceding years adorn the walls of the arena.

During the nine days of the semi-annual wrestling matches at Tokyo, the national champion must meet and defeat every other wrestler who enters the lists. The events therefore gradually gain in interest until the ninth day, when champions are pitted against champions and partizan intensity is at its height.

Then seats are almost unprocurable and the caution of the champions in actually coming to grips is something to thrill the hearts of conservative people. False starts are counted by the score instead of by the dozen. A single event will sometimes last for more than an hour, with the real punch and thrill all packed into the last thirty seconds.

But a Japanese audience is seldom restless. It comes early and brings its lunch. Or individual bowls of steaming rice are served to the spectators from one of the many tea-houses in the vicinity, and their applause and jeers are intermingled with the cracking of chestnuts and munching of pickled vegetables.

The Japanese admire the size and weight of their wrestlers in contrast to their own. Hats, pocketbooks, and fans are thrown into the ring as trophies for the favorite and afterward redeemed at the champion's own particular scale of prices.



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HOW POLO "CATCHES ON" IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

POLO, that sport of kings and the rich, is going democratic. For the first time since Oriental potentates pursued a wooden ball on the plains, centuries ago, this diversion is being brought within the range of the man of more moderate means. The colleges and the United States Government are responsible, according to Albion Topcliffe Sawyer in *College Humor.* He offers a survey, from which we quote briefly, of what is actually being done in intercollegiate polo, and his picture may be a surprize to many who think of football, basketball, baseball, and track as almost the only college sports. College polo is not confined to the large eastern universities, but has obtained a firm foothold all over the country. Reading on:

Polo has been played at a few American colleges and universities for ten years or more, but the game owes its recent rapid growth to the establishment of the Reserve Officers Training Corps units which are maintained at schools all over the country. The War Department furnishes to each unit an average of twenty or thirty riding horses, including horse equipment, and because of this fact it was possible for the regular Army officers sent as instructors to these units after the war to start polo as a means of interesting undergraduates in military work and especially in riding.

Most of the college polo in the East is played indoors. The season is too short to ride on turf as much as can be done on the West Coast. There are six college and university teams along the Atlantic Coast. Norwich University, a cavalry school at Northfield, Vermont, has been playing the game for several years. Coached by Col. Frank B. Edwards, U. S. Ret'd, Norwich has about a dozen players on the squad, of which the first string is composed of Roger Clapp, Leo Guibault, and Reggie Ellis. Polo is played informally at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there being no facilities, but the players must be complimented on their excellent progress. The other five colleges in the East—Harvard, West Point, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania Military College—are the sole members of the Intercollegiate Polo Association.

In the Middle West there are six more colleges playing the game: Ohio State University, Iowa State College, the University of Missouri, the University of Arizona, the University of Oklahoma, and the New Mexico Military Institute. Iowa State is one of the youngsters in polo and has progressed as far as getting six good ponies. Maj. Philip W. Booker, F. A., is coach and hopes to have the game soon on an established basis.

Ohio State, at Columbus, is in a somewhat better position, and with Maj. Alexander C. Sullivan, F. A., as coach, has organized six teams of six players each. Their first team players this year were N. P. Zink, M. Gaunder, T. Baron at No. 1; A. C. Caldwell, D. J. Rice, No. 2; E. P. Schmink, A. Liming, D. Burtt, No. 3; and at back, W. R. Hodges, C. M. Poston, and R. Kuivenen. Polo at the Buckeye institution is in much better condition than at many other schools owing to their excellent facilities. They have a full-sized boarded turf field for outdoor play, a club of fifty supporting members of whom thirty play

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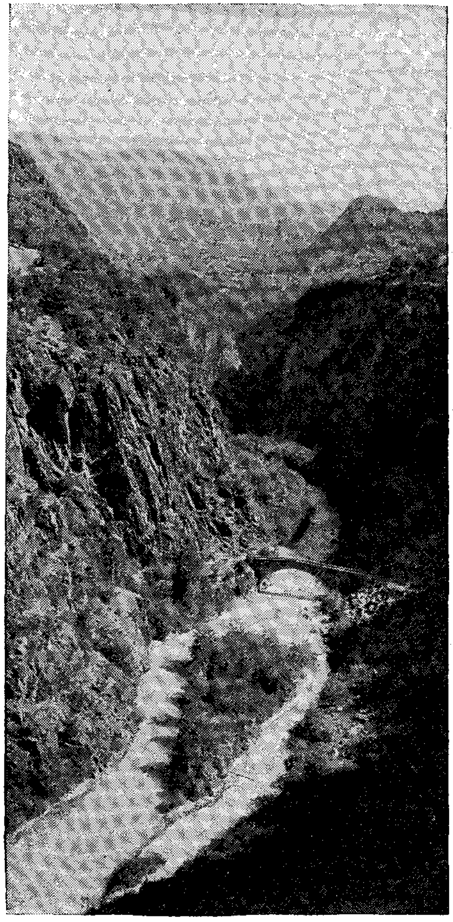

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the game, fifty ponies and a polo cage for stick-and-ball practise.

Moving down to Norman, Oklahoma, we find the University of Oklahoma well situated with Ponca City, an active polo center, on one hand, and the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill on the other. Lieut. Robert H. Knappe, F.A., coach, has a squad of thirty players, twenty-five "top ponies" and two playing fields. Facilities at the University of Missouri are more limited, for they have a poor field and few suitable mounts and—in this they are not at all alone—they are hampered by insufficient funds.

Climate makes a huge difference in sports, which is one reason why a great deal is to be expected from colleges located near the South, and especially those on the Pacific Coast, the writer reminds us as we read on:

The University of Arizona and the New Mexico Military Institute are in better position to get into West Coast tournaments than are the others named. New Mexico is at Roswell, not a great way from El Paso, Texas, famed for its winter climate and "desert rains," and Capt. C. J. Wilder, Cavalry, is on his fourth year of coaching their polo squad. Captain Wilder has a unique method of training his beginners; they go at the rudiments dismounted, with short mallets and indoor balls, leaving the fundamentals to the varsity squad. They have two regulation fields, and all their playing is outdoors, with a season from September to June. Their forty playing ponies are mostly local products, the breeding of grade thoroughbreds having become a matter of considerable interest in the Southwest. Being a private school, New Mexico has a very different polo story to tell from the State universities, and has had an interesting career. Two of the boys on the squad, Lewis Brown and Harry Wilson, are sons of Army officers and have played against the British in some of the Internationals; and another, Thomas Thompson, only fourteen years old, has played three years with a Ponca City team in Oklahoma.

Oregon State College has had a polo team for the past eight years. The ponies are R. O. T. C. mounts and the squad is composed of forty men. Letter men of 1928 were Harvey Dick, Preston Varney, John Hardie, William McGinnis, and Wellington Gault.

Turning back East again we come to the old rivalry between Harvard and Yale. Rivals in football, baseball, and rowing, now they have taken up the battle on horseback. Quoting further:

Yale got the jump on Harvard at polo and has held it pretty well but is liable to lose this year. The intercollegiate indoor championship was won in New York last winter by a trio from Penn Military, a private school at Chester, Pennsylvania, having a R. O. T. C. cavalry unit. Yale, despite the loss of Frederick Winston Churchill Guest, succeeded in retaining the outdoor title.

It is my private opinion that the stars of high-goal polo of the future are coming out of the college ranks. I mean that our Internationalists will have been trained in the

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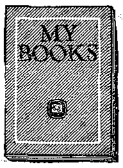

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game during their undergraduate days. Winston Guest is the first of the new crop. Nine-tenths of his polo was learned in his four years at Yale under Army officer coaches, despite the fact that his father, an English officer, Capt. the Honorable F. C. Guest, is a noted player in the London season. Yale has since had good teams, but has produced no player of caliber equal to that of young Guest. It has been remarkable for an epidemic of excellent players from the Baldwin family of the Middle West and the Hawaiian Islands.

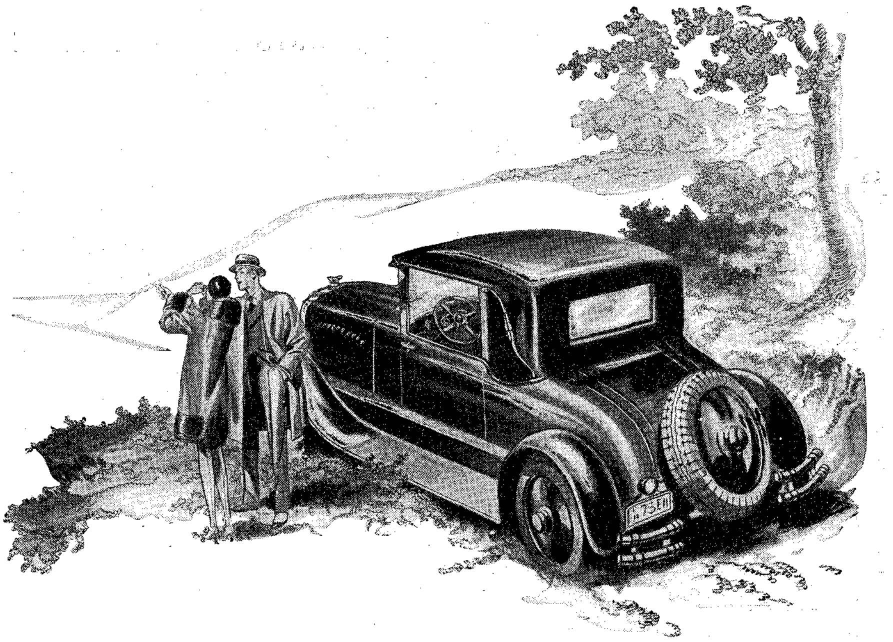
Of the Eastern colleges, West Point, Yale, and Princeton are provided with the best polo facilities. West Point, coached by Capt. Charles Gerhardt, has the largest existing covered riding hall and is now completing an excellent outdoor field with clubhouse. Yale has a good armory for its R. O. T. C. unit where indoor polo games are played, and last summer christened its new $100,000 Phipps Field not far from the Yale Bowl. Incidentally, the biggest uproar in polo circles since the retirement of Watson Webb and Devereux Milburn occurred at the first football game in the Bowl last fall, when members of the polo squad going to the game found their beautiful new field being used as a parking space for automobiles of the football crowd.

An early attempt to organize intercollegiate polo was doomed to failure by an accident. It was in the college year of 1903-04 that teams were organized at Princeton and Yale for what is thought to have been the first intercollegiate game of polo ever played. In that game, at Van Courtlandt Park, New York, one of the contestants was killed. The tragic event meant the end of intercollegiate polo, at least temporarily.

WHEN LEG-BALANCE MEANS SUCCESS

THE ball player had plenty of nerve. But he had, also, the old habit of stepping away from the ball as he swung. "I can't get him to step into the ball as it comes up," complained his manager. "He says he isn't afraid of getting hit; but I can't figure any other reason." Yet after watching this batter for a short while, one could see the answer. It was all a matter of incorrect balance. He kept most of his weight on his left foot and his left leg. The weight was too far forward when he started to hit. There were only two things he could do then. One was to fall forward on his face and the other was to shift his left foot back and out. "Try to step forward on your left foot with your weight on the left foot and see what happens," suggests Grantland Rice, discussing in *Collier's* the need of proper balance for athletes, and continuing:

> Only a short while ago Paul Berlenbach was king of the light heavyweights, and more than willing to take them all on every other week. He was taking his share of punishment, but the battering wasn't exceptionally rough. Then at the age of twenty-six, when he should have been at the peak of his prime, he collapsed as suddenly as a toy balloon dropt on a pin point. He was supposed to be punch drunk, but there was another reason.
>
> Berlenbach, one of the gamest of all the crowd, had been afflicted with bad ears most of his life. Partial deafness had been



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Seasickness CAN be prevented and relieved

A Cincinnati physician writes in behalf of his wife this letter of sincere praise for Eskay's Tablets:

"My wife has always suffered from seasickness as long as she was on the water and was so sensitive she could not view a motion picture of water in motion without being nauseated. She took two tablets one hour before the boat sailed from Miami for Havana and two more two hours later. There has been a high wind all day and while by no means a storm, the waves are quite high. For the first hour she was conscious of the motion and expected to be sick but when the bugle blew for dinner she was ready and did it justice. Now, one hour later, she is still O. K."

A ship's surgeon reports: "Had five cases confined to berth and nauseated. Gave Eskay's Tablets from Noon to 4 P. M. All recovered completely and ate dinner in saloon at 7 P. M."

Eskay's Tablets for Seasickness

are the result of research in one of America's leading medical schools and are made by Smith, Kline & French Co. of Philadelphia, who have had almost ninety years' experience in the pharmaceutical business. The Tablets are pleasant to take, contain no narcotics, have no unpleasant after-effects.

The best time to take Eskay's Tablets is before you go aboard, but even if delayed until nausea starts, quick relief may be counted upon in most cases.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

cured for some years, but later another form of ear trouble developed and an operation was necessary.

It so happens that the ears have two jobs to handle. One is to provide hearing. The other to provide balance.

The necessary operation on one of Berlenbach's ears left him floundering.

A little while later on, I happened to be watching Babe Ruth and Hornsby. Here are two masters of balance. Being a left-handed hitter, Ruth lets his weight flow back to the left foot before he starts the big clout. He is then in position to step into the ball with his weight moving forward to the right foot. Hornsby lets his weight swing back to the right foot before he starts the bat forward, and he is then all set to step into one with the weight naturally shifting to the left foot as he swings.

Stepping away from the ball is a common baseball fault. But quite often it has nothing to do with lack of nerve at the plate. It is caused by an incorrect disposition of the weight through the swing. The hitter who keeps his weight too far forward just as he starts to swing has no chance to be a good hitter. He has no chance to step into the ball as he should do.

This matter of foot and body balance has even greater effect upon the golf swing. Any number of golfers will tell you they can't keep from falling back as they hit the ball. The reason is simple enough. If the weight is on the left foot at the top of the swing it must either come back to the right foot at the finish or the golfer must take a nose dive and land on his clammy forehead.

"The important thing," says Bobby Jones, one of the keenest of all the diagnosticians, "is that all motion of body, arms and club is in the direction of the ball, and no part of the mechanism of the swing remains in position to oppose the power of the whole. That, to my mind, is the secret of a rhythmic swing."

Mr. Rice asked Jack Dempsey what he considered the secret of balance in punching. Said the former champion:

"If I am punching with my left hand" (his best punch), "my weight is back on my left foot as I start the wallop," he said. "If my weight is on my right foot I can punch with the right hand, but not the left. The weight must be back of the punch and then go with it. You can't have your weight ahead of the sock and have any steam left. I know a lot of them do and that is one of the reasons why there are so few hard punchers. They have the physical make-up, they are big enough and strong enough, but most of them don't know anything about foot balance or body balance. They don't know how to use their weight in the right way.

"Carpentier had one dangerous punch where he seemed to jump forward, almost leaving his feet as he threw a right hand at an opponent's chin. He could never have gotten any steam into the blow if his weight had not been balanced back of the leap or jump."

Watching Tilden, you will always see him perfectly balanced for any return that he can reach.

This may not be true of certain desperate recoveries where he must hit from any position he may happen to hold at the half-second of time. But if there is any

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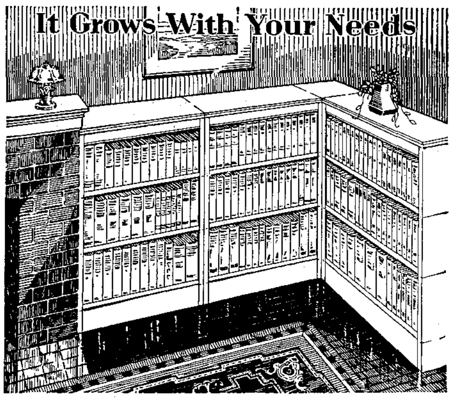
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possible chance you will see Tilden coming up with his weight back on the right leg as he swings his racket so that his body motion can go forward with the forward blow.

This matter of balance to many thousands or millions now playing some game may seem to be an unimportant detail. It is one of the most important of all the fundamentals governing form. Without it there can be no correct form, nor anything approaching it. Body weight must work in harmony with hands and arms, with bat, club, racket or fist, or else the body is working against them.

This incorrect action not only wrecks any chance of desired results, but it also brings on fatigue and tension and a complete weariness of worn-out nerves. It means the player is working against himself even harder than he is working against his opponent.

Let him or let her develop the habit of keeping the weight back so that it may move forward with the action of the forward blow.

Flounces on the Flyer.—On this trip the crack express had been far from living up to its reputation. First it would go forward fifty yards or so, then back, then stand still, puffing uncertainly, and then begin the same thing all over again. At last one of the travelers lost his patience and summoned the porter.

"What's the matter with this train?" he exploded. "Backin up and jerking forward in this awful way."

"It's quite all right, sir," the porter assured him in that soothing way that porters have. "I think the engineer is teaching his wife to drive."—*American Legion Monthly.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

For April 1, 1929.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business Managers The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Cuddihy, Robert J., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
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Funk, Eleanor M., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
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Neisel, Clara L., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold the stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

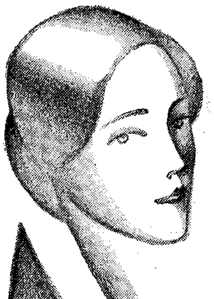
WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1929.

[Seal]

ROLLO CAMPBELL,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1930.)



Her hair is dry
She should use
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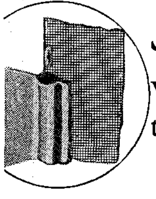

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

FACSIMILE TRANSMISSION

FACSIMILE transmission and reception of messages, both by radio and telegraph, are growing in this country and abroad, we are told by S. R. Winters in the New York *Sun's* Radio Section. The two telegraph companies in the United States are sending and receiving telegrams in photographic form, and the Navy Department is employing facsimile radio service between shore and ship stations. The errors common to the transmission of messages by dots, dashes and spaces are hastening an era in which the body of the message is not only authentic but the signature is a faithful duplicate. He goes on:

While facsimile telegraphic transmission of handwriting, documents, designs and even photographs was introduced in France as long ago as 1924, this system of communication has received added impetus recently by virtue of the application of the photoelectric cells to the transmitting apparatus. Formerly the French facsimile system—designated as "Belinograms" in honor of Belin, the inventor—required the use of a special ink in the preparation. Now, however, by the use of a light-sensitive cell, similar to that employed in radio vision, facsimile messages in ordinary ink or even with a pencil may be successfully sent and received.

"The Government Telegraph Administration," Trade Commissioner Louis Hall of Paris informs the U. S. Department of Commerce, "has evidenced its desire to encourage and cooperate with the inventor by recent installations of the latter's improved devices in both Lyons and Marseilles. The new service has been in successful operation between Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles for the last two weeks. 'Belinograms' can be written and deposited at branch post-offices in each of these cities for transmission to either of the other two, the messages being transmitted by porter or pneumatic tube to the central sending station."

The newly modified "telautographic" system, as it is called in France, by virtue of its inclusion of the wonder-working photoelectric cell, represents a vast improvement from a commercial view-point—in that two facsimile messages or sketches may be sent simultaneously over the same telegraph line. This, of course, doubles the capacity of the service. The cost of these facsimile communications in France is gaged in accordance with specially prepared blanks, each of which is divided into three equal sections.

The facsimile system of communication lends itself to the transmission of messages, designs, sketches and other forms of intelligence not hitherto possible by radio or wire. Ching Lee Sam, for instance, may now send and receive by radio or telegraph Chinese laundry marks. Several years ago C. Francis Jenkins demonstrated the possibility of transmitting and receiving Chinese script by radio. Now the radio and telegraph services in the United States and France have inaugurated systems for the communication of facsimile characters. This means that a radiogram or telegram thus sent, whether that of Chinese script or an ordinary English-worded message, is received in photographic form.

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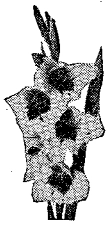

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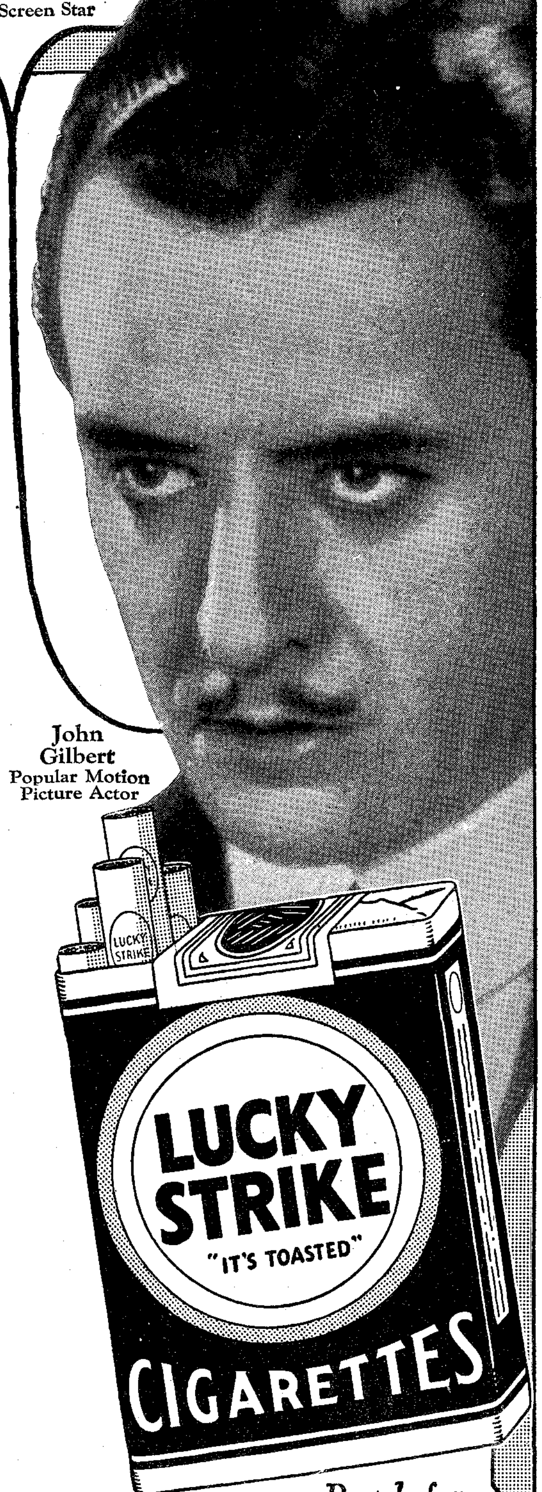
THE COVER

A QUAINT old gentleman stole up behind an American girl artist who had set up her easel in a little twisting street in Venice. She was painting away for dear life, in haste to transfer a rounded impression of the colorful scene to her canvas before the light should change. As the old gentleman came to a standstill and peered over her shoulder at her glowing work, he uttered an exclamation of delight, and began calling the passers-by right and left to come and see the young woman's wonderful picture. While she stuck desperately at her task, her new admirer delivered a lecture on the excellence of her painting, the particular qualities of which he pointed out to an increasing audience. And, when, at last, the fading light of evening compelled her to quit work, she found herself escorted back to her hotel by a friendly and applauding crowd. Such, according to the New York *Sun*, was one of the European experiences of Miss Reva Jackman, of Chicago, the artist of our cover this week. Dipping further into *The Sun's* account, we learn that:

> It hadn't been such a short while previous that she had been a private secretary with a Chicago business firm, studying art surreptitiously at night and working Sundays over her canvases. Finally, by dint of a long-hoarded savings account and a soul that knew no fear of European train schedules and Parisian taxicabs, she sailed to live the life of a journeyman artist abroad.
>
> She arrived in Paris and enrolled in an art academy. She went to the Dome and haunted the art galleries. She studied Parisian "types" with might and main—and then set out to the little, out-of-the-way French towns, and the Brittany fishing villages.

In a word, the Chicago girl followed the path of many a young painter, but with somewhat uncommon success, we learn, for after her return to America she won high praise for an exhibition of her work in New York—

> Pictures of the women flax carters of Anticoli, pictures of Brittany girls drest in festival garb, studies of old, weather-beaten sailors of the Brittany coast—the trophies of her adventurous picture-hunting expedition abroad.
>
> "Do not think it is easy for a girl artist to go abroad and paint at will as a man can," said Miss Jackman. "There are places, certain views, as inaccessible to her as a men's club. If you should go out on the Grand Canal in the evening alone to sketch, the gondola traffic would snarl itself up worse than Times Square traffic at theater time. If you go into a hotel alone to dine you will be figured out by the townsfolk as some lonely, tragic figure, victim perhaps of a sad love affair, taking up painting to forget.
>
> "And my name, Reva Jackman, caused not a few amusing incidents. I was constantly being paged as 'Rev. A. Jackman' and not a few times when I arrived at a little hotel the clerk would bow and murmur regretfully, 'Sorry, mademoiselle, but we have a room reserved only for a minister, Rev. Jackman.'



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John Gilbert
John Gilbert
Celebrated Screen Star

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Popular Motion Picture Actor

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

THE WAR AGAINST WALL-STREET SPECULATION

THAT the campaign on the part of the Federal Reserve authorities to diminish the flow of funds into stock-market speculation will continue until it becomes more evident that "gentlemen prefer bonds"—to use a phrase credited to Secretary Mellon and claimed by various newspaper writers—is one general conclusion drawn from the excited happenings in Wall Street as the first quarter of 1929 ended. True, there is some difference of opinion as to whether the Federal Reserve Board came out ahead or second best in its March battle. The financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* seems to think that the Board was defeated; Laurence Stern of the New York *World* insists that the bull market "remains entirely uncowed." Yet Merryle Stanley Rukeyser of the New York *American* holds that the Reserve authorities have won a round; a market writer in *The Magazine of Wall Street* predicts that "we are more likely to see success of the Board's efforts than failure"; and the stock-market commentator of the New York *Times* feels that "the ultimate outcome is absolutely certain." "Thus ends the Hoover boom," declares the Portland *Oregonian*, from across the continent. And this paper is by no means displeased:

> The whirlpool of Wall Street can no longer suck money from the banks of the whole country with the freedom it has exercised of late years, but must be content with far more limited resources. Business will gain by the speculators' loss, and the taxpayer will save by the lower interest paid by the Government.

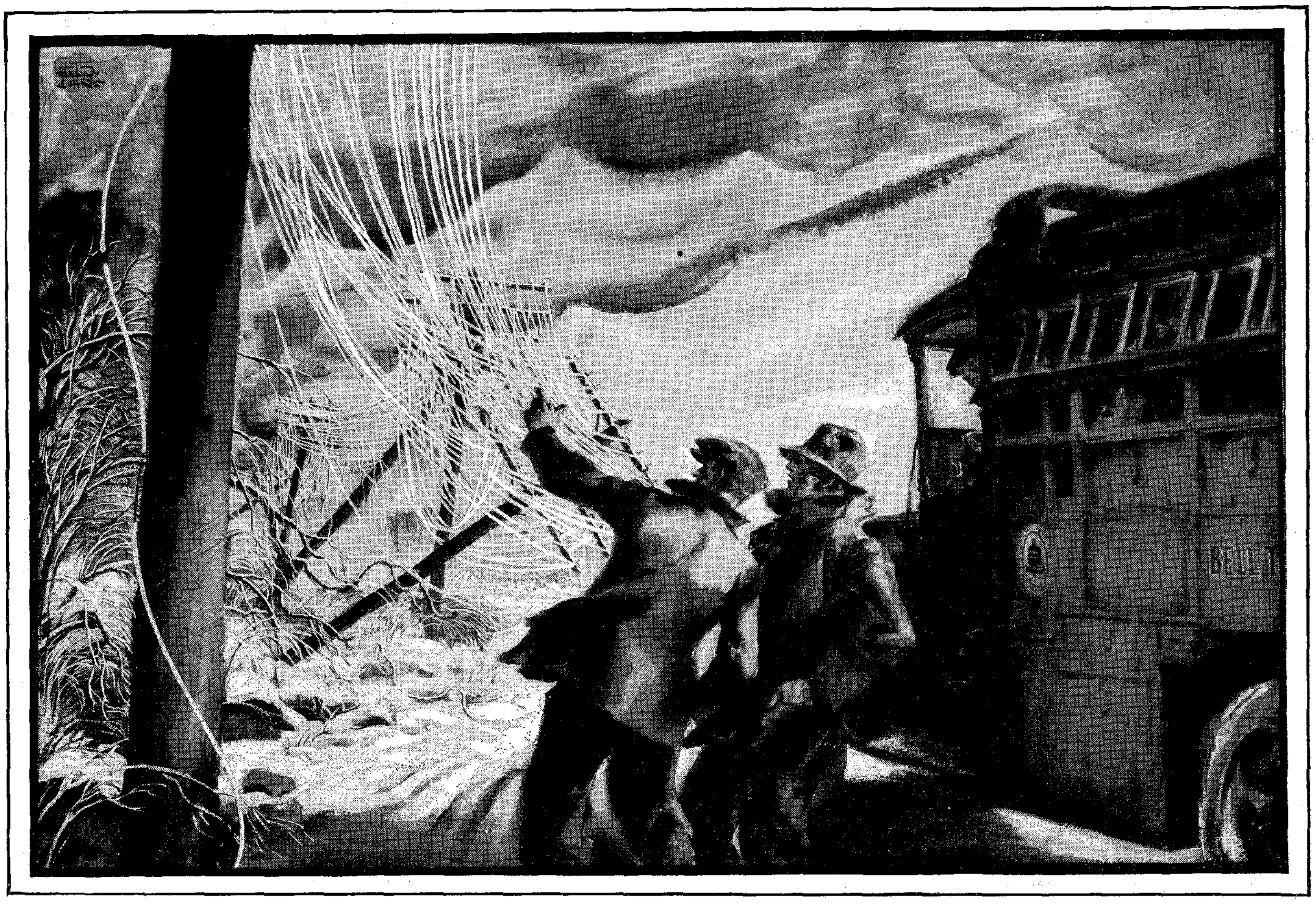
The action of President C. E. Mitchell, of the National City Bank, of New York, in throwing $25,000,000 into the money market when stocks touched bottom on Tuesday, March 26, and call money went to 20 per cent., added fuel to the fires of controversy. Senator Glass, one of the framers of the Federal Reserve Act, promptly declared that Mr. Mitchell should be asked to resign as a Director of the New York Reserve Bank, and members of both Houses of Congress raised their voices to express either agreement or sharp disagreement with the Virginia Senator. There was much talk of possible action at the coming special session of Congress. But *The Wall Street Journal's* Washington correspondent speaks for many of his companions when he says that there is little chance for credit legislation at this session devoted to a limited program. He adds that the outlook in Washington is that "the Federal Reserve Board's policies of seeking to restrict the volume of speculative credit through cooperation of the member banks will be carried out vigorously and without interruption." There is in the background, writes David Lawrence for the Consolidated Press, a determination on the part of the Federal Reserve Board "to go to the limit of its powers":

> It is known that the Board points to the language of the Federal Reserve Act which says rates of discount shall be fixt to accommodate "business and commerce." Is speculation within that category? The Board has been advised that it is not. Congress, it is asserted, set up a banking system for commercial credits and not for stock-market gambling. The raising of the rediscount rate is the normal weapon used, but in a situation like the present, which is abnormal, something more drastic than a mere raising of the rediscount rate is talked about. It is, in a nutshell, the ordering of the Federal Reserve Banks and branches to refuse to rediscount at all the paper of member banks when presented to get funds to aid speculation.
>
> It is difficult, of course, to draw the line between a loan for speculative purposes and a commercial credit, but the burden of proof would be on the banking institution, and the mere announcement of the order or regulation, it is felt here, would be sufficient to tell the speculative element that the Federal Reserve Board is in earnest and will not be defied.

But when Wall Street is hit, whether through Reserve Board action or otherwise, a larger territory is affected than "that district from Maiden Lane to Beaver Street, in New York City," explains a stock-market writer in the New York *American*. Now, he writes, speculative Wall Street "stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for people in all walks of life are 'in the market'" and "when the market is hurt, every one is hurt." Certainly, we read in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, the execution of this anti-speculation policy creates a shock, and "this shock is composed of three elements":

> One is the fact that the curtailment of credit to speculation necessitates the simultaneous curtailment of credit to general business for commercial purposes. The second is the diminished buying by a great number of people who have been on the bull side of the stock market; many of these have been buying furs, jewelry, automobiles, and houses, on speculative profits; some have already spent all their speculative profits and will diminish their buying unless they reap new profits in speculation; others have been spending anticipated profits; so that the decline in the stock market has a seriously adverse effect on purchasing in a number of lines. The third factor which is part of the general shock to business is the effect of a stock decline on popular psychology; the stock market is so largely regarded as the barometer of prosperity that when prices fall instead of rising, there is a tendency to delay the making of new business commitments.

What happened, it will be remembered, was that after a week of gently declining



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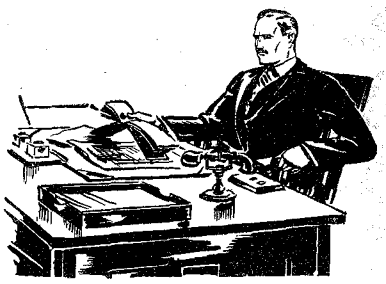

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

prices there was wide-spread liquidation on March 25, continuing with a record turn-over of 8,239,200 shares on the 26th. Three hundred issues touched the year's low, and call money went to 20 per cent., the highest since February 5, 1920. In a word, to quote *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the stock market "completely collapsed." The next morning the National City Bank announced that it had $25,000,000 to lend whenever the call-money rate should go over 15 per cent. At the same time President C. E. Mitchell of this important bank was quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying:

> So far as this institution is concerned we feel that we have an obligation, which is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert, so far as lies within our power, any dangerous crises in the money market. While we are averse to resorting to rediscounting for the purpose of making a profit in the call market, we certainly would not stand by and see a situation arise where money became impossible to secure at any price.

Following Mr. Mitchell's action the stock market recovered for the time being. Senator Glass and other Senators and Representatives had their say at great length. Mr. Glass's sharpest phrase was the one in which he cried out against the way in which a Federal Reserve Bank director "vigorously slaps the Board squarely in the face and treats its policy with contempt and contumely."

With Mr. Glass the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* in his own State, and several other papers, agree. But a large group of editors take the position that Mr. Mitchell was in thorough sympathy with the Reserve Board's policy, and simply acted in an emergency to prevent actual panic. "Emergency action is not necessarily indisciplined," is the way the Brooklyn *Eagle* puts it, and the Hartford *Courant* compares Mr. Mitchell to a man who warns a poor swimmer to keep out of deep water, but jumps in and rescues him when he disregards the warning and is drowning.

But while disagreeing with the Virginia Senator in what he says about Mr. Mitchell, the New York *Times* thinks he "does well to hold up the hands of the Federal Reserve Board in the efforts which it has made to keep the whole credit system of the nation from being upset." Support of the Reserve Board's general policy, which was first made conspicuous in its warning against speculation of February 6, is offered editorially by a number of newspapers including the New York *World*, New York *Journal of Commerce*, Newark *News*, Washington *News*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, Detroit *Free Press*, and Philadelphia *Record*. The last-named paper thus pays its respects to the Board's critics: Wall Street has a stomachache, and

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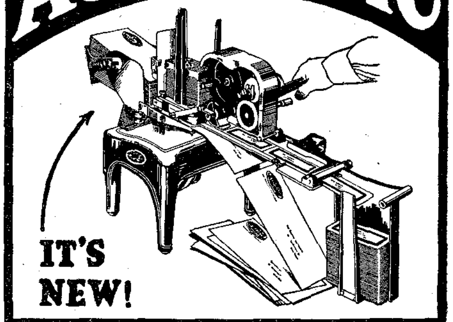

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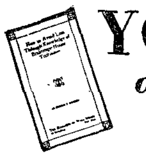

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THE MAGAZINE OF WALL STREET
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expresses its injured feelings by abusing the Federal Reserve doctor.

But even those who deplore speculative excesses find the Reserve Board partially responsible for the condition it is trying to change. For instance, Dr. H. Parker Willis, a noted authority on banking, says in a *North American Review* article that when the Reserve banks adopted the policy of keeping discount rates low to promote the financial stabilization of Europe, they made money so cheap here that people naturally turned to speculating with it. Practically the same argument is made by Glenn Griswold in his column in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce.* The Federal Reserve Board reminds the San Francisco *Chronicle* "of the tailor with his old cross bow who shot at a crow and killed his pig." That is, the "stupid proclamation" of the Federal Reserve warning of February 6, "gave a wonderful advertisement to the high interest rates to be had on call loans for stock-market speculation in New York," and thus led to the further booming of speculation. It seems to Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst newspapers that the Federal Reserve authorities are entitled to the information that they are unpopular:

> If buying and selling stocks is wrong, the Government should close the Stock Exchange. If not, the Federal Reserve should mind its own business.

The National City Bank's own position with regard to the Reserve Board's campaign against speculation was made clear in its April *Bulletin.* It says:

> The National City Bank fully recognizes the dangers of overspeculation and endorses the desire of the Federal Reserve authorities to restrain excessive credit expansion for this purpose. At the same time, the bank, business generally, and, it may be assumed, the Federal Reserve Banks, whose policies over the past year have been marked by moderation, wish to avoid a general collapse of the securities markets such as would have a disastrous effect on business.
>
> It is evident from the way money has acted here in the past few days that the crisis has passed and the incident is a closed book. At the same time it would be unfortunate that any action taken by this bank during the emergency should have created the thought that our views, again and again express, as to undue expansion of the credit structure, had changed.

And this bank goes on to suggest further discouragement of speculative loans by a rise in the New York Reserve Bank rate from 5 to 6 per cent.

A number of newspaper writers on finance declare themselves in agreement with Secretary of Commerce Lamont's declaration that the drop in stock prices will not affect general business seriously, and that business conditions are sound. The New York *Times* can think of "no sound reason for fearing anything like a financial and industrial collapse." Practically all the analysts studying business reports for the first quarter of the year find no check to our prosperity.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 27.—Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, dies at the Palace Hotel, Lausanne, Switzerland. He was nearly sixty-seven.

The Nanking Government in China formally declares war against the rebellious Kwangsi militarists, asserting that Generals Li Chi-sen, Pei Chung-hsi, and Li Tsung-jen are plotting to overthrow the Nanking régime.

March 28.—The *Graf Zeppelin* airship returns to Friedrichshafen, Germany, completing a 5,208-mile non-stop flight to Jerusalem and back in eighty-one and a half hours.

Mexican Federal troops reach Jimenez after four days of forced marches, and prepare for an immediate advance against the rebels north of the city.

Sir Lomer Gouin, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, dies in his office in the Parliament Building at Quebec. He was sixty-eight.

March 29.—The French Senate unanimously ratifies the Briand-Kellogg treaty for the renunciation of war. The treaty has already been approved by the Chamber of Deputies.

Chinese Nationalist soldiers take the city of Wuseh, after defeating Wuhan insurgents.

Mexican rebels are reported continuing their retreat before the advancing Federal troops in Chihuahua and on the west coast.

March 30.—Mexican Federal cavalry commanded by General Anacieto Lopez rout rebel forces under the personal leadership of Generals Escobar and Urbalejo in a battle at Corralitos, Chihuahua.

March 31.—Mexican Federal forces are reported in an official rebel bulletin to have been defeated by rebel troops, commanded by Gen. J. G. Escobar, near Escalon, Chihuahua.

Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France under four Presidents, dies unexpectedly at his home in Paris. He was seventy-four.

April 1.—Gen. Juan A. Almazan, at the head of 10,000 Federal troops, engages in battle with 5,000 rebels defending Jimenez, Chihuahua, and another Federal force under Gen. Espiridon Rodriguez engages 1,000 rebels in a seven-hour battle at Limon, Sinaloa, and is said to have completely routed them.

Chinese Nationalist gunboats bombard Hankow near the Kwangsi stronghold. Missionaries report a reign of terror from Lungkow eastward almost to Chefoo, Shantung.

April 2.—The Mexican rebel army which had been defending Jimenez, Chihuahua, is reported abandoning the city and fleeing northward before the advancing Federal Army, leaving more than 100 dead.

DOMESTIC

March 27.—Directors of the American Petroleum Institute, meeting in New York, agree to a curtailment and conservation program that will restrict the oil production to the 1928 level and result, it is said, in saving millions of dollars a year to stockholders.

An agreement for a $400,000,000 merger of the Chemical National Bank and the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, New York City, is announced.

Ambassador Claudel advises the French Government that Leon Maingay, the member of the *I'm Alone's* crew who was drowned when the schooner was sunk by a Coast Guard cutter, was a French citizen.

Martin Jensen sets a world's record for non-stop solo flying by remaining aloft over Roosevelt Field, Long Island, 35 hours, 33 minutes and 21 seconds, or eight minutes and 20 seconds longer than had been achieved before.

March 29.—President Hoover appoints a board of five members to investigate the dispute of four brotherhoods with the Texas and Pacific Railway over the railway's refusal to reimburse property owners for losses occasioned by the removal of the terminal from Longview to Mineola, Texas.

Governor Reed of Kansas appoints Henry J. Allen, former Governor of Kansas, United States Senator, to succeed Vice-President Curtis.

March 31.—The "Big Four" railroad brotherhoods are committed definitely to a fight for a six-hour day without reduction in wages, it is announced to the New England brotherhood lodge meetings.

Brander Matthews, author, critic and former professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, dies at his home in New York. He was seventy-seven.

April 1.—Federal Judge Francis A. Winslow, of the Southern District of New York, whose official conduct in connection with bankruptcy proceedings in his jurisdiction was being investigated by Congress and a grand jury, resigns, and his resignation is accepted by President Hoover.

A merger of the National City Bank and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York City, is announced.

The Department of the Treasury announces that income-tax collections during March reached $598,632,000, which includes about $4,000,000 carried over from the February collections, as compared with $504,234,000 for the corresponding period last year.

Eight persons are known to be dead as a result of storms in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Arkansas, northwestern New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

April 2.—A corner's jury orders Roy Smith, deputy sheriff, held for the grand jury on a charge of manslaughter in the killing of Mrs. Lillian de King during a dry raid in Aurora, Illinois.

Gov. Fred W. Green of Michigan signs the bill eliminating 120 "minor" felonies from the list of crimes which draw the life penalty for fourth offenders, including the "life for a pint" law.

Fish May Swim.—The Kansas City Court of Appeals has decided that "a woman may lie to her husband when the provocation is great enough." We wait in dreadful suspense to get a ruling from the Kansas City body on what water may do on a grade.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

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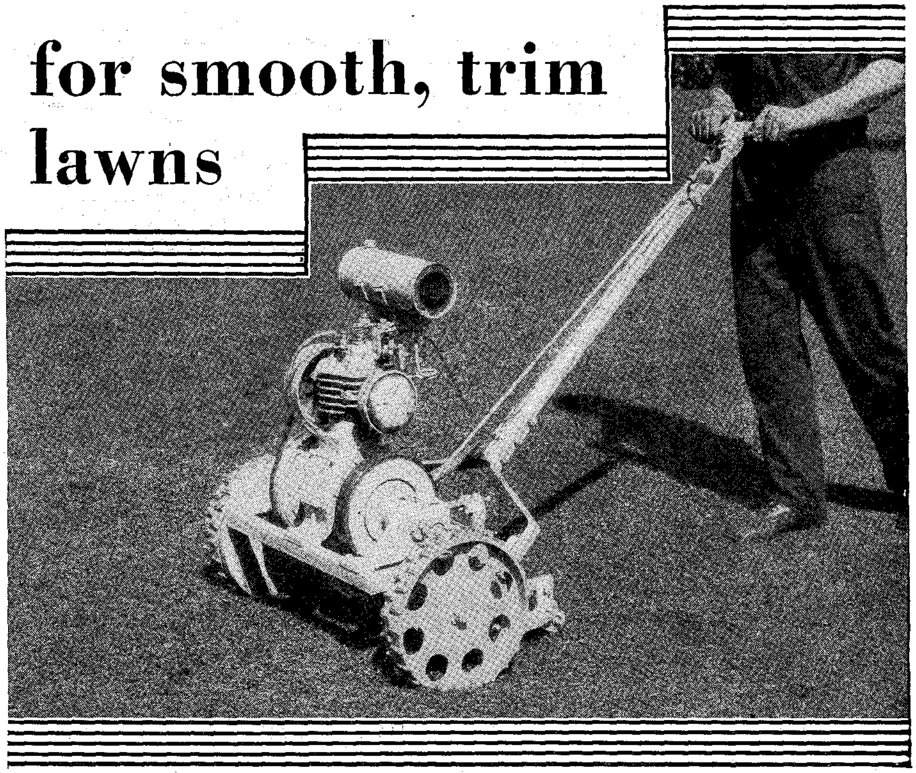

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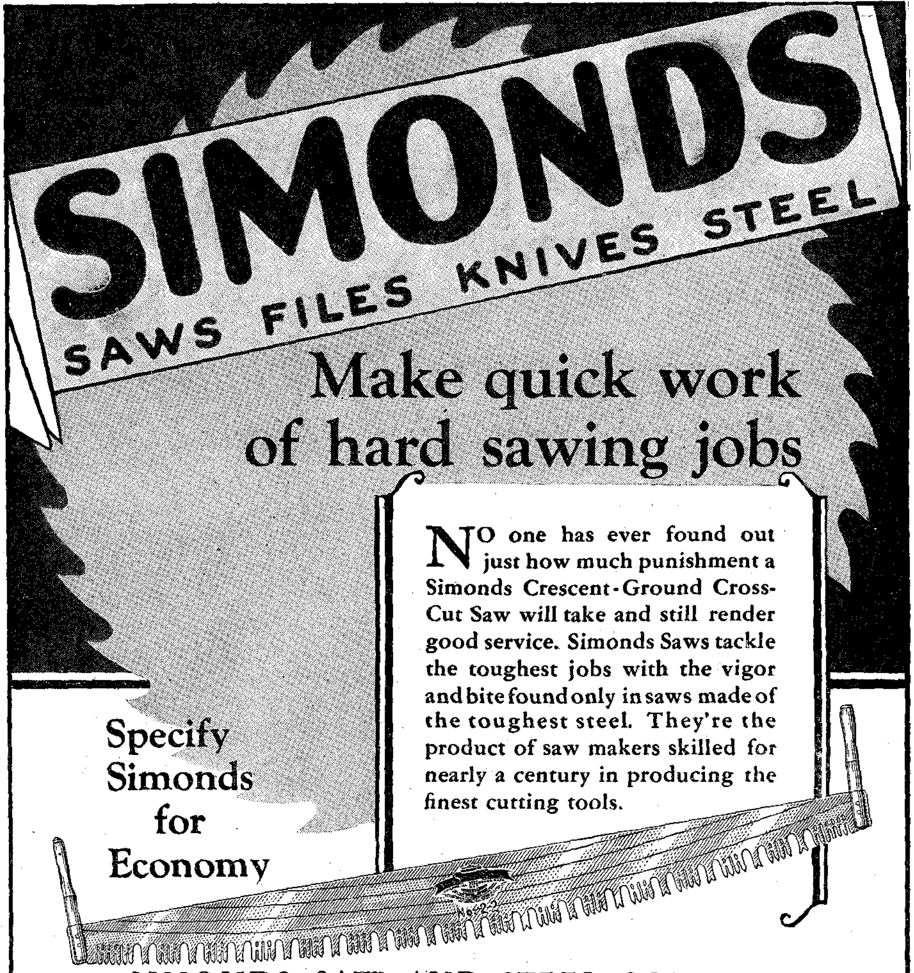

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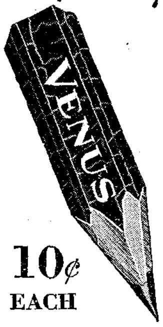

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Is Zat So?—"Mr. Hoover will have absolute privacy when he fishes." The comment of our favorite photographer is "Yeah?"—*New York World.*

Division of Labor.—Daughter's idea of being helpful around the house is to run the radio while mother is running the vacuum cleaner.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Playing the Game.—FRIEND—"What did you do when you found out your husband was leading a double life?"

WIFE—"Oh, I redoubled."—*Life.*

His Holidays R Long.—

The oysterman, it seems to me,
Deserves congratulation
For picking such an easy job;
Just think of the vacation.
—*Judge.*

March of Science.—FIRST COOK—"What do you do with yourself now that the ice man is out of a job?"

SECOND DITTO—"Well, the man who collects instalments on the electric refrigerator ain't such a bad sort."—*Life.*

Better Step on It.—"Pa," said the kid, "what is meant by being 'twixt the devil and the deep sea?"

"It is the position a man is in, son, when the traffic cop signals to stop and the back-seat driver orders him to go ahead," replied his dad.—*Washington Star.*

Try Winking at Him.—A father took his little boy, Billy, to the park, and there the youngster saw a stork among other interesting exhibits. The boy seemed to be greatly interested in the stork, and looked at him as long as he could. Then, turning to his father, he said disappointedly:

"Gee, Daddy, he never recognized me!"
—*Children.*

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GIRL KILLED WHEN SHE SCREAMED FOR AID!
BODY FOUND IN HOTEL ROOM!
POLICE HUNT FOR MISSING GROOM!
DEBUTANTE WAS ROBBED AT FETE!
OPERATION PROVED TOO LATE!
MANY KILLED IN RAILROAD WRECK!
THRILL SLAYER BREAKS WOMAN'S NECK!
MAN STABS WIFE AND RUNS AWAY!
WOMAN GOES TO CHAIR TO-DAY!
ALL ON BOARD SANK WITH THE SHIP!
BOY IS JAILED FOR FLASK ON HIP!
CHILD IS KILLED WHEN AUTOS CRASH!
SAFE IS BLOWN FOR BONDS AND CASH!

Guess I'll stick to writing verse . . .
Surely it cannot be worse!
—*Marguerite Mather Erskine, in the Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Heartfelt Need.—WANTED—Girl for pressing.—*Kane (Pa.) Republican.*

Warm Dame for a Warm Job.—LADY TO IRON DRESSES: MUST BE FAST.
—*Ad in the Atlanta Journal.*

So English, Y'Know!—
MICHIGAN COPS HURL TEA BOMBS
—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

Soap and Water Party.—
D. A. R. Delegates to Wash.
Will Have Interesting Trip
—*Brunswick (Me.) paper.*

Safety Last.—
ICE-CREAM SODA, 5c
DOCTOR'S ADVICE FREE
—*Sign in a Philadelphia drug-store window.*

Call the Cops.—
BRIDE TO BE SHOT
ON EVE OF WEDDING
—*Bellaire (Ohio) dispatch in a Washington Court House (Ohio) paper.*

Baby Air Fleet?—
BLIMP LANDS ON ROOF
TO DELIVER A LITTER
—*Head-lines on a Washington dispatch in a Sarasota (Fla.) paper.*

New Complaint.—Bremerton, March 17.—(Special)—E. J. McGrath, navy-yard employee, was found dead in an alley by police last night. Hearst disease is given as the cause of death.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Expert On the Job.—
TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, HENS,
ROASTERS, FRYERS — FRESH
YARD EGGS FROM OUR
OWN HENRY
—*Display ad in a Lake Worth (Fla). paper.*

Company for Cal.—
30,000 EX-PRESIDENTS OF U. S.
NOW LIVING IN RUSSIA
Many of Them Plead with American
Consulate at Riga for Papers
Permitting Return
—*Head-lines in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Missouri Monotony.—Highwaymen—Holdup men, please note: this is to notify you that I do not carry on my person the receipts of my various theaters. They are locked in time lock safes and taken to the bank in an armored car. I am tired of being held up.

(Signed) FRED WEHRENBERG.
—*Ad in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Are Your Toes Short-Sighted?—
If It Is Your Eyes or Your
Eye Glasses Consult Our
CHIROPODIST
On the Second Floor.

For Your Foot Ailments
Consult Our
OPTOMETRIST
—*Ad in a Jamaica (N. Y.) paper.*